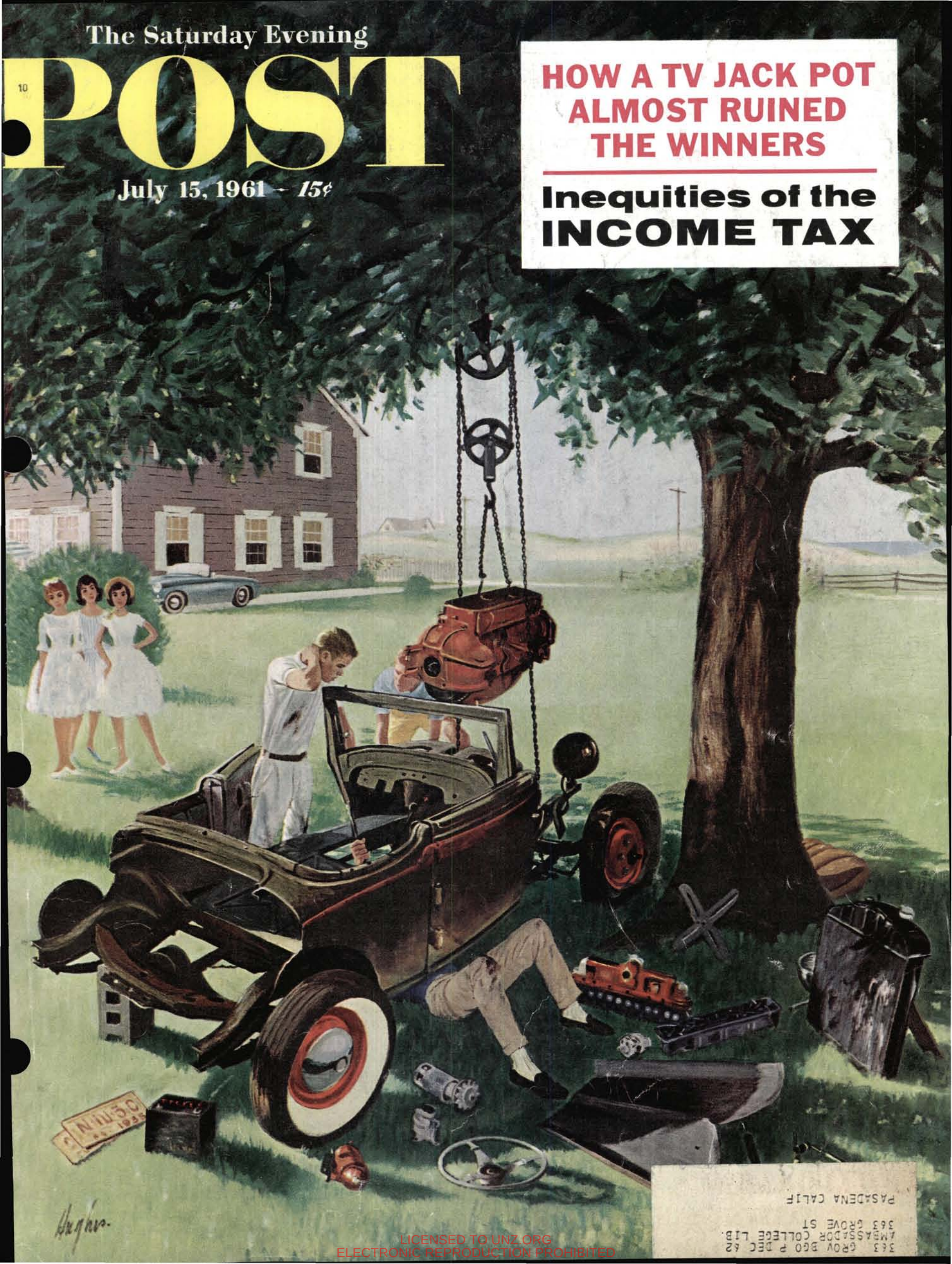
The Saturday Evening
POST
July 15, 1961 – 15¢

HOW A TV JACK POT ALMOST RUINED THE WINNERS

Inequities of the INCOME TAX



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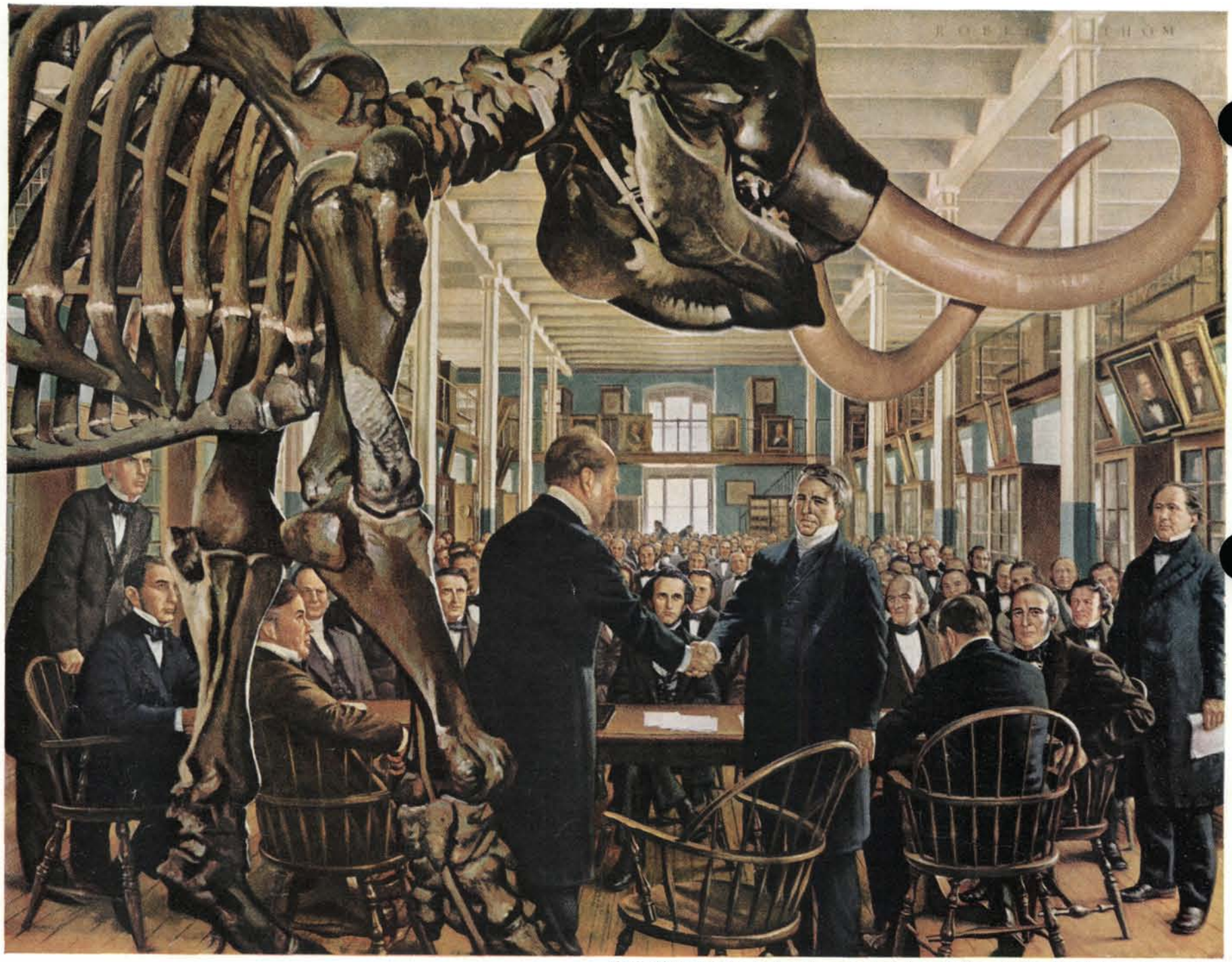

Founding of The American Medical Association—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

On May 7, 1847, some 250 physicians from 22 states – representing 40 medical societies and 28 colleges—met among the museum exhibits of The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia and formed The American Medical Association. The first president, Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, was welcomed to his office on that historic occasion by the chairman, Dr. Jonathan Knight, before his colleagues.

This first convention pledged the fledgling organization to principles to which it has held ever since: insistence upon continuing improvements in the quality of medical care and of medical education, and upon development of a Code of Ethics which benefits both patient and physician. Though some of its advances have not been easily won, the AMA has become recognized as one of the world's important medical bodies.

Parke-Davis, which was founded as a manufacturer of better medicines just 19 years later, in 1866, salutes The American Medical Association as that organization continues to build upon the firm foundation of professional and public service envisioned by its founders 114 years ago.

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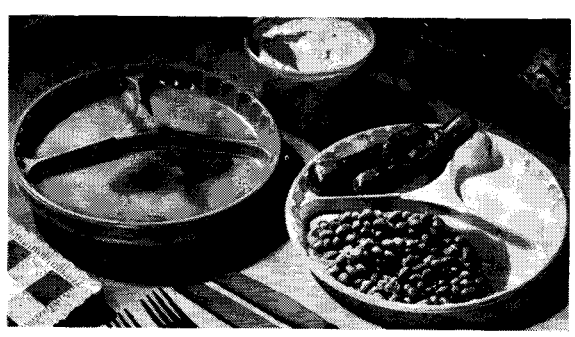

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THE COVER

Gears and axles and internal-combustion engines—that's what teen-age boys are made of. Still, it's hard to understand how the young men on George Hughes's cover can ignore three lissome Lulus in favor of one tin Lizzie. Can a tin Lizzie bake a cherry pie, admire your muscles, or transform itself into a bewitching being by dabbing perfume behind each ear? Is a clutch which connects an engine to a transmission any substitute for a clutch in a vestibule? We think not. Yet there's merit in the young-male urge to return to the days when every driver was his own mechanic: After that flivver is assembled, pride of craftsmanship will compel its owners to offer a more original excuse than engine trouble when they ask their dates for a parking permit along some moonlit lane.

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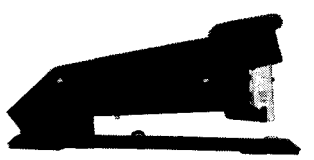

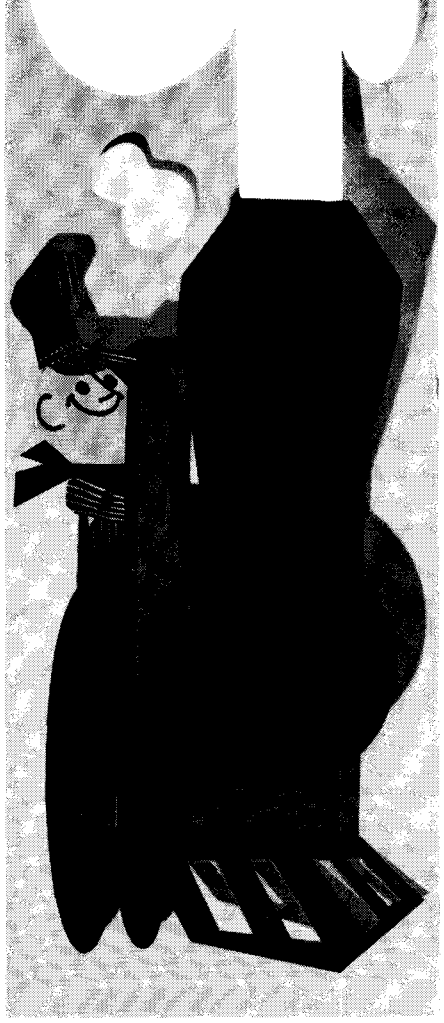

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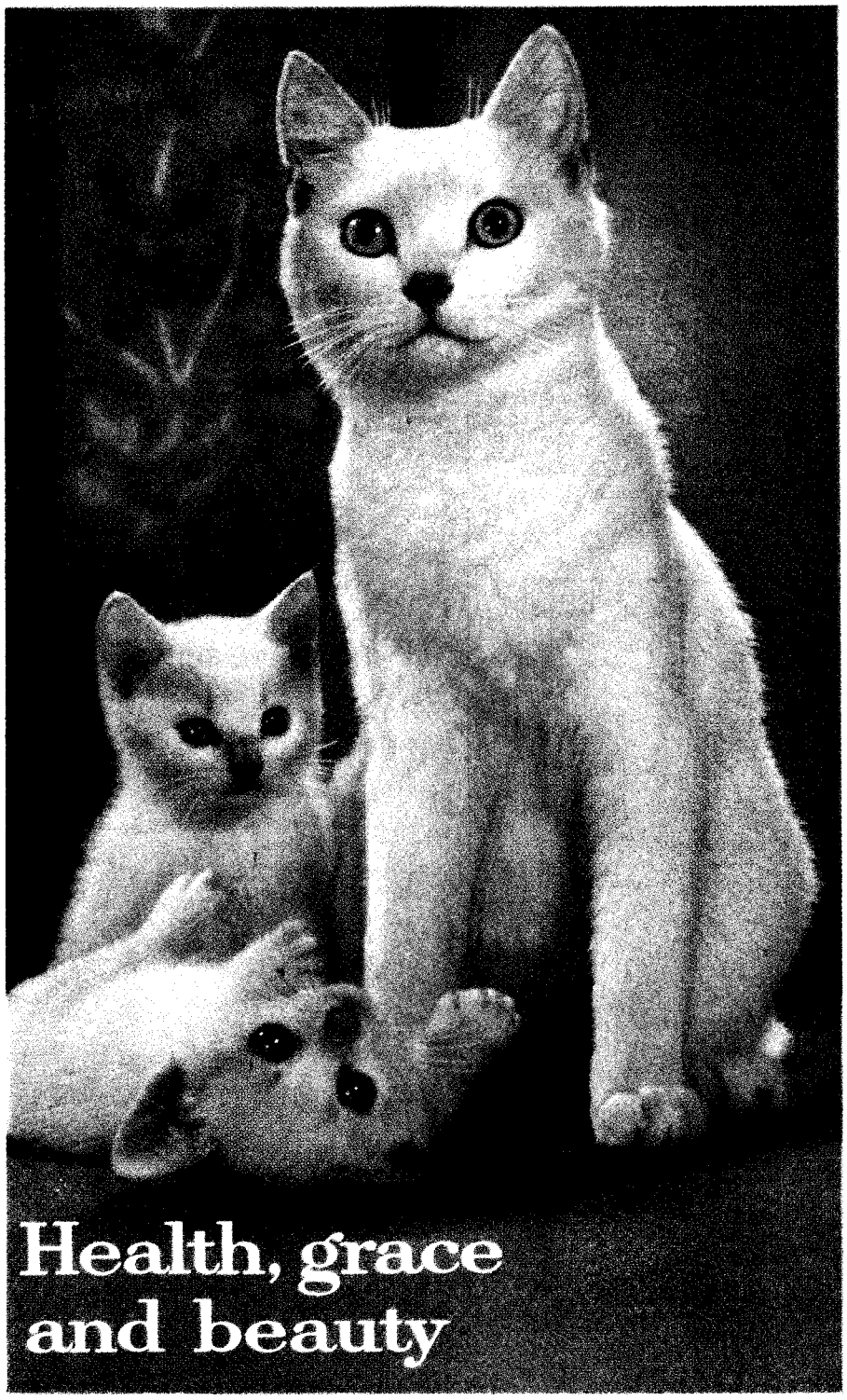

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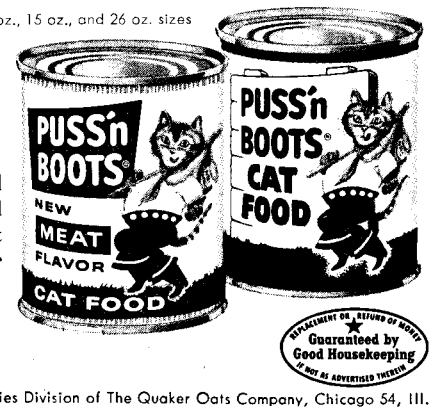

Coast Fisheries Division of The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago 54, Ill.

Letters

Forget Eichmann?

Dear Sirs:

I have read no finer, more all-seeing résumé of the Eichmann trial to date than that written by T. S. Matthews in your June 10 issue [THE MEANING OF THE EICHMANN TRIAL].

ELEANOR WOLQUITT
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

While my son was napping I came across the article, with that horrid picture [below] of that small, frightened boy staring up at me. Need I say it sickened me right down to my toes. Why, oh, why

Eichmann victim.

do you print such terrible, terrible pictures? I thank God every time I see one that my Jimmy is safe in his bed. I hope that this awful Eichmann business is soon over so the public need not be reminded of the horror he caused.

MRS. BENNY CAVATAIO
Rockford, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The picture of the small boy brought tears to my eyes. Poor, poor baby; he looks so frightened and so desperate and he is trying so terribly hard to be brave and not cry as he marches with his little hands in the air. This picture is more horrible to me than the one of the skeletal bodies at the top of the page. I pray to God that nothing like this should ever happen again.

MRS. EUGENE HAUMSCHILD
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

I humbly suggest that Eichmann is but the symbol of totalitarian brutality—past, present and future. The Jewish people are, in this case, the symbol of the fate of all minorities who love their freedom, but find themselves in the clutches of a dictatorship.

PAUL G. JAMES
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

The cause of freedom is furthered by T. S. Matthews' incisive review [of the Eichmann trial]. . . . After reading the article no thoughtful person can turn his back on this vital problem nor justify such horrendous and unforgivable crimes against humankind.

MRS. CARL M. HANAUER
San Francisco, Calif.

Is Nuclear War Inevitable?

Dear Sirs:

After reading THE CHANCES OF ACCIDENTAL WAR [by Peter Wyden, June 3] I am more than ever convinced that war can happen by accident within the next five years or so. The author confesses that machines are fallible, and we know that men are.

JAMES STARK
New Westminster, British Columbia

Dear Sirs:

The thing that worries me is not the launching of an accidental war, but whether we, with all our maze of safeguards, can fire our missiles at Russia if we have to!

LENA DAVIS
Linthicum Heights, Md.

Dear Sirs:

The question about THE CHANCES OF ACCIDENTAL WAR was answered in advance by Sir Charles P. Snow, who told the American Association for the Advancement of Science that such war is inevitable within ten years unless the arms race is checked. Your article does indicate that an unnamed eminent American scientist has a similar opinion, but the bulk of the report seems to accept as normal the strange world in which maximum peril means maximum security.

BERTHA FAUST
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Wyden's leading scientist is correct that "disarmament is the only answer." Yet nothing has become more obvious than that the Communists will not disarm, under any compulsion now in sight. That leaves us the problem of surviving if and when they think it worth-while to shoot the works.

With no antimissile missiles to stop their broadside in midspace, the only apparent hope is that enough Americans, enough organization and enough hardened missile bases would survive that broadside to shoot back . . . to supplement our air-borne and sea-borne and

(Continued on Page 6)

PANIC ON THE PIAZZA

Dear Sirs:

I am sure that others who have traveled to Venice share with me an interpretation of your June 10 cover [see excerpt at left] which varies considerably from the one your cover commentator gave it. What has really happened is that the bells in the *Campanile*—which is to the right, just out of the picture—have just sounded, startling the pigeons on the tower into flight. The tourists are running into the Doge's Palace for protection.

BARBARA CROCKER
Berkeley, Calif.

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Touch a snow-white handkerchief to dust catchers like this and see how clean Electric House Heating can be

Look how clean flameless electric house heating keeps the modern home

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Electric house heating is clean because it creates heat, and heat alone.

There is positively no fuel grime to coat walls, cloud windows, cover drapes or settle on natural dust collectors in the home.

This means less housecleaning and redecorating. Walls and woodwork keep their freshly painted look for years. Drapes, upholstery and carpets are spared the hard wear that comes from frequent cleaning. And the useful life of furnishings is extended.

What's more, families who live with electric house heating report a degree of comfort beyond their fondest expectations. They enjoy the evenness of electric house heating and the fact that there are no chilly drafts or hot blasts. They appreciate the fine degree of control that only electric house heating can provide, and they like its low maintenance.

Look into electric house heating yourself. Besides offering a new standard of cleanliness, comfort and convenience, flameless electric house heating gives you the immediate advantage of enhancing the value of your home. And it will be just as modern when your children are grown as it is today.

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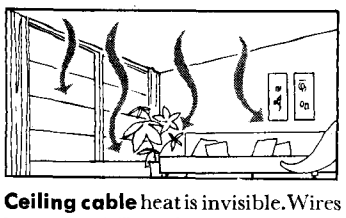
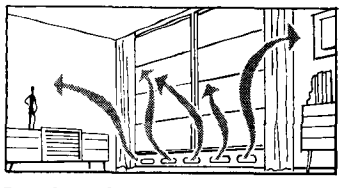
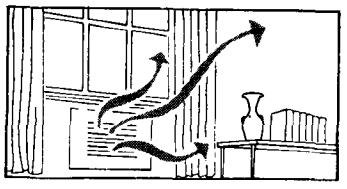


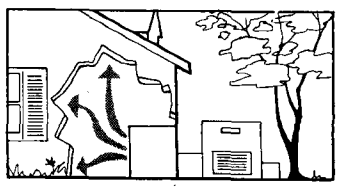
Ceiling cable heat is invisible. Wires less than ⅛" thick are fastened to ceilings before plastering. Each room can have a thermostat.



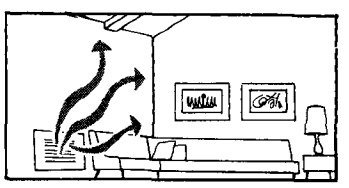
Baseboard units heat by both radiation and convection. All surfaces are warmed evenly, and control is by individual room thermostat.



Wall panel heaters have heating coils behind a decorative grill. Small fans may be used with this thermostatically controlled unit.



Heat pump heats home in winter, cools it in summer. It's automatically reversible and maintains any desired year-round temperature.



Electric furnaces provide compact central heating systems which can be combined with central air conditioning for year-round use.

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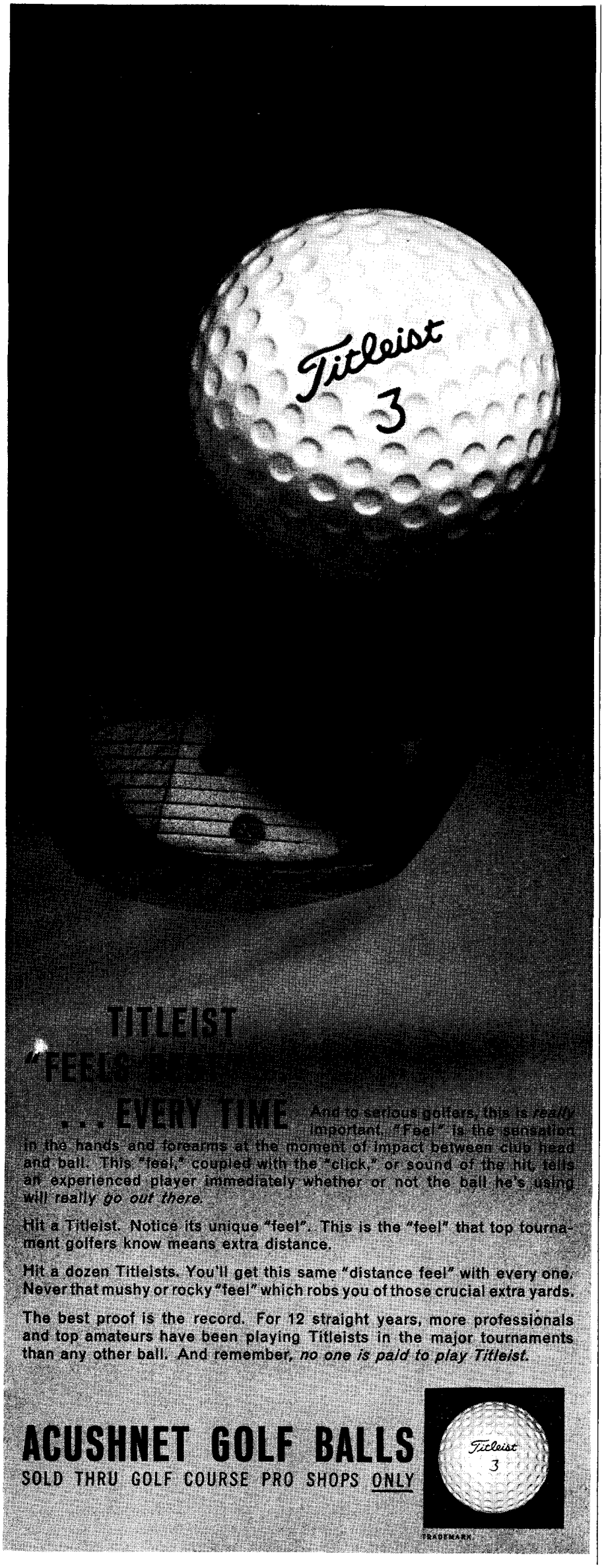
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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

underwater force; to devastate Russia enough so she'd be licking her wounds rather than airlifting troops to mop us up.

DON STETSON
Kissimmee, Fla.

Frenzy in the Garden

Dear Sirs:

Ah so, Mr. Ford! You hit the nail on the head [Is Nature Getting Neurotic?, by Corey Ford, June 10]. But nowhere is Ol' Mother Nature so neurotic as here in California. . . . Every spare cent goes to fight the lawn moth, to treat plants that are in shock and to pay our astronomic water bill. As soon as we conquer one bug, another rears its ugly head, and I have the feeling that those

nasty green growing things are silently chuckling behind our backs—just waiting to toss another curve at us.

JOAN FEDOR MARCILLE
Granada Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Is Nature Getting Neurotic? really hit home. It gave me something to laugh about after spraying our yard all week for chinch bugs. . . . Thanks for enjoyable reading over a very irritating subject.

MRS. W. M. GOETHE
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

This mania for gardening is especially apparent in Southern California, where the fine climate can keep one in a horticultural frenzy all year round.

Like others out here, we have in our yard a nice patio—symbol of California's "casual, relaxed way of life"—but the time we've spent casually relaxing in it is negligible compared to the time we've spent pruning, weeding, feeding, mowing, edging, raking and watering the plants and lawn around it. One advantage the eastern climate has over us: In winter everything stops growing and people can go back to books, family conversations and just plain loafing in their spare time.

MILDRED L. LEVY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Ford's tribute to the hardy, indestructible trees of yesteryear reminds me of a poplar tree we once had whose roots invaded our house. They came right in through the cement floor, and found the pump pit. They left the floor so porous that every rain brought a flood of muddy water into the pit.

We cut down the tree, but the roots only worked harder—so we had to get tough. Weed killer on the stump helped some, but what finally ended the battle was the shallow pan of weed killer we set in the pump pit where the roots could reach it. They drank themselves to death, and no one mourned them.

HARRIET COMBS
Tioga, Pa.

We Join the L.S.T.S.N.C.S.

Dear Sirs:

As the honorary chairman of the Let's Spell Ted Sorensen's Name Correctly Society (unincorporated), it is my sad duty to inform you that you have erred. In Stewart Alsop's interesting article, The White House Insiders [June 10], he consistently spelled Ted's name "Sorenson," which it is not.

JOHN W. JARRELL
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop used an outdated nickname for President Kennedy's team of organizers and operators. They are no longer being called "the Irish Mafia" but simply "the Murphia."

LOUIS QUINN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Adventures at the New School

Dear Sirs:

Your readers across the country may be interested in knowing that something has finally been done about utilizing, for more than just personal reflection, the great ideas presented in your Adventures of the Mind series.

Last fall, in a regular reading course at the New School for Social Research in New York City, students . . . enthusiastically suggested that a workshop course be planned for the spring of 1961 which would deal solely with Adventures of the Mind essays by Eiseley, Hayakawa, Tillich, Sitwell and others.

Under the auspices of the New School's Human Relations Workshops program, this course has been an exciting reality and, thanks to the series, I doubt that more serious and stimulating group discussions could be found anywhere. I think this is an excellent illustration of the kind of thing that can happen when a popular magazine presents truly high-caliber subject matter to its readership.

ALICE RICE COOK, *Director*
Human Relations Workshop
New School for Social Research
New York, N.Y.

● *The New School has been a leader in the field of adult education for forty-two years.* —ED.

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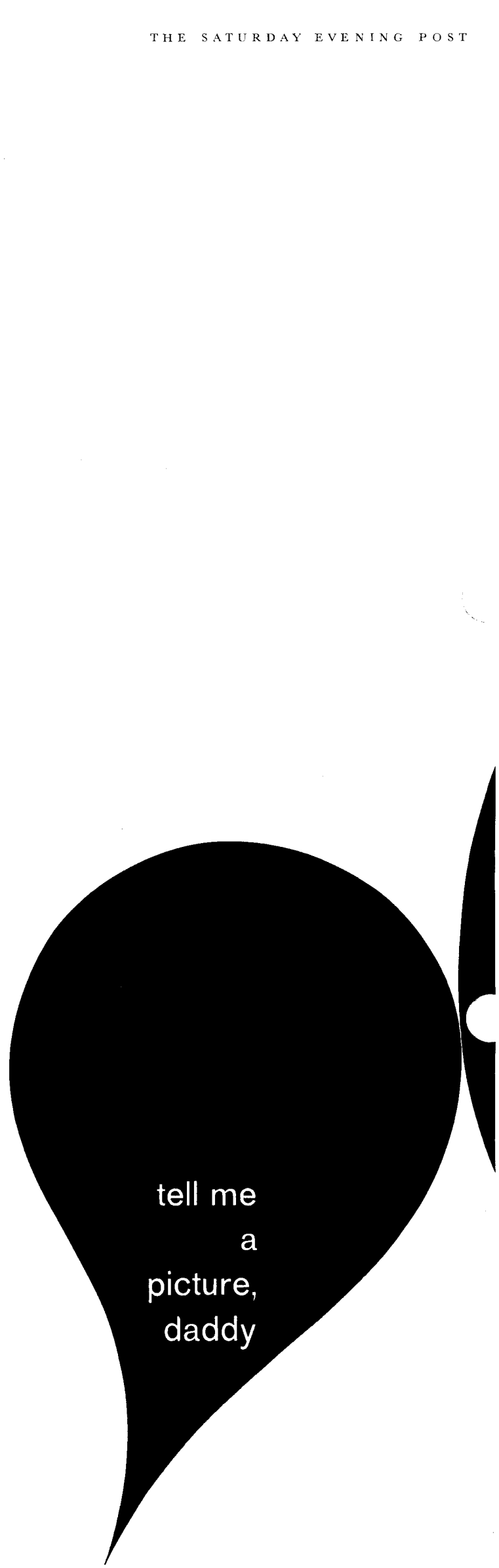

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Sorry, Junior.

You'll have to learn to read for yourself if you want to grow up in this world.

And the better you learn the happier you'll be. Unless you'll be content with a picture-book world—and a stay-at-home mind.

Instead of the rovin' kind.

Dig into those abc's, boy. They make words possible. And without words, ideas are next to impossible.

You're already beginning to think in words like the rest of us . . . to realize laughter is more than just having your toes tickled . . . to know delight in other ways than from a full tummy.

Sure, I'll tell you a story! I'll probably read you one—one with pictures to help put over the idea.

The words will put it across.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST/The Influential Magazine for people who like to read

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Editorials

We Must Be More of a Nuisance to the Kremlin

At Vienna President Kennedy seems to have been handed the nearest thing to an ultimatum that the Communist conspirators have ever had the brass to issue to this country. To his credit, President Kennedy has made no effort to pretend that the conversations with Khrushchev have any but somber implications. Expressions of hope were left to the more gullible members of the press. More disappointing was his apparent conclusion that our most effective response to the Communist threat is to be more foreign aid. With Laos, which has received millions of United States aid, seemingly about to go down the drain, it is not surprising that members of Congress and the people at large are having trouble buying foreign aid as our only weapon in the rapidly approaching final battle for the world.

In a recent column Joseph Alsop described Communist strategy thus: "With the most careful calculation moves are made, or in the case of Berlin moves are threatened, which are not overtly military in character. But these moves leave the Western Allies with no choices open to them except to make an overtly military riposte, or to accept the loss of a vital position."

Up to now the West seems to lack the resourcefulness, or the courage, to adopt a similar strategy to put the Communists off balance. At the time of the Hungarian revolt in 1956 we could have recognized the insurrectionist government promptly—perhaps not as promptly as we later recognized Red-backed Castro—but in time to lend our prestige to the freedom fighters and perhaps make the Kremlin think twice before meeting such a challenge with force. Well, we flubbed that one. Today, although we are free with our criticism of Portugal's colonial system, take a chilly attitude toward the anti-Communist junta in South Korea and are eager to sponsor outside interference in the late brutal dictatorship of the Dominican Republic, we never seem able to think up some plausible reason to upset the timetable of the Soviet bosses in any Red satrapy. Moscow complains of alleged mismanagement by the Bonn government of West Germany. Couldn't we demand something like a United Nations accounting of Soviet administration in Communist East Berlin?

After all, there would be far more logic in such a move than in most of the meddling we have been doing lately. If uncalculated meddling, via the U.N. or otherwise, is to be our policy, we can hardly complain when and if the United Nations issues a ukase against some allegedly "undemocratic" taint in American domestic affairs.

The trouble with the Kennedy Administration's policy in this regard appears to be that it is based on a vague insistence on "democracy" and a hostility to colonialism and dictatorships—mostly "rightists" or anti-Communist dictatorships—instead of resting squarely on American national interest and security. The pitch on anticolonialism not only commits us, as Arthur Krock put it in *The New York Times*, to "open land-grabbing at the expense of another NATO ally, such as Sukarno's claim to rights to the Netherlands zone in New Guinea," but to "demand or precipitate independence of unprepared peoples." In any event, why be tougher on pro-West colonialism than on Communist colonialism? It's a good question which is seldom answered.

A regard for national security would dictate a strong pro-Monroe Doctrine stand against the occupation of Cuba by Communists. Our opposition to Castro would not be based on the fact that he is a dictator, but that his regime is under the control of the Soviet Union, which is frankly pledged to our destruction. We might also complain of the forced contribution of American money for aid to Castro via a United Nations loan! We would not feel called upon to take a position on what goes on in Angola, Korea or the Dominican Republic beyond a natural desire to maintain conventional relations with countries which are also threatened by the Communist conspiracy. If we must annoy other people, let it be our enemies!

Do the American People Buy Too Many Gadgets "On Time"?

Just how seriously are Americans in hock these days for things like cars, radio and TV sets, bedroom suites and the like? There has been a lot of argument on this subject lately among economists, some of whom wonder if we aren't getting in too deep for our own good. Total consumer credit, for instance, at the end of 1960 amounted to more than $56,000,000,000, an all-time high comparable with $52,000,000,000 the year before and a little over $22,000,000,000 in 1951.

Of course, we're earning more, or at least getting more dollars of less value than formerly. Disposable personal income—that is, what you make minus taxes—was $225,000,000,000 for 1951 and climbed to $358,000,000,000 during the last quarter of 1960, according to the Department of Commerce. Thus, on a rough ratio basis, one could say that, if you are an average American, you owe more in proportion to what you earn than you did in 1951.

Is this hurting anybody much? Government figures indicate that since the first of this year installment buying has leveled off a little and, more important, people have been paying off such loans faster than borrowing. This, incidentally, has usually been a good sign for the economy, indicating better times ahead.

A reporter for the Scripps-Howard Indianapolis *Times* recently did some leg work on this subject and came up with cases which showed not only that some people are downright dumb when it comes to credit but also that creditors themselves can be pretty silly.

An instance of the gullibility or perhaps rapacity of some creditors was that of a factory worker who suddenly got hold of $400 in a workmen's-compensation award while he was head over heels in debt. He went straight to an automobile dealer and paid $321 down on a $1295 car of 1957 vintage. He told the salesman he was in debt and had even filed a petition for bankruptcy, but he got the car. "Anybody gives me $300 down on a car, I'm sure going to sell it. I'm on commission," the salesman explained.

A real-estate man in New England tells us of a lady who wanted to rent a house at the shore for the season. The price, she was told, was $2000, fifty per cent down.

"But," protested the lady, "I can't possibly pay you a thousand dollars! Look!" And she produced a little book showing that she was paying $900 a month on installments for a trip to Brazil (1957), two automobiles, a trip to Europe (1960) and a bewildering set of household appliances. She regarded it as unfair that she should be asked to pay anything at all "down" on the rent of a summer place!

All this, of course, puts the spotlight on hardship cases while, as most bankers and finance-company or store lenders will tell you, most Americans do pay their debts; credit losses on soundly checked extensions are amazingly low. Moreover, the United States economy simply couldn't move without credit. The United States Chamber of Commerce and other conservatively inclined authorities find our private-debt structure well within our capacity to pay.

The main thing, it would seem, would be for the individual to check on his year-ahead earning power rather carefully before he goes into any kind of debt and, of course, to read the fine print and make sure just how much the interest payments and possible penalties are going to be.

In these status-seeking times, when somebody phones you every other night trying to sell you something on credit, and when we are urged to buy, buy and buy to keep the economy singing sweetly, editorials such as this may seem downright sinful and unpatriotic. But what advantage to anyone is there when somebody goes broke?

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Always great cheddar–no guessing!–when you get Cracker Barrel brand. Wrapped in aluminum foil, it comes to you as fresh as though it were cut before your very eyes. And every wedge and stick is marked for flavor: Sharp–Extra Sharp–or Mellow. It's more than good cheese: it's a real pleasure. It's Cracker Barrel brand by Kraft.

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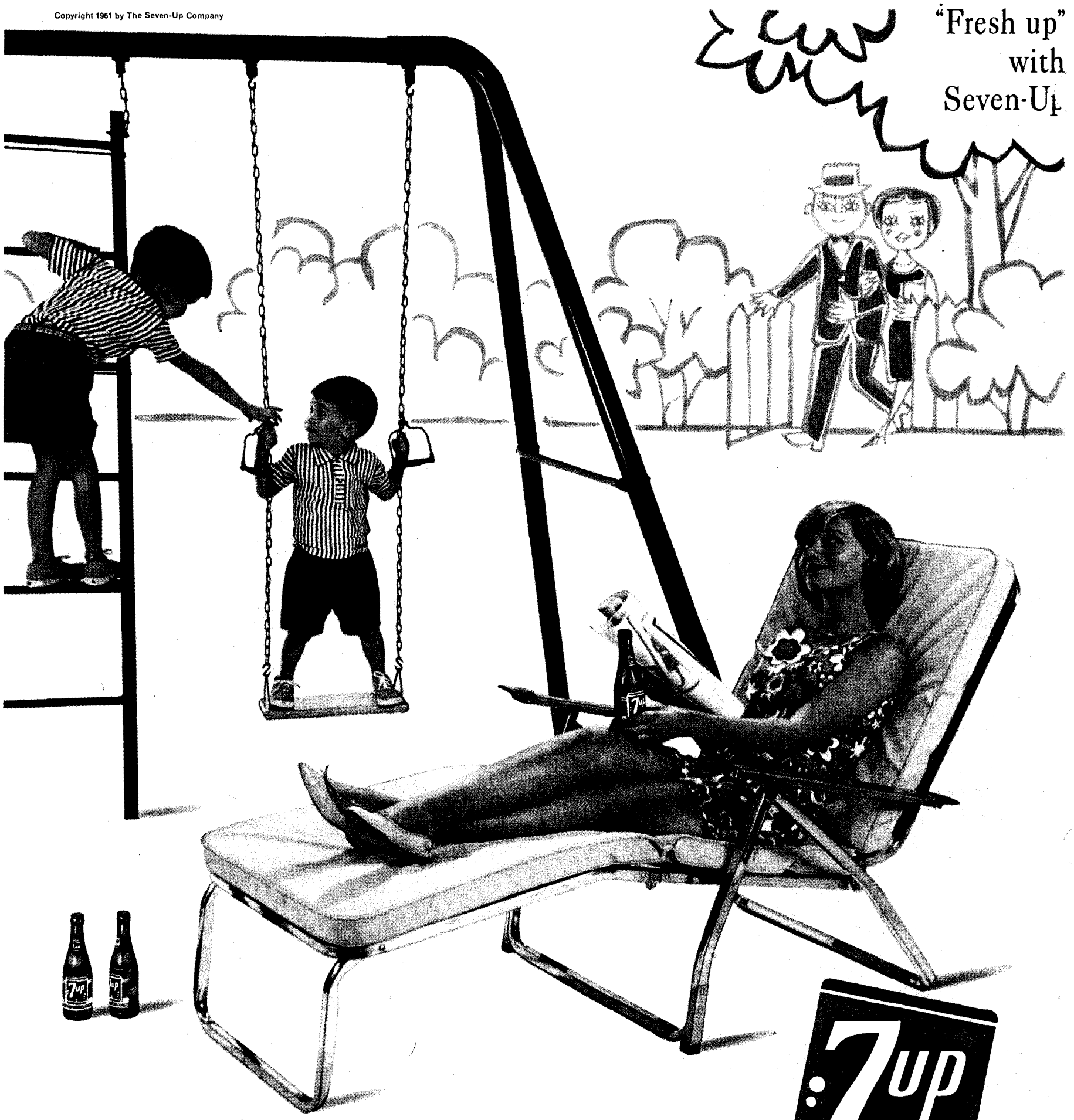

Any sitter's sitting pretty with the real thirst-quencher!

Memo to sitter bosses: The nicest "fringe benefit" you can give a sitter on a simmering summer day is chilled 7-Up! It really quenches! (Seven-Up stimulates the natural moisture in the mouth.) So the worst thirst melts away to nothing. P.S. Even the "babies" can have it. It's the All-Family Drink!

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

A Jack Pot Almost Ruined Their Lives

By ALFRED BALK

Minneapolis, December 4, 1957: On the *End of the Rainbow* show, smiling emcee Art Baker reveals to Ronnie (hiding tears) and Joan Eskew "the surprise of a lifetime": their remodeled grocery store and home (background).

When a TV give-away program showered this couple with gifts, they thought their problems were solved. But within months they were disillusioned, almost friendless and near bankruptcy.

BEGINNING ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE

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The American dream is many things, including—let's face it—the hankering for a windfall, something for nothing, preferably a fortune. There is no evidence that Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Eskew of Minneapolis harbored this craving to an unusual degree. Their trouble simply was that for them the dream came true, thanks to television and its giant jack pots.

Unhappily, as in so many dreams, the awakening of the Eskew family was a jolt. Specifically their dream cost them their business, friends and peace of mind. So let us move behind the wide TV screen and see just how an ordinary couple unwittingly became the principal characters of a modern and all-too-true morality play.

The Eskews, by almost anyone's standards, were "average" Americans. Ronnie, now thirty-eight, is the short, gregarious son of a city-maintenance man. He used to drive a laundry truck and worked weekends in a caramel-corn shop. In 1955 he took a lease on a small, rather nondescript corner grocery store on Minneapolis's Southeast Side. His ultimate ambition was to own his own drive-in caramel-corn stand. His wife, Joan, is the plump, personable daughter of an elevator operator. Now thirty-three, she had met Ronnie while horseback riding in a public park. They were married in a small church and honeymooned in a nearby motel. In 1957, when fate and television changed their lives forever, Joan was working in the store and also taking care of their five small children. Neither she nor Ronnie had ever been more than 300 miles from home.

Quizzes and giveaways were riding high on TV at the time. NBC had its share of them, but it was casting about for a new program to compete with CBS's formidable *Gunsmoke* on Saturday nights. In Hollywood, Ralph Edwards Productions, headed by the originator of *Truth or Consequences* and *This Is Your Life*, thought it had a candidate. At a staff meeting Edwards described it as "exciting and heart-tugging." Its name was *End of the Rainbow*.

"There are millions of struggling Americans living good lives, but not quite getting ahead," Edwards told his helpers. "We'll pay them tribute, as does *This Is Your Life*. But we'll go it one better. We'll reward them with their heart's desires, right in their own communities."

The Eskews outside the converted barn they moved to when evicted from their former home. From left: Joan; David, four (in Ronnie's lap); Paul, ten; Timothy, six; Thomas, eight; and Charles, eleven.

Traveling productions are expensive, yet network officials were enthusiastic. They agreed to put the show on the air, without the usual preliminary of a pilot film for advertising agencies and potential sponsors. *Rainbow* was to be "live." Its sneak preview would replace *Truth or Consequences* at 11:30 A. M., EST, on December fourth.

Who would be first to be tapped by the end of the Edwards rainbow? Minneapolis's station KSTP-TV, his staff recalled, had done a creditable job of relaying *Truth or Consequences* from Minneapolis's Aquatennial Festival. Edwards's entire staff was assigned to assist part time. Two months before curtain time, a field representative, the late Ted Davies, arrived in Minneapolis. For days he visited ministers, social workers, charity officials—anyone who might lead him to "struggling Americans" of the worthy type required. From the Rev. Thomas Meagher, executive director of the Catholic Welfare Association of Minneapolis, he got this tip: "Check a family named Eskew. They run a store at 46th and Chicago where I buy cigarettes. They might be the type you want."

The Eskews, Davies found, had managed to finance a new car. But their store, which a included their second-floor apartment, w dilapidated and cramped—the ugliest building in an otherwise neat neighborhood. To help pay the $225-a-month rent, Ronnie had to lease out a first-floor section as an office. Yet it was obvious that he and Joan were making contributions to their community considerably above and beyond the call of their income. They gave out candy to youngsters. Before moving to the store, they had been temporary foster parents, successively, to sixteen children awaiting adoption through Father Meagher's office. Davies also noted happily that the store, with a park to the east and a castlelike Catholic Boys Home looking down from a hill beyond, was in a spacious, photogenic locality.

One major question remained. Would the Eskews show the desired spontaneous reaction on the air?

"Emotion is what makes *This Is Your Life*," Davies told the KSTP-TV staff. "They' got to cry."

Davies and a KSTP-TV man went to Ronnie's Grocery for a final check on this vital point. The Eskews, of course, were totally unaware of the machinery that had begun to stir all about them. Davies and his companion purchased some cigarettes. They lingered in the store to watch the Eskews and attempt to plumb their emotions. Could this couple be depended upon to cry at the proper moment? What they observed convinced the experts that their targets were sufficiently animated and expressive to warrant the gamble. If surprised with enough gifts, it was judged, they would almost certainly break down. Davies phoned Hollywood.

"We've found our stars," he reported.

Since surprise was essential, the Eskews couldn't be asked what they wanted. But Edwards's experts thought they knew—and, also, how to make their gesture sufficiently conspicuous to look impressive to the T cameras. They would remodel and enlarge Ronnie's store, renovate the Eskew apartment and bestow lesser rewards. In return for partial expenses, plus free mentions of the firms on the air, an architect, a contractor and ten other companies agreed (Continued on Page 49)

Little remains of their bonanza, much of which consisted of improvements to a rented building. But they have a lifetime supply of bird food.

In the diner Ronnie opened after his grocery business failed. "I guess they meant well," he says. "We're starting over, but this time I'll make it on my own. That's the surest way."

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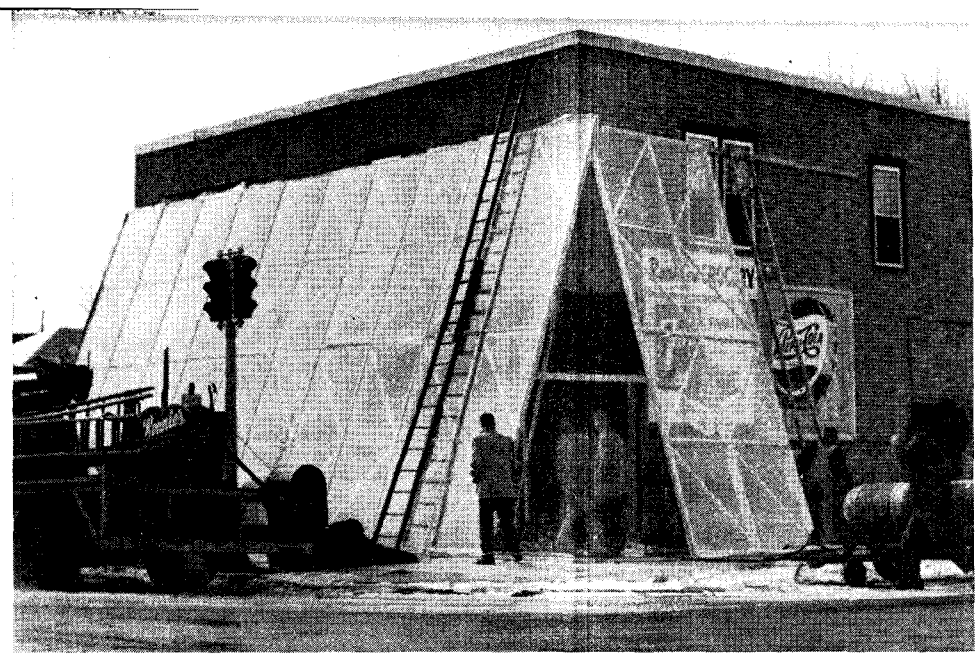
Before fate and television changed the Eskews' life, they ran a typical corner grocery (above), and Ronnie's ultimate ambition was to own a drive-in caramel-corn stand.



Builders transformed the store by working for three and a half days and two nights. TV organizers arranged an out-of-town trip for the Eskews to keep them in the dark.

Excited neighbors clustered for the opening of the renovated store. But business slowed and monthly expenses went up $378. Before long, Ronnie was broke.

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She went to her room and dumped the drink into the washbowl.

the case of the BIGAMOUS SPOUSE

A beautiful girl discovers her best friend's husband is leading two lives.

Beginning a new Perry Mason mystery by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Della Street, Perry Mason's confidential secretary, had a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. Her right hand was held behind her back. "Good morning, Mr. Mason," she said brightly.

The lawyer looked up from his desk, caught the twinkle in her eyes, tilted back in his swivel chair and said, "What now?"

"I wanted some information."

"Shoot."

"Can you," she asked, "tell me the principle on which the telephone works, and how a voice can be converted into electrical vibrations sent over a wire and then those vibrations again converted into audible sounds so that the voice seems to come through the receiver?"

"Certainly," Mason said. "You simply drop a dime in the slot indicated for such purpose."

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"Can you," Della Street asked, "tell me why it is that it is noon in New York when it is only nine o'clock in Los Angeles?"

"Of course," Mason said. "The people in New York get up three hours earlier."

"Try this one," she said. "Why is it that on a hot day in the California desert it is possible to look up at tall mountain ranges and observe that they are covered with snow?"

Mason's forehead began to show traces of a frown. "You're too big to spank," he said, "and too valuable to fire but, if you'll kindly tell me, what's the idea?"

"You were complaining only a short time ago," she said, "that the practice of law tends to become routine. Now I thought I would convince you, Mr. Mason, that here we have something new."

"What," Mason asked, "is the relationship of the snow on the California mountains to something new in the law business?"

Della Street whipped her hand from behind her back and disclosed an elaborately printed brochure. "On this page," she said, "are thirty-seven questions which your child may ask. Do you know the answers?" She turned the page. "Here are fifteen physical phenomena which are often misunderstood, and here on the next page are fifty interesting facts which few people understand."

"I take it," Mason said, "that on the back page is a contract with a place for signature and a receipt for the down payment."

"Not a contract," she said; "a coupon, by which the person who signs it can receive detailed information about a booklet titled *Practical Physical Facts for Parents*, and imprinted on that is the name Gwynn Elston, with an address and telephone number at which Miss Elston can be reached."

"And you think I should sign my name," Mason asked gravely, "so that I will be prepared to become a father?"

"That won't be necessary," Della Street said, "because Miss Elston is sitting in the outer office, patiently waiting. She gave me this little brochure because it gives her name and address. I asked her if she had a card, and this was all she had."

"Well," Mason said. "I'm afraid you're going to have to tell Miss Elston that after all I'm not interested in —— Let's see."

Mason took the brochure and turned to some of the interesting questions. "Tell her I don't care a hang why it is that whales spout on coming to the surface. I don't care why certain animals hibernate, nor am I interested in why days are longer in the summer than in the winter."

"That," Della Street said, "is not the point. Miss Elston doesn't want to sell you a book. She wants to see if you can translate certain Chinese characters for her and whether her crumpled piece of tissue contains strychnine."

"That's all?" Mason asked.

"It seems to be all at the moment," Della Street said, "although I dare say there are other things which will come up. She seems quite upset and rather excited."

"How old?" Mason asked.

"In the twenties," Della Street said. "And for your private and confidential information she's a dish! She has plenty of this and that and these and those; and large, expressive eyes and a voice which would be seductive if it weren't a little frightened."

"And here it was only an hour ago," Mason said, "I was complaining that our law practice was degenerating into a pattern. By all means, Della, show Miss Elston in. And what about the crumpled tissue?"

"She has it in her purse."

"And wants to know if it contains strychnine?"

Della Street nodded.

"Why?"

"Someone tried to poison her."

"An irate wife, perhaps?"

"Apparently it was the husband of her best friend."

Perry Mason said seriously, "Do you suppose there is any chance on earth that this case is one tenth as interesting as you're making it sound?"

"Somehow," Della Street said, "I have an idea it's even more interesting."

"Let's take a look at her," Mason said.

Della Street nodded and went quietly through the door to the outer office.

Gwynn Elston acknowledged Della Street's introduction to the lawyer, seated herself, smiled at the lawyer and said, "Mr. Mason, in order to understand my problem you'll have to know something about how I work."

The lawyer nodded his head gravely.

"I have an assigned territory," she said, "for a series of books which are designed to give parents the answers to questions that children will want to know. The books are so cleverly arranged that there is really no age limit ——"

She broke off with a quick laugh. "I'm sorry, Mr. Mason, but I've repeated this so many times that when I start on it I just can't seem to stop. Anyway, you get the idea."

Mason said, "I am afraid, Miss Elston, I'm not in the market for ——"

"Good heavens!" she said. "I'm not trying to sell you. I—I'm afraid I'm going to be mixed up in a murder."

"That," Mason said, "is different. Just what is your position going to be in the murder?"

She said, "I think I'm scheduled to be the victim."

"Go ahead," Mason said.

"I'm sorry to bother you with all this background, Mr. Mason, but you have to understand it because otherwise what I'm going to tell you will seem just too dreadfully absurd, and you'll think I'm the victim of an overworked imagination."

The lawyer inclined his head in a wordless invitation to proceed.

"The parent company gives us all sorts of sales helps, does advertising and secures lists of live prospects so that we don't have to waste our time in fruitless door-to-door canvassing. Those prospects are sent in at the rate of about ten a day. Sometimes they mail them in, sometimes they telephone them. We're supposed to make a schedule of ten new calls a day, in addition to follow-ups."

"What is a live prospect?" Mason asked.

"A family in the income group of $6000 a year on up, with two children or more, and usually parents who are rather young."

Again Mason nodded.

"Nell Arlington is my closest friend," Gwynn Elston went on. "She married Felting Grimes and came to live here in the city. They have a very nice house. There is a spare room in the main part, in addition to the two rooms in the guesthouse. The spare room has its own washbowl and toilet, but it also has a connection with the downstairs bath. Now please bear with me, Mr. Mason, because all this is important."

Mason nodded. (Continued on Page 59)

"He'd kill me in a minute to keep his double life from being discovered," she told Mason.

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ADVENTURES
of the MIND

Life, Liberty Pursuit of

Is the goal of security supplanting the ideals expressed in our Declaration of Independence?

Welfare" is one of the key words of our time. What too many men now seem to desire is not virtue or knowledge or justice, but welfare. To the majority the word sums up the principal object of government and, indeed, of all social institutions.

Had you asked a Greek philosopher what the purpose of government should be, he would have said something about the maintenance of justice. And had you pressed him to say in what justice consists, he would have replied—not very satisfactorily—"In assuring to every man that which is rightfully his."

A medieval theologian would have added something about the City of God and the extent to which a community of mortals might approximate it. On the other hand that brutal seventeenth-century realist, Thomas Hobbes, would have gone to the other extreme. To him the principal aim of government is simply the maintenance of order, the taming of that state of nature which is anarchy of war. And the state of anarchy, he would have added, is so terrible that any government is better than no government.

Finally, had you posed the same question to an eighteenth-century philosopher, he would have said something to the effect that the chief purpose of government is not simply the maintenance of order, but the assurance to each man of his inalienable rights. And if you had asked him what these inalienable rights are, he would have answered in some form not too different from that of the Declaration—"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

In any event, it is obvious that none of these formulas is entirely satisfactory to most people today. They do not explicitly reject life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but they obviously consider them something less than enough. The invention of the term "welfare state" to describe something more than the democratic state is an expression of this dissatisfaction. It is intended to define a new ideal, which its proponents would call an extension of the ideal of a merely democratic state.

If it be objected that the philosophers, theologians and social critics cited above did not actually speak for the masses and that the great majority of the people would always have preferred "welfare" to the less easily understood goods proposed to them, the answer is that even if this be granted, it is not crucial to the argument which follows. The fact remains that the power of the masses is now for the first time decisive and that the sociologists and political scientists most influential today tend both to accept this fact and to concur in regarding "welfare" as the chief legitimate aim of government.

In a broad, general way we all know what welfare so used implies, what specific laws and institutions are called welfare measures, and what are the premises upon which they are advocated. No one would object very much if I said that the welfare state assumes, not only that men should be protected against those who would deprive them of their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but that it should go beyond mere protection to something more positive. All men not

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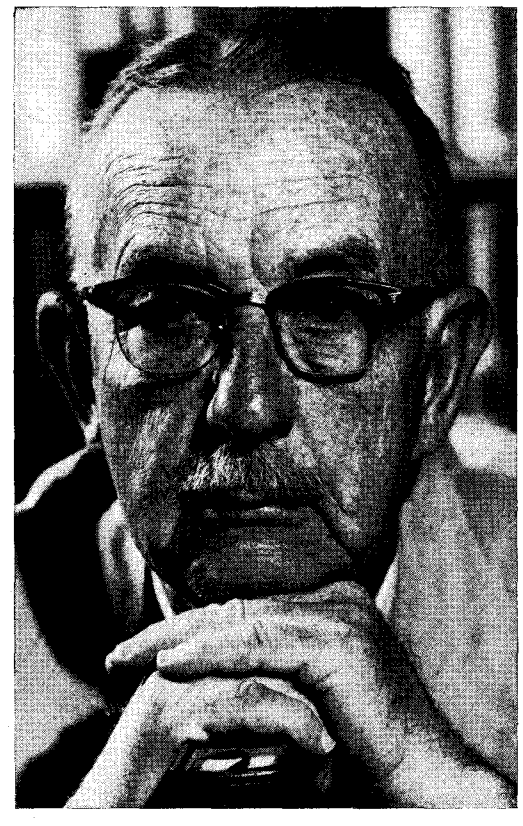
and the Welfare

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



About the Author

For the last seven years Joseph Wood Krutch (pronounced "Krooch") has contributed a wide-ranging column of opinion to the Phi Beta Kappa-sponsored quarterly, *American Scholar*, titled, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO. Few mind, for Mr. Krutch is among America's most articulate and erudite essayists. Before he retired in 1952 to devote himself exclusively to writing and lecturing, Mr. Krutch had been drama critic of *The Nation* and professor of dramatic literature at Columbia. His writings include literary biographies (Samuel Johnson and Thoreau), sociology (*The Measure of Man*, which won the 1954 National Book Award for Nonfiction) and natural history (*The Great Chain of Life*).

only must be guaranteed their liberties but also, to a very considerable extent, "looked after." Many of the arguments both for and against the policy of looking after people are too familiar to need mentioning. But certain fundamental questions are seldom asked. What is the ultimate definition of welfare—in what does it consist, and who decides what it is? Or, to put the question in a simpler form: Does the promotion of welfare mean giving people what they want or seem to want or think they want, or does it consist in giving them what they ought to have?

The answer implied in various specific welfare proposals is sometimes the one and sometimes the other. But few have ever dared to put the question boldly and to give a positive answer one way or another. If welfare means that people get what they want, then which wants of which people come first? If welfare means giving them what they ought to have, then who decides what they ought to have, and on the basis of what criteria is the decision made?

This last is a very tough question indeed for an age which has rejected absolutes and enthusiastically embraced both cultural and moral relativism. One of the few bold answers I have ever encountered was given by David Thompson, a lecturer in history at Cambridge University. "The welfare state," said he, "exists to promote whatever the community regards as beneficial and good. If the community regards automobiles, TV sets and football pools as of greater value than better schools, more generous care for old people, and a creative use of leisure, then the democratic state will provide more automobiles, TV sets and football pools."

In the course of the article Mr. Thompson gives the impression that he has preferences of his own and that they are not what he believes to be those of most people. But he does not appear to have his tongue in his cheek when he yields to the only definition of democracy and the only definition of welfare which his relativistic philosophy will permit. Like most of our contemporaries, he is unwilling to consider the possibility that what the community regards as valuable is not the only possible standard by which values may be judged. Nor, as a matter of fact, can anyone escape such a conviction unless he is willing to assume what most today refuse to assume, namely, that some basis for calling one thing intrinsically and absolutely better or righter or higher than another can be found somewhere: In nature, in reason or in the law of God—all of which are independent of either custom or majority opinion.

Refuse, as most sociologists, psychologists and anthropologists do refuse, to make such an assumption, and you are driven to the conclusion which Mr. Thompson accepts: That nothing is better or more desirable than anything else except insofar as more people want it. Thus he comes to defend democracy not because of any conviction that its decisions are wiser by some independent standards than those arrived at by other forms of government, but simply because any decision which has majority sanction is wise and right by the only possible definition of those terms. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 56*

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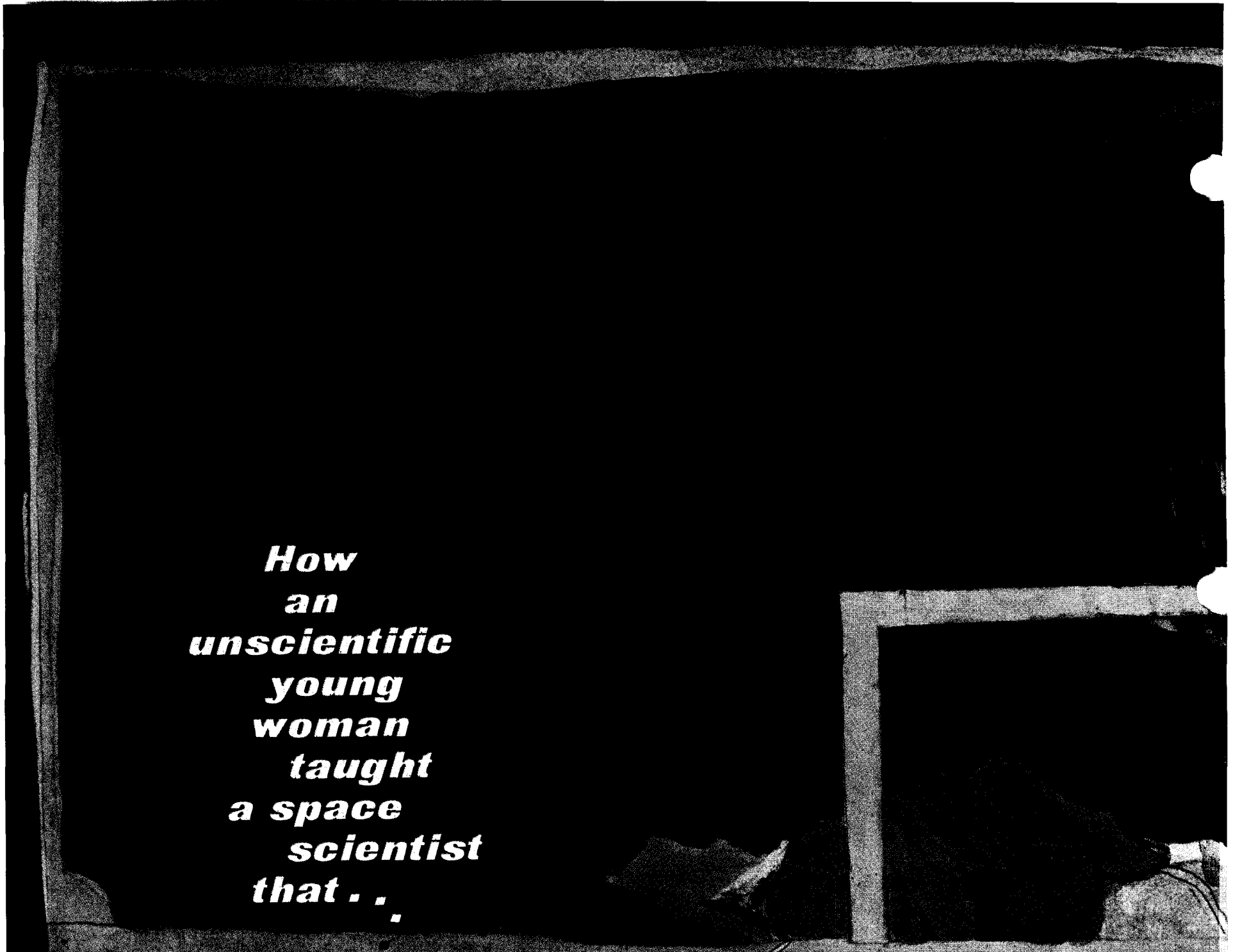
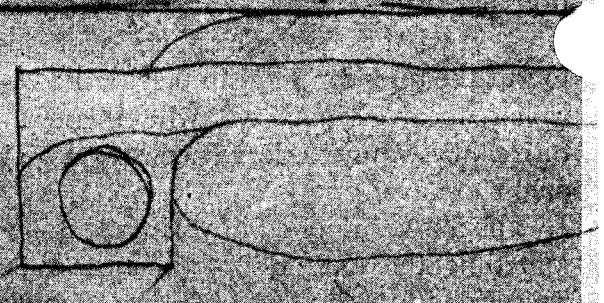


How an unscientific young woman taught a space scientist that . . .

LOVE MAKES MOUNTAINS DANCE

By JOHN REESE



THE LAUNCH LOG rarely publishes photographs. With a circulation of only nine hundred thirty-eight, it is one of the world's most unpopular magazines, and it cannot afford the pictures that are usually demanded by the average reader. Indeed, the LOG has no average readers, being a technical journal for telemetrists, the men who build radios for space rockets and receive and interpret their messages. Most of the news in the LAUNCH LOG comes from outer space.

A recent issue, however, contains the picture of a man and a girl. The man is tall and blond, with a thin, handsome face inscribed by a rather bewildered grin. The girl,

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who comes only to his shoulders, is very pretty, with short black hair and big, dark, serious eyes. Beneath the picture it says, Married: Dr. Donald Cantlain, 28, Temp. GTS, and Amorita Hill, 20, JPL.

"Temp. GTS" means that Doctor Cantlain was temporarily assigned as telemetrist at Goldstone Tracking Station, a hot, lonely trailer village built around an enormous, circular antenna in the heart of the California desert. "JPL" means that Amorita worked at Jet Propulsion Laboratory, some one hundred miles away, in Pasadena. But where the bridegroom was a scientist of world renown, the bride was a mere data clerk.

Radio signals received at GTS from space are relayed to JPL. There they are fed into a digital computer, emerging from its printer as rows of numbers that look like this—9185 23 77691 254 6001 5749 252. Long before a probe homes into orbit, the busy printer has pecked out yards and yards of these numbers. To readers of this magazine, that's all they are—just numbers.

But LAUNCH LOG subscribers translate this numerical patois into real, human language, and from such cryptic digits have gleaned all that we know of the empyrean pod that contains our puny pea of a planet. Amorita's humble job was to tear sheets of Continued on Page 47

ILLUSTRATED BY DON DE MAURO

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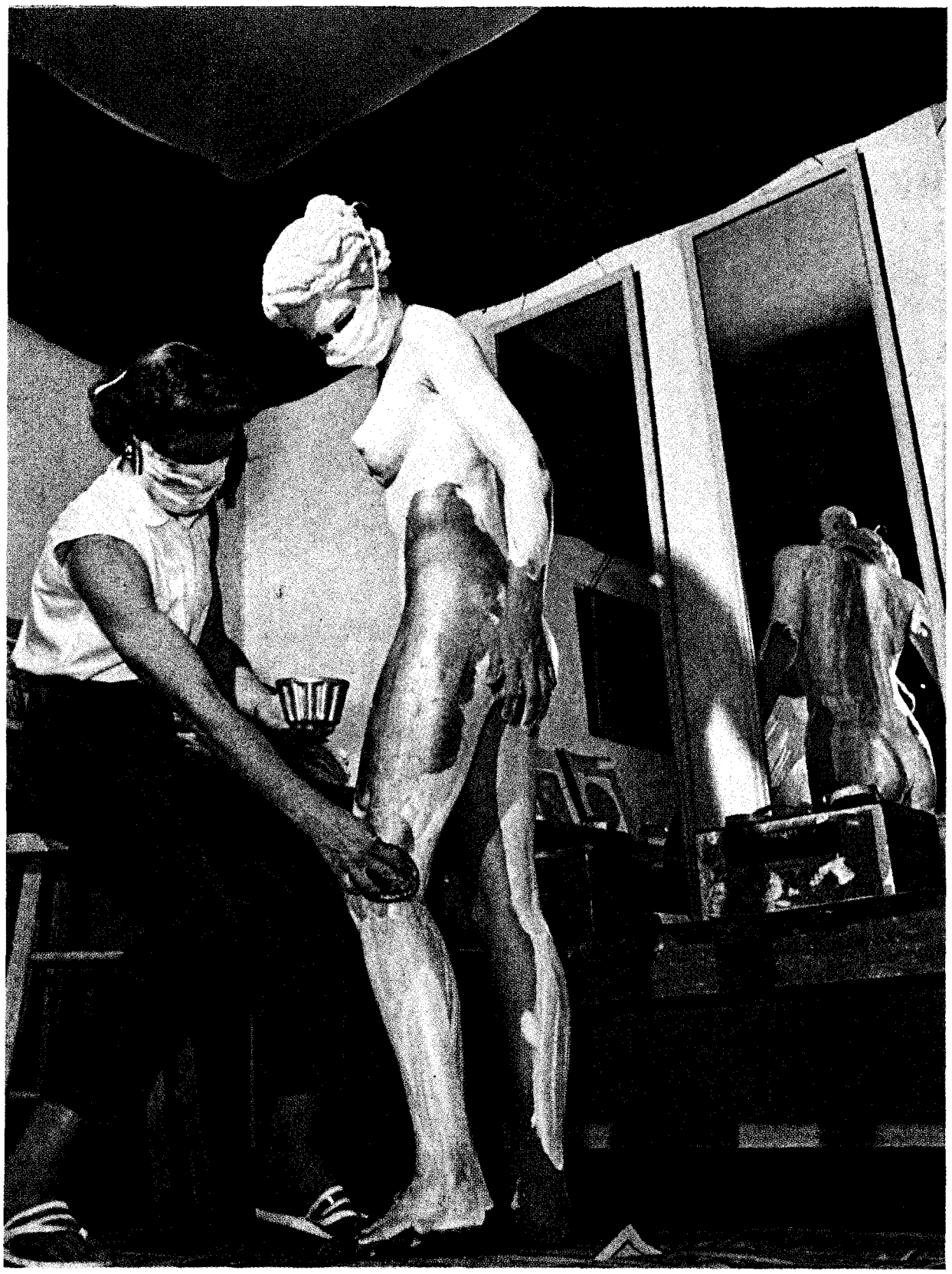
The World's Liveliest Art Show

At the annual Pageant of the Masters in Laguna Beach, California, art lovers literally take the clothes off their backs to make famous paintings and sculpture come to life.

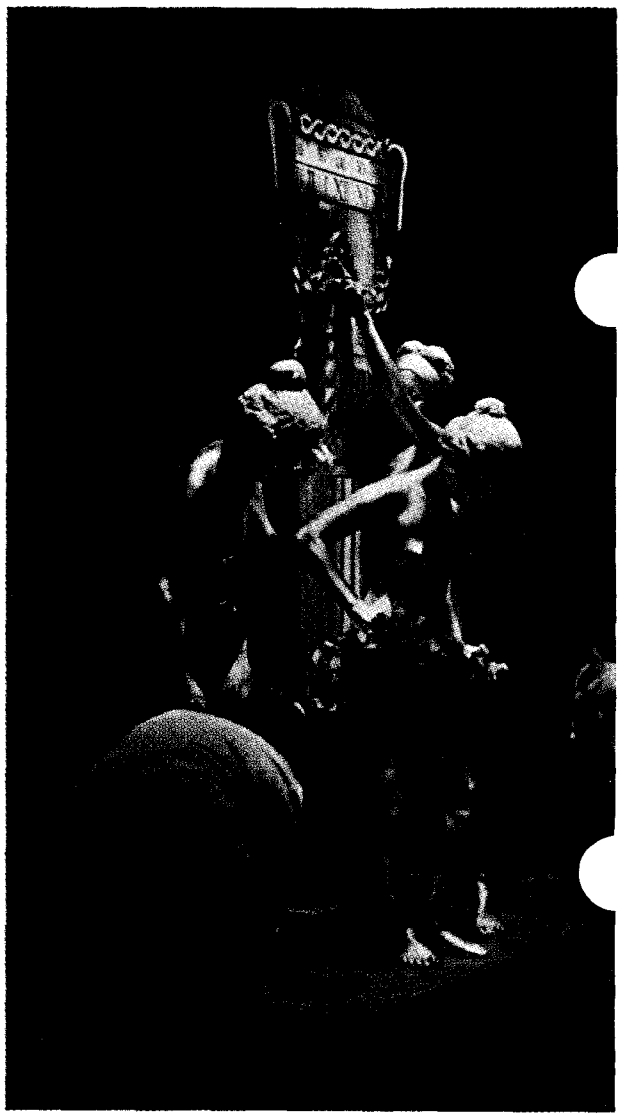
By FRANK J. TAYLOR

Every summer the 9000 residents of the ordinarily sane and placid little city of Laguna Beach, California, erupt in a premeditated, month-long art bender, the like of which occurs nowhere else. They are joined in the binge by an almost equal number of kindred spirit out-of-towners who pack the hotels and motor courts clinging to the cliffs above a sandy strand between Los Angeles and San Diego.

This annual delirium of art—this year it begins this Saturday—has been going on for a quarter century. It is anybody's guess as to who relishes it more—the natives or the visitors. The annual living-art festival is staged so smoothly by Lagunans that few visitors realize that the whole extravaganza was cooked up "for the sole purpose of separating the tourist from his dollar," as is candidly pointed out by narrator Russ Potter, who explains nightly what the show is all about.



How to make living sculpture: Make-up artist Dorothy Brookbank (left) coats a nude model with "goop" and gold powder. The face masks are worn to prevent inhalation of the powder.



Twenty women offered to peel and pose in *The Clock*. These three, getting an aluminum glaze, were chosen.

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Prop chief Evelyn Reynolds. Her stock includes papier-mâché babies which have replaced real, crying infants.

Photographs by Gene Lester

A human Wedgwood figurine. Ideas for the tableaux come from art objects, paintings and statuary.

Under trick lighting old masters emerge from slapdash backgrounds. Above, a replica of Lawrence's *Pinkie*.

For the past two decades The Pageant of the Masters, to give it its high-sounding proper title, has nearly accomplished that objective. It has helped the town's painters and sculptors market their wares profitably. It has filled the tills of shops, lodges and restaurants with out-of-town dollars. It has paid for a magnificent open-air amphitheater, has financed free art classes and scholarships for promising teen-age artists, has enabled hundreds of Lagunans to be hams on the stage and has given the town a rare civic lift.

During the past decade and a half, the living-art show, in which carefully selected Lagunans make like three-dimensional replicas of characters in noted works of art, has completely eclipsed other features of the festival—these include the open-air art mart, the junior art exhibit, the extraordinary civic art gallery and the erstwhile beret-and-smock dancing in the streets.

The living-art show is art in reverse. Whereas conventional artists strive to turn real life into pictures, the Lagunans do just the opposite. They take a well-known canvas or sculpture and make it come alive with real men, women and children for the characters.

Offhand, this would seem like a dull way to entertain sophisticated out-of-towners from Hollywood and way points. But the way the Lagunans do it, with a professional skill evolved over the years, plus hypnotizing narrative, mood music and home-brewed illumination, the effect is breath-taking. When the lights dim at the end of the inevitable concluding tableau, Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*, the audience is too awed to applaud; after silently standing under the stars until reality returns, the customers file quietly out of the amphitheater.

"Never before have I seen anything so overwhelming," exclaimed a spectator from India last summer, which is quite a commentary from a visitor hailing from the home of the Taj Mahal.

The show's two dozen tableaux are flashed out of the darkness each night from an elaborate, home-designed stage erected at the mouth of a small canyon about five blocks from the center of town. The 2600 seats are on a slope surrounded by cliffs, with only the sky for a roof. Now and then a tableau such as *Raising the Flag at Iwo Jima* explodes from one of the canyon walls with startling effect. Occasionally a supertableau such as the thirty-eight bas-relief figures (Continued on Page 62)

A Norman Rockwell cover, a regular feature of the show. Director John Callan (dark suit) places the cast.

Greek "sculpture." The identities of the "sculps," or nudes, are known only by the show's top officials.

Below: Von Münchhausen's *Classic Rhythm*. Bike seats support difficult poses for the one-minute showing.

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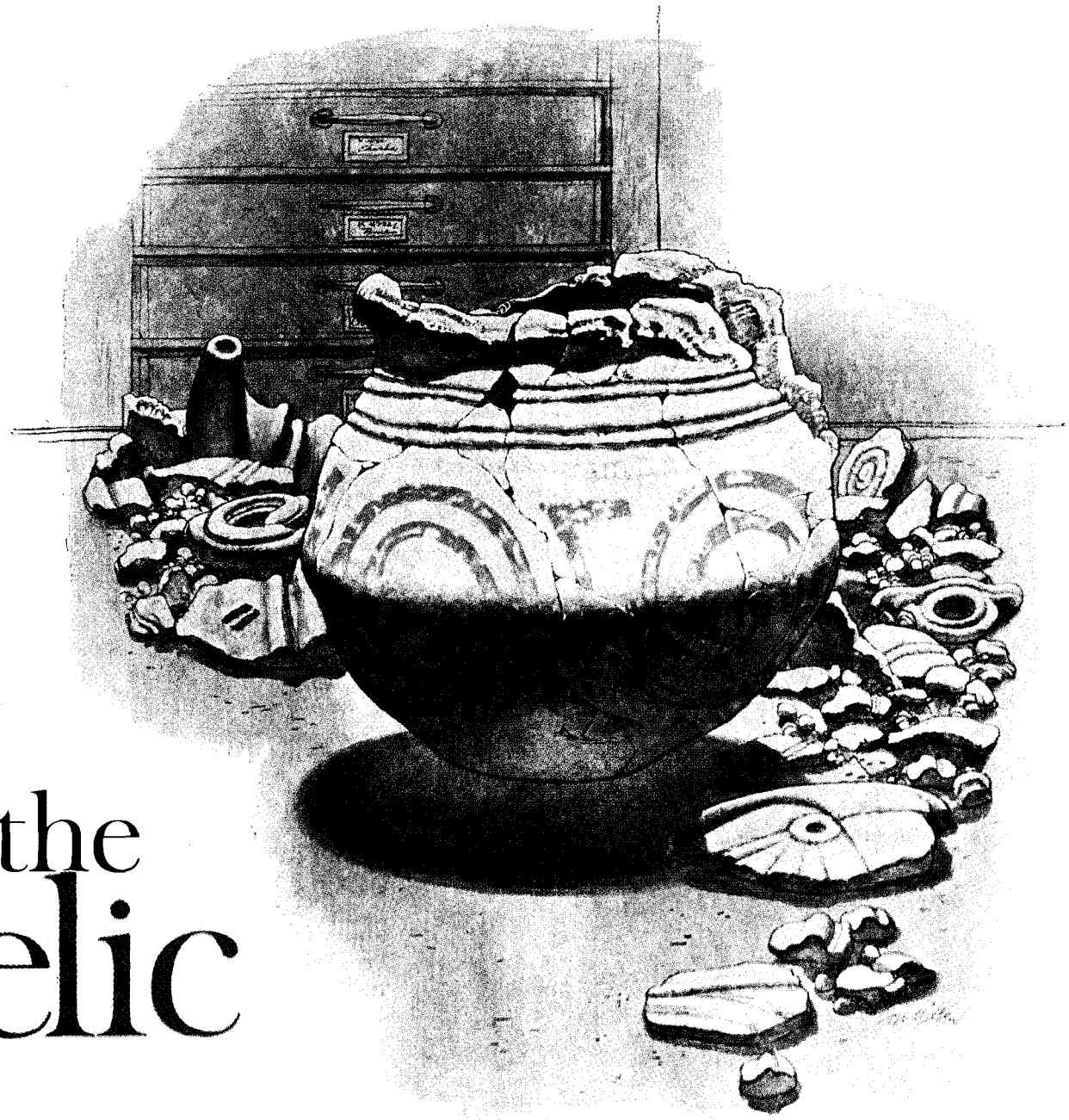

the relic

This treasured artifact held the key to an old man's happiness.

By PHYLLIS ROBERTS

Dawn, a furtive wayfarer at five A.M., cast a skeletal shadow on the window pane. Milord had already clamped a ready hand over the alarm to throttle its yawp, but there was no escape from the grinning dice spots on the dial. Day had thrown him a cold five. Sleet rang on the metal roof, the scrape of branches announced God's frozen wet wash on the indistinct line of the horizon. When Milord arose, the air in the sievy house fell around him like weights. "Birds flying South better keep flying," he grumbled to himself. "Surry County, Virginia, a good place to skim over this day." He began to shuffle around—a sturdy, small, tree-trunk man garbed in long gray woolens, the same he would wear under his work clothes. He reached out and nipped the lamp switch; his hunched shadow leaped on the wall, and to himself Milord was born anew. His shadow was one of Milord's few superstitions. If the confounding Bible of his personality were pressed between black covers, his shadow was the azure prince who would follow him into all eternity. That was the sum of it anyway.

"You going to lay there, woman?" he growled at the fat hump beneath the quilts—his wife, Sarah. She stirred, moaned, reached out a sleepwalker's hand and patted the place beside her. "Oh, Mona," she complained, joggling her cocoon, "it so cold."

Milord glanced down at her with two views in mind. It was cold; and if he got up, she should. The fact that she had done so for thirty-three years, excepting times of childbirth and occasional sickness, was presently beside the point. "Come on, gal, get movin'," he said, not quite so snappish.

Then he clamped a cold pipe between his strong teeth, pulled an olive-drab overcoat around him—the overcoat was a castaway from son Harmon's Army days—and scuffed down the stairs; they were a mere ladder. Where Milord had once begun daily fires in tin stoves, he now turned up the dial of an oil heater.

"You no match for this," he muttered, thinking next he would have to insulate the walls. One thing led to another. He'd put water in the kitchen, then he had to hang a bathroom onto the house. One thing always led to another. Sometimes he thought he would like to go back to the old simplicities. He laid the pipe down on the kitchen table and went into the bath. That room was too cold to do anything but wash at the edges, a little oil sealed the skin anyway.

Sputtering, he dried himself, glanced in the mirror, his vision reporting the appearance of a face on its mottled surface. He might have been a stranger for all the attention he gave that teak-skinned, dour, but seldom melancholy reflection. A narrow coastline of gray tufts circled the glossy top of his head. He had a country face, one that made decisions around weather and chance opportunities. Now to keep moving was the uppermost instinct. Milord hustled back to the heater where his work clothes awaited him in all their dingy utility. Still, he liked a bit of color; that was why he knotted a red kerchief at his neck.

By this time Sarah was straggling down the steps, her body a squat little human globe with the tattered continents of bathrobe and sweaters drawn about her. "Going to put the teakittle on," she said as she passed Milord, neither seeing each other, only knowing the long habit of each other's presence. What their conversation might lack in (Continued on Page 70)

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What's Wrong With Our Income-Tax Laws?

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Do inequities, concessions and special preferences hinder the average American and benefit the fortunate few? A POST editor reports.

The process by which the Federal Government extracts more than $40,000,000,000 in personal income tax from 84,000,000 Americans every year is a miracle and a wonder. Never before, in any country, have so many people parted with so much of their wealth with so little overt protest and so little covert cheating. In all the ages of struggle between taxgatherer and taxpayer no more effective system of collection has been devised than this simple process by which the individual citizen, supervised only by his conscience, sits down to add up his come, assess his own tax, write out his own eck and send it to his Government, or permits most, if not all, of his tax to be withheld from his wages or his salary without his ever seeing the money at all.

That he does this with so little grumbling is perhaps as much a measure of his patriotism as of his fear of punishment. It is a measure also of his belief that the tax laws, though sometimes harsh to the point of brutality, are basically equitable and fair.

Once this has been said, it is also necessary to add that anyone who believes that the income-tax laws as they now are applied are simple, logical, or equally fair to all, is naïve to the point of idiocy. The world's most efficient taxing system is actually a fantastic tangle of inequities and special preferences, and every year disenchanted taxpayers in greater numbers are becoming aware that this is so. By any standard which may be applied in determining what makes a tax system good or bad—its fairness, its effect on the economy, the adequacy of the revenue it provides, its ease of administration and compliance—our present taxing process is full of structural faults.

The first questions that must be asked in examining any tax law are simply these: Is it fair and just? Does it tax equal incomes equally? Does it tax unequal incomes in a progression that recognizes differences in the intangible "ability to pay," but does not unduly penalize the man who by extra effort or superior talent earns a larger income than his fellows?

The answer to each of these questions is no. The tax laws as they are now applied ignore the fundamental law on which they are based—the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which says that Congress has the power to levy and collect taxes on all incomes from whatever sources derived. Under the present system, billions of dollars of what the economists consider personal income pay no tax at all, and income from certain sources is treated with a special tenderness.

Comparisons drawn up by the Internal Revenue Service illustrate the latter point. A taxpayer with a wife and two children, with $7000 in income derived exclusively from wages or salary, would pay a tax of $780. A taxpayer in similar circumstances, with $7000 in income derived from dividends, would pay $609.60. A (Continued on Page 54)

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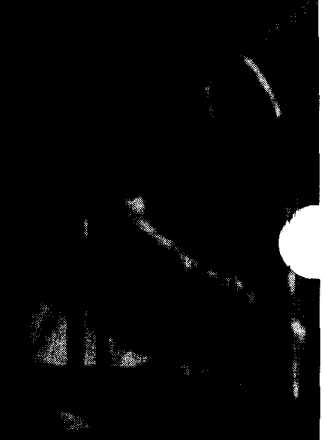
HEPATITIS:
Key to the Riddle



A convict offers his blood for science. Tests now being made on Joliet Prison volunteers may prove the effectiveness of a new hepatitis preventive.

Spurred by the recent spread of infectious hepatitis in the United States, doctors are suddenly on the threshold of discovering a protective vaccine. Here is a report on the new hope for immunization.

By
JOHN KOBLER
and
STEVEN M. SPENCER

On a windy afternoon last April Dr. Joseph D. Boggs, red-haired pathologist and laboratory director of Chicago's Children's Memorial Hospital, drove south along a route which he had traveled many times the past five years and parked his car outside a high stone wall.

At the gatehouse he submitted to a thorough "frisking" that relieved him of knife, ballpoint pen and all other sharp-pointed objects except a handful of syringes essential to his mission and containing a special material of potential value to the whole world.

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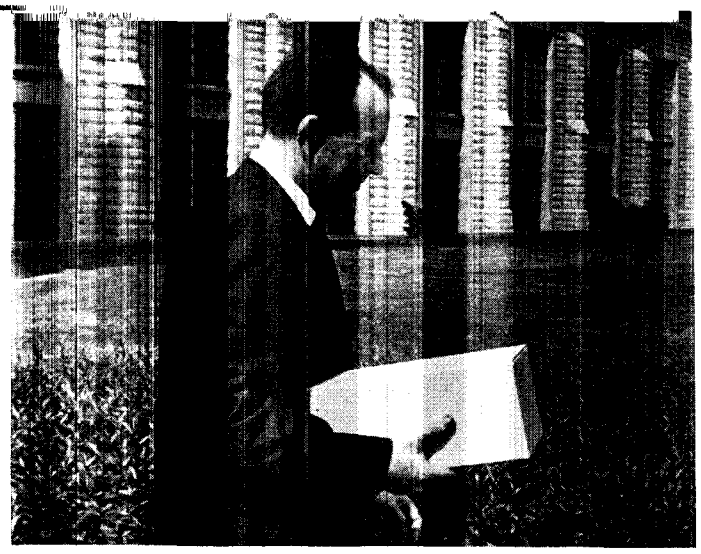
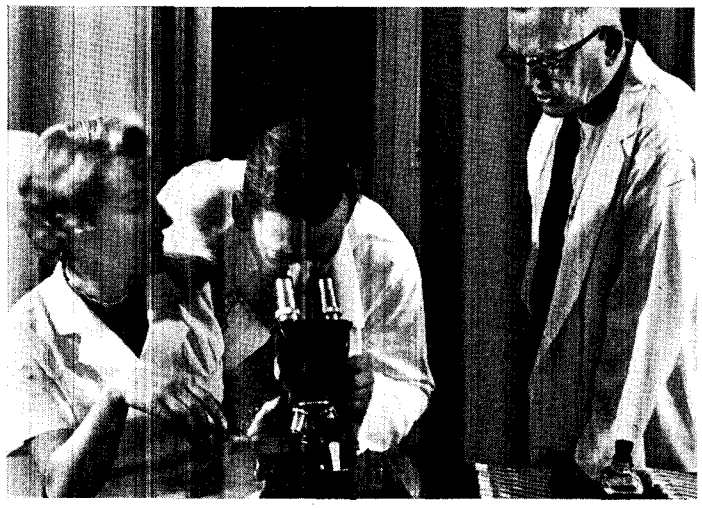


Dr. Joseph Boggs with prisoners' blood samples. His tests showed scientists they were on the right track.



Philadelphia: Drs. Gertrude and Werner Henle and Dr. Joseph Stokes (right) have begun serum tests, using a virus strain that killed 15 in New Jersey this year.

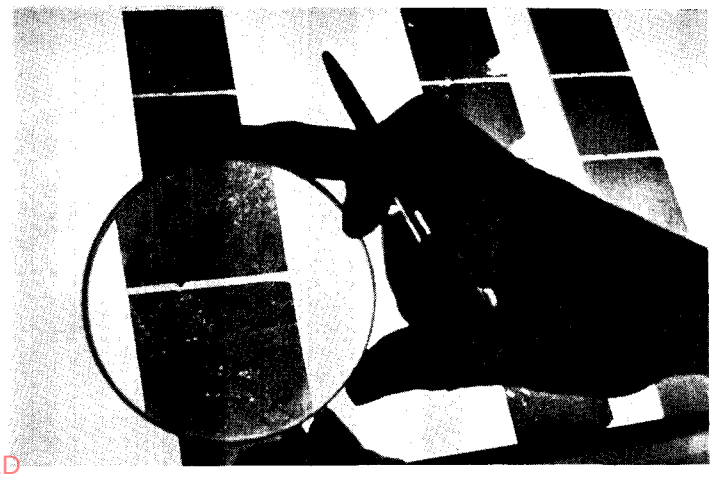
Detroit: Drs. Alton Taylor (left) and I. W. McLean at the Parke-Davis lab where the virus was cultivated.

Carrying the syringes in a box under his arm, Doctor Boggs walked, with an escort, through the clanging double doors of the Illinois State Penitentiary's Joliet branch, the original "old prison" begun in 1853, and went directly to the hospital floor. There two dozen young prisoners who had volunteered to "do something that might help others," bared their arms for injections of living hepatitis virus, cultivated in test tubes by Drs. I. William McLean and Wilton A. Rightsel at the Parke-Davis laboratories in Detroit.

Thirty days later ten of the prisoners came down with the classic symptoms of infectious hepatitis, as had others injected in previous stages of the Joliet studies. They suffered from headache, nausea and vomiting, ran temperatures up to 104, had aching joints and tender livers. Their skins and the whites of their eyes turned a mustard yellow, the effect that gives the disease the popular label "yellow jaundice." Food was revolting to the volunteers, and each lost ten to fifteen pounds in weight. Then, after an illness of about four weeks, all recovered.

Now other volunteers, working with other medical investigators, (Continued on Page 72)

The elusive enemy: Pictures taken with an electron microscope reveal the virus in human-liver tissue.



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this is a raid

there was only one thing missing when the police arrived—the evidence.

by lenora mattingly weber

Young Judge Jarvis and his bride of a month were starting on their delayed honeymoon in Sun Valley. Pink, the mother of the bride, and Evie, the mother of the groom, were at the airport to see them off. Clinging to a hand of each was the spindly, eight-year-old daughter of Judge Jarvis by his first marriage.

The two mothers were lifelong friends. This afternoon they were like children impatient for the moment when parents depart so they can be free and on their own. There now! The honeymooning pair was through the gate and heading toward the plane.

But Pink's daughter Laura turned back for a last disapproving glance, which her mother read rightly as, *Oh, how I'd like to give that purple-flowered dress you're wearing to the Salvation Army, along with your imitation-mink jacket.* Laura's disapproval also took in her mother's hair, which she kept the same cinnamon shade which had brought on the nickname "Pink" in her young days. How often the gentle-voiced but firm-chinned Laura had said, "But, mother a touch of gray in the hair lends dignity."

Laura said now, "I've arranged for little Linda to board at school while we're away, so you ——"

"I know. I know. We'll drive her out."

"So you won't have a thing to worry about—and you'll have time for *reading*." Laura was also apologetic about a mother who hadn't read a book since *Girl of the Limberlost.*

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"Where's your equipment, Ditto?" the plain-clothes man asked.

"And as soon as we get back we'll fix our upstairs into an apartment for you both."

Pink's buoyant blue eyes met Evie's sober brown ones in a "God forbid" look.

Evie's son Arthur—the youngest judge on the bench in this western city—said, "Now look, mom, you take a taxi wherever you go—keep your green puddle-jumper in the garage." He meant: Here I head a campaign for jailing third-time traffic violators, and my own mother is the worst offender. He added, "We'll be back on Sunday, two weeks from today."

His daughter Linda murmured, "My birthday is on Saturday, the day before they come home."

"Hush," Pink warned, "or they'll think they have to come back early for it."

Linda smiled up at her in happy rapport. "I'd rather have a party with you."

"We'll give you a bang-up one, petty-doll," Pink promised.

The three watched until the plane lifted into the gray January sky. Pink and Evie looked at each other and giggled in sheer relief. They had been girls together on the plains, and they had laughed then in guilty conspiracy against protective parents. Now they laughed all the more gleefully in conspiracy against protective children.

Such grateful children. Arthur Jarvis, wanting to make up to his widowed mother for her years of piano playing to put him through law school, had set up a monthly annuity for her. He had insisted on her living with him and Linda when Linda's mother died two years before.

Evie Jarvis, plump, gray-haired and slow-moving because of swelling knees, looked the part of a housewife, but she was far more adept at a piano than at the electric range Arthur bought to make life easier for her. Arthur would like to separate her and her old green sedan, but Evie would be as lost without it as a cowboy without his horse.

And Laura. She, too, was ever mindful of her mother's hard-scrabble years when Pink had been left a widow with five children. Before Laura acquired a wedding ring and when she was still a librarian, she insisted that Pink give up her door-to-door selling of Très Jolie beauty products and take life easy in Laura's apartment. "You have your insurance money," Laura said, "to use for—well, things like *good* clothes."

Without her Très Jolie kit and customers pouring out heart problems, life lost its zest for the gregarious Pink. Unlike Evie, she loved to cook—only not the two chops and half a package of frozen peas for her and Laura.

But now Arthur and Laura were gone, and their mothers could make their break for independence. With Linda, they drove in Evie's green puddle-jumper and rented a modest apartment in a building called Eden Arms. This was easier than arguing it out with disapproving children. "You haven't a chance with a gavel-wielding judge," Evie often muttered to Pink; and she muttered back, "Or with a daughter who quotes Euripides."

Next they took Linda to the Miss Muffet School (Accelerated Groups for the Gifted) and left her in its capable care. Evie said, "Tomorrow I'll find a piano-playing job." Pink said, "I'll (Continued on Page 68)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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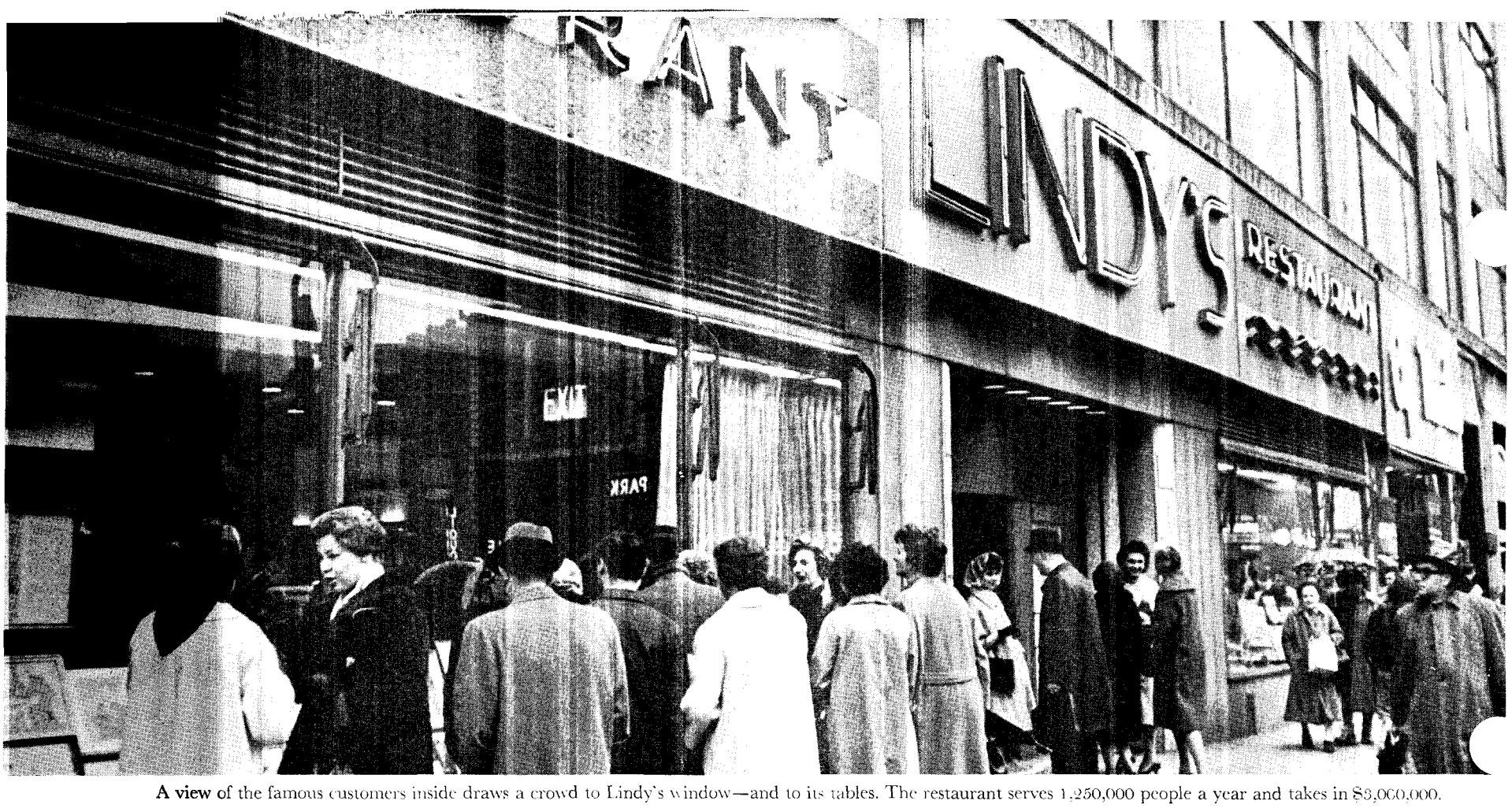


A view of the famous customers inside draws a crowd to Lindy's window—and to its tables. The restaurant serves 1,250,000 people a year and takes in $3,000,000.

The Broadway Gang Eats Here

This Manhattan eatery owes its success more to the celebrities who patronize it than to the food it serves.

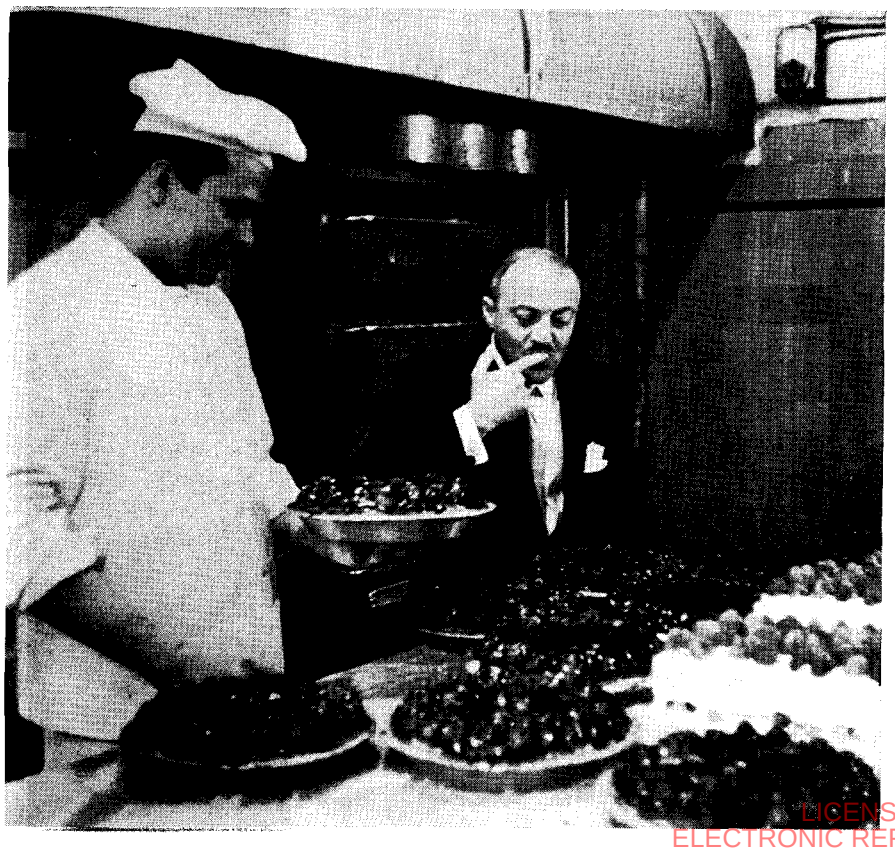
By ROBERT SYLVESTER

Possibly the most pointed footnote to the always delicate relationship between a restaurant customer and a restaurant waiter was first recorded many years ago at Lindy's, New York's big Broadway eating house, now in its fortieth year. According to legend, a diner looked up from his meal and asked a waiter what time it was. "This is not my table," answered the waiter firmly.

Apocryphal story or not, any Lindy's waiter—and they are a breed unto themselves—will insist that the waiter was eminently correct in his answer. Lindy's waiters serve 1,250,000 persons in a year, provide 160,000 quarts of dill pickles, slice and handle 50,000 cheesecakes, carry 20,000 pounds of sturgeon and salmon, and place on their tables 38,000 dozen rolls and bagels. A Lindy's waiter simply doesn't have time to be giving away the time.

There are, no doubt, other restaurants in the world doing (Continued on Page 51

The owner: Jack Kramer, son of one of the restaurant's four founding partners. He's sampling a batch of cheesecake, a specialty of Lindy's.



The customers: Comedian Steve Rossi (left), actor Tony Perkins and society editor Doris Lilly. Lindy's has been popular among show people since Al Jolson discovered it in 1921.

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"Can't you understand?" he asked.

He was a champion of the ring. Could he be a coward as well?

The Yellow Streak

By BRIAN CLEEVE

He came back like royalty. The railway station stuffed with people, and the train crying in from around the mountain like the banshee, clattering to a stop at the platform between the milk churns and crates of hens. Then Michael himself, red head shining, half-stunned at the welcome, and yet lifting with it, full of joy and pride and wonder, standing in the doorway of the carriage like the king of glory.

"Michael!" whispered Brid beside me, and I put a hand on her arm to steady her, as the crowd went forward like a football scrum, photographers' bulbs flashing like fireworks, dogs yelping, men shouting, the train whistle blasting and the brass band trying to play the *Bold Fenian Men.*

"Speech!" yelled Tim Lawlor, who has the big bar. "Speech from the champ!" And little Michael Raftery, wee Mick the brat, the small, dirty ruffian that no one would have picked out of a ditch if he'd been dead in it ten years ago, standing there with the tears running down his thin face, his hands held out beseeching, and his mouth not able to speak.

"It's good to be back," he stammered out at last, and with that there was another surge forward of the crowd, and he went shoulder high like a cork on a wave. *See, the Conquering Hero Comes!* the band blared, and Brid and I were shoved sideways into the parcel office. "Mike!" Brid called, but he didn't see us, and by the time we'd picked ourselves out from a heap of parcels (Continued on Page 64)

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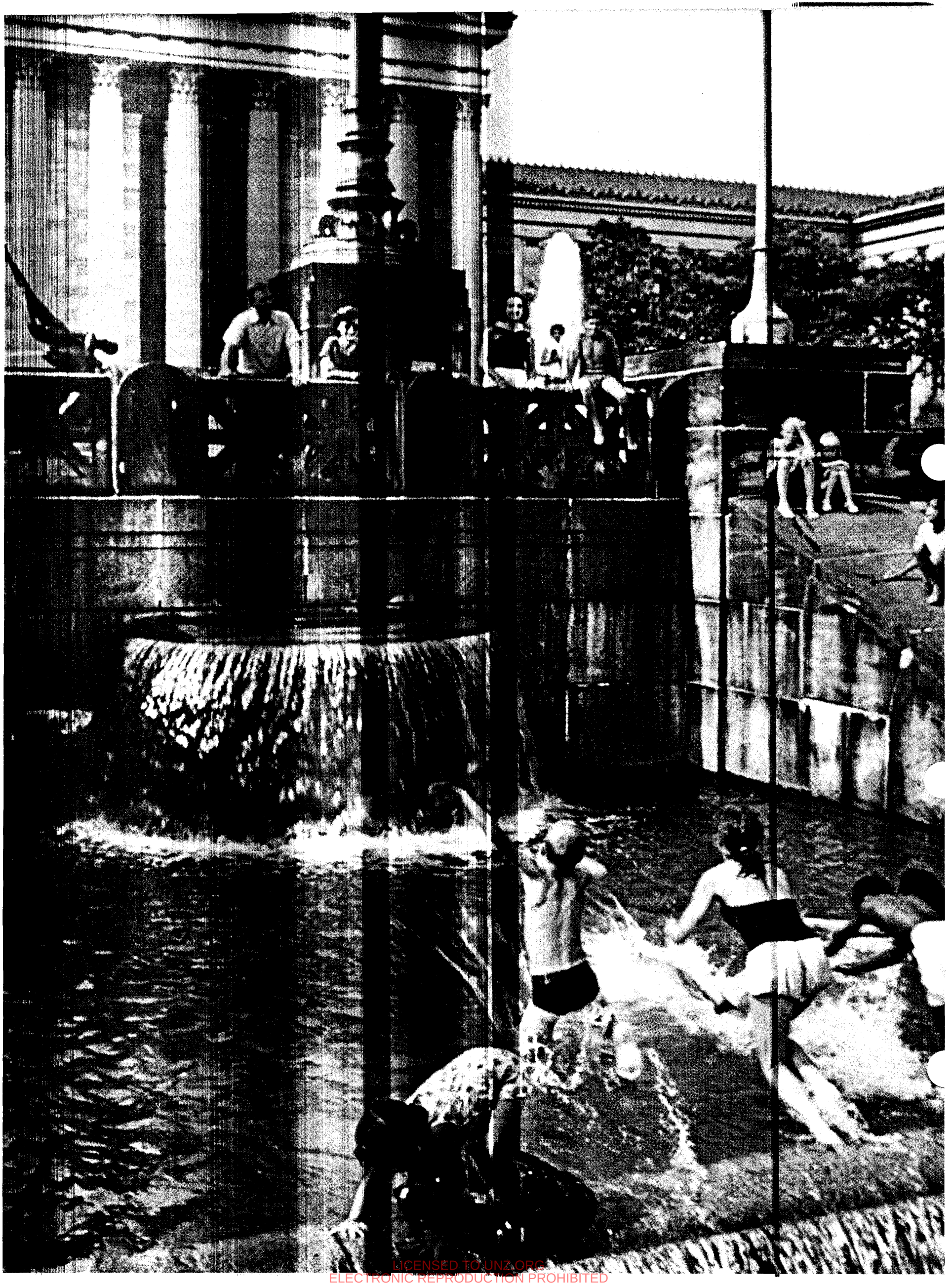

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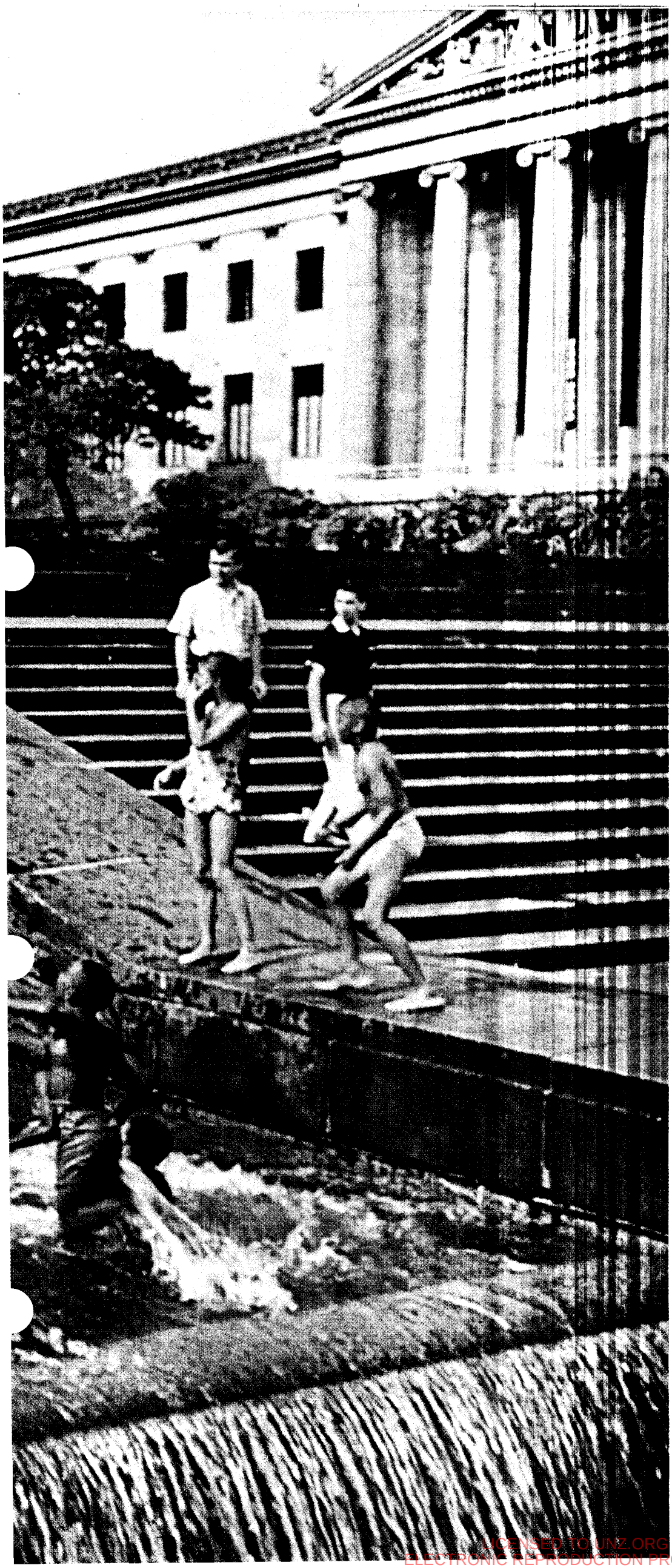

The Face of AMERICA

Forbidden Waters

The splashy scene at left is a tribute to the joys of being young in summertime. In a sense it is also a tribute to the singlemindedness of citybound kids out to find a way to cool off on a sweltering day. The usual procedure is to open a fire hydrant; some Philadelphia kids prefer the tiered pools that line the city's stately Museum of Art. The fact that the museum is not far from the center of a big city complicates things a bit, for swimming here is strictly forbidden. The graceful pools—twelve in all—were created solely as an aesthetic accent to the Grecian building. Their enticing—but impure—waters hide broken glass and other potentially dangerous litter, as proved by a number of cut toes. Nonetheless kids by the hundreds are willing to risk the odds on a refreshing, if sneaky, dip. Some of them even make a game of eluding the Fairmount Park guards who patrol the museum grounds. All of them have a whale of a time making like fishes until someone sounds the alert: "Here comes the 'parkie'!"

• Photograph by John R. Wells

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Post Scripts

Diving's Thriving

I hesitate to brag, but few people in the world have spent as much time as I have on a high diving board. Each time I go up on one, they can't get me down for hours. In any event, this lesson is on How to Dive, If You Feel You Must.

Never rush a dive. Take your time. You may have noticed how top-flight divers stand absolutely motionless, poised for flight, at the end of the board for moments on end. Many unschooled people feel these athletes are carefully thinking out every movement of the dive they are about to make. They are not. They are praying.

It is a good idea to perfect your form off the low board before you essay the high board. But once you have started to work off the high board, never go back to the low board—not during a dive anyway.

Another thing: Do not try for the spectacular before an audience until you know you can achieve it. Nothing is so beautiful as a perfectly executed forward somersault and one-and-a-half gainer. Nothing is so ugly as a forward somersault and one-and-a-quarter gainer.

One last suggestion: Many famous divers tell you that if you feel the least bit nervous on the high board, don't look down. In general, this is not bad advice, but it does not work well for everyone. I am thinking of the chap who refused to let himself look down and dived before they had filled the pool.

DICK EMMONS

Any Working Girl

Two weeks beneath vacation's sun
Did more than tan her skin;
She gaily left, all out for fun,
And now she's back, all in.

WILLIAM W. PRATT

The Fine Art of Marital Conversation

I'm always reading the questionnaires in the paper to find out if I have a happy marriage.

This one asks, "Wives, are you failing your husbands? Has your marriage become humdrum because you can discuss nothing but petty household problems?"

After twenty years, most of our conversation is about household problems, so I could easily see I was failing my husband.

It is never too late to change. I picked up a trade journal to find a few interesting topics of conversation to spring on my bored husband.

At breakfast I burbled vivaciously, "Good morning, dear! Do you think the Twelve-Speed Spicer is better than other transmissions?"

My husband looked at me as if I had lost my marbles and replied, "I don't know, I never had one. Did you get the oil changed?"

I hadn't, and we were back on petty household problems.

I'm not easily discouraged. At dinner we could have an interesting political discussion.

"Wasn't the governor's message interesting?" I asked, as my husband was sipping his coffee.

"Not half as interesting as the message I'll have if the kids don't get those bicycles out of the driveway!" he growled.

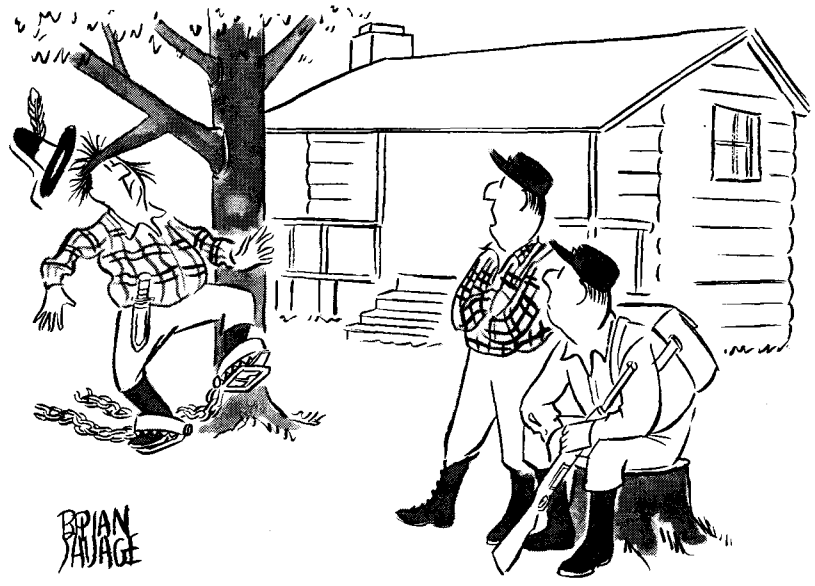
"Tell me, dear," I inquired after the kids were in bed, "do you think an open training camp is better for a fighter than a closed training camp?"

"It depends on the fighters," answered my husband. "You'd better go into training if you don't get the buttons sewn on my shirt."

From now on I shall keep my conversation on petty household problems like, "When are you going to fix that leaky faucet?" or, "How do you expect the kids to pick up their things when you leave your shoes in the middle of the living room?"

I may be a bore, but I've been in training long enough to know the offensive fighter wins the points.

MARY O. HARDING



"This looks like our guide now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Calm and Collected

I give to schools and Boy Scout troops,
The P.T.A. and civic groups;
I help the lame, the halt, the blind
And pledge to keep the ivy twined
Around my alma mater's wall.
I always answer every call
To rally round the baseball team.
Oh, I'm a doorbell pusher's dream,
An easy mark for all who make
A fervent plea for someone's sake.
My checks are ready and I write 'em—
My money's a collector's item!

JEAN CONDER SOULE

The Epicures

It gets me down, how guests ignore
The ash trays from the ten-cent store
And walk a room length to unload
Their burden on our choicest Spode.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

How to Tell a Child a Good-Night Story

"Daddy," my small daughter Karen said after her third glass of water in bed, "tell me a story."

"All right," I said and I started a sort of autobiography. "Once upon a time there was a poor, harried lawyer whose daughter Karen would never go to sleep."

Karen said, "I don't like modern stories."

"O.K. Once there was a girl named Red Ridinghood ——"

"Named Jacqueline," amended Karen. "She was beautiful to beholt."

"Behold. And she was walking through the woods on her way to her grandmother's ——"

"On her way to a great ball."

"To a great ball," I agreed, "and she met a wolf."

"No. She met a handsome prince and she told him she was going to the ball, so when she got there, he was there and he said, 'What small feet you have,' and she said, 'All the better to dance with, my dear.'"

"But at twelve o'clock," I persisted, "all her beautiful clothes vanished and ——"

"Naw. At twelve o'clock the prince said, 'I know a better ball just starting in a bigger palace. Let's go, baby!'"

I cleared my throat and glared. I continued though. "However, her wicked stepmother pursued her and told the prince she ——"

"No. No. Jacqueline punched the wicked stepmother in the nose, and the prince said, 'I shall give up my kingdom and marry you.'"

I smiled. "I like that," I said. "Democratic and simple. Love in a cottage."

"Nope," said Karen, yawning, "Jacqueline said, 'I'll marry you, but definitely not if you give up your kingdom. What would we live on? I'm not going to hang around in any stuffy office after *I* get married.' So they got married, and she wore a train two hunerrt ——"

"Hundred."

"—hundred feet long, and there was a million people cheering, and they lived happily ever after. Now I'm sleepy. Good night, daddy."

I kissed her and tiptoed out. Some fathers just won't spend the time making up stories for their children, but I don't mind at all.

OLLIN

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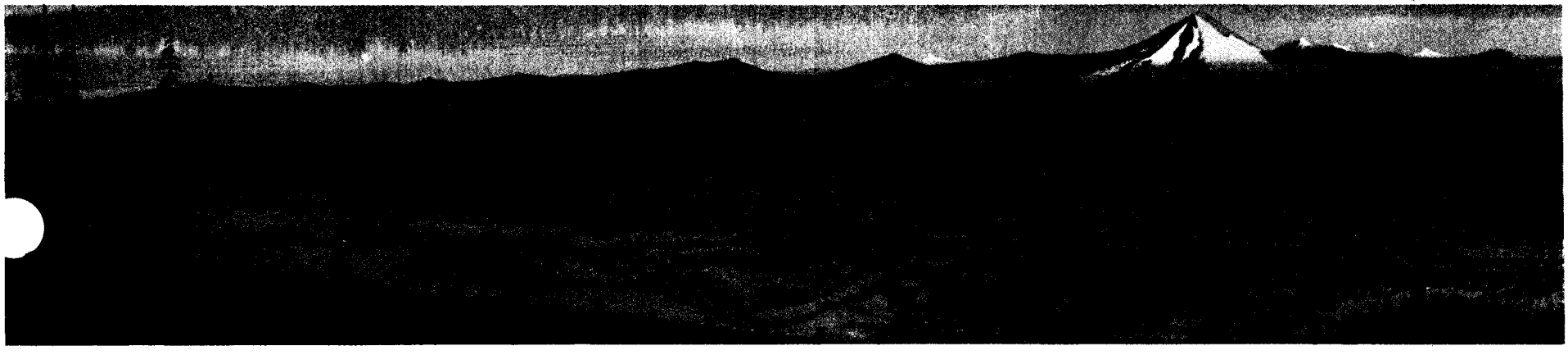
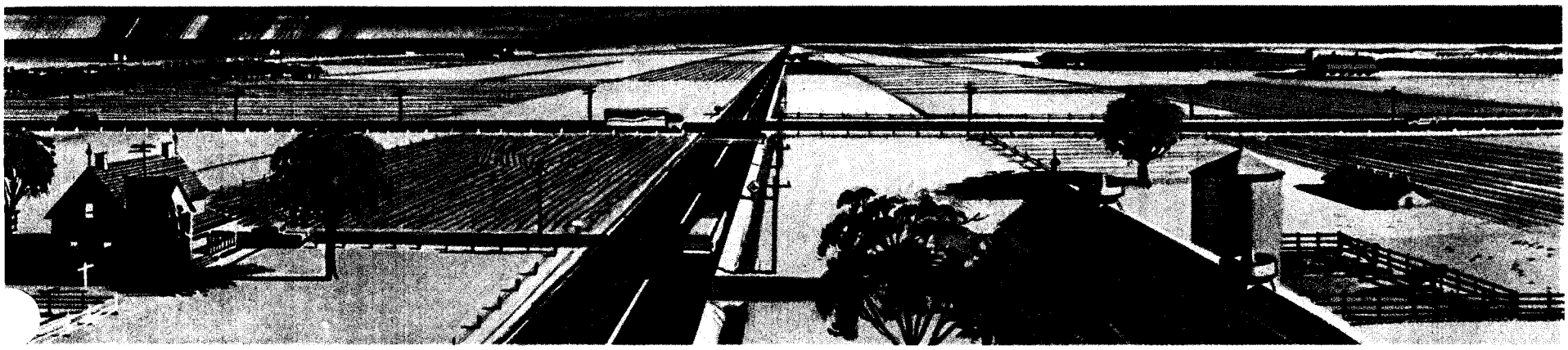
TRAVEL

The American Way

A NEW NETWORK OF SERVICE STATIONS, GOING AMERICA-WIDE,



BRINGS YOU A FREE LOCAL INFORMATION SERVICE AS YOU TRAVEL



THE NATION'S HIGHWAYS THIS SUMMER—"AS YOU TRAVEL—ASK US!"

When you get behind the wheel, keep an eye peeled for the friendly signs that say "As you travel—ask us," under the red, white and blue Torch and Oval. There you'll find a specially-trained service station dealer who will point out places to eat, places to stay, places to see and places to play. This kind of local information will make you feel that you're among friends. And you will be.

AS YOU TRAVEL ASK US

AMERICAN

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Taste PALL MALL...so GOOD GOOD GOOD

Good-Looking, Good-Tasting

Why does Pall Mall taste so good, good, good? Because Pall Mall's famous length of fine, rich-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke naturally—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor. That's why Pall Mall tastes so good! good! good! Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right!

Enjoy satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste

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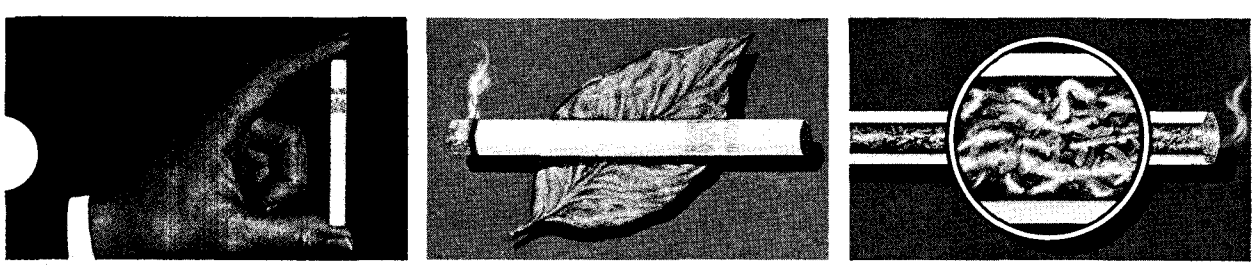
You can light either end!

Good-Smoking PALL MALL!



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1 You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy.

2 Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . .

3 Travels it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos—and makes it mild!

Outstanding ...and they are Mild!

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When choosing new tires, avoid "nylon thump" by getting **TYREX**® rayon tires... the tires chosen by all 5 U. S. car makers for 3 years straight!

Why let yourself in for annoying "nylon thump" when you buy new tires? Insist on TYREX rayon tires, instead. Unlike nylon tires, they don't develop flat spots when your car is idle—don't give you that "riding on square wheels" feeling when you start driving. And TYREX rayon tire cord is a better buy in other ways . . .

RUGGED IMPACT RESISTANCE — Tests show TYREX rayon tires stand up better under bruising impacts!

LONG MONEY-SAVING MILEAGE—Proved in test after grueling test on both car and truck tires!

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TYREX® rayon TIRE CORD
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Had the boy unmasked the murderer?

passage to danger

BY EDWIN LANHAM

When Scott Chapman left his New York publishing office to vacation in the Florida Keys with his eight-year-old son Pip, he anticipated two weeks of relaxation as Jack Adams's guest aboard the yacht *Cormorant*. All went well—he loafed on the beach and he met lovely Barbara Hopkins—but the pleasure cruise soon became a voyage of intrigue. Jack embarked hulking Bahama Gibson and a wispy Cuban named Pérez, who was smuggling a money-stuffed satchel into Cuba for millionaire rancher Bart Leroy.

After Scott's brother Mike, a daredevil pilot also working for Leroy, escaped a Cuban ambush in which Pérez was killed, Bahama Gibson began making plans to rescue Mike from Cuba.

When Scott later learned that the satchel Pérez carried was empty, he suspected Leroy of engineering the trap for Mike. But someone killed Leroy before Scott could confront him with his suspicions.

Amid the commotion following Leroy's murder, Bahama reported everything arranged for Mike's rescue. A fast boat was to spirit him from Cuba to a rendezvous point at sea: "Your brother Mike will be off North Elbow Cay at dawn," Bahama told Scott.

©1961 by Edwin Lanham

IV

"We got to shove off quick," Bahama said. "Them police come, and they'll say, 'No—you stay.' I'll tell the cap'n."

Scott saw Pip climbing up to the dock, looking very small in his pajamas, with his face pale and his red hair bright under the floodlights. As he signaled to the boy, Barbara said, "You can't take Pip. Leave him with me, Scott. I'd love to take care of him."

"Thanks, I will," he said and put an arm around Pip's shoulders as the boy ran up. "Son, I don't like to rush off and leave you, but I must. You're going to stay with Barbara tonight aboard the *Crown and Anchor*. That ought to be fun."

"But where are you going, dad?"

"Jack and I have to make a trip."

Jack came up with Bahama and said crisply, "It's a long haul to North Elbow Cay, Scott. We have no time to waste."

"Please don't leave me here," Pip said. He sucked in a deep (Continued on Page 42)

"Don't make no trouble, Mr. Chapman," Bahama said, brandishing a pistol.

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Needed: much more water...and quickly!

By 1975 our population will increase almost 55 million. To support this population growth and to maintain our standard of living, we will need to increase our present supply of water by at least 50%. Can it be done?

All too recently in the Southwest a black blizzard of dust chokes off crops, kills cattle, reduces thousands of acres of farm and grasslands to shifting sand.

And suburbanites around Chicago, almost within sight of Lake Michigan, are asked to stop lawn sprinkling.

Right now one fourth of our people are suffering from a water shortage or poor quality water.

Yet as regular as spring, each year major river valleys are ravaged by floods.

Water . . . either too little or too much. Rarely just enough.

Fortunately, rainfall provides more than enough water for our present and future needs. But 90% to 95% runs off and is wasted.

Controlling and conserving this water is a big and complex job. It is the farmer terracing his land. It is giant reservoirs for New York and reforestation in the mountains. It's flood control levees and navigable rivers. It's industry and power and a place for a swim.

IT STARTS WITH A RAINDROP. Perhaps up in the mountains **(2)**. And it ends in a river or a sea **(14)**. In between to control and store our water supply, we need to replant and manage forests **(1)** and grasslands **(3)** to hold back the rainfall and release it slowly to streams or underground reserves. Contour plowing and terracing **(5)** and diversion terraces and grass waterways **(4)** help prevent excess water from eroding valuable topsoil. Farm ponds **(7)** collect and store water for dry periods. All these projects help conserve water and prevent springtime flooding of river communities **(6)**. Multi-purpose downstream dams **(10)** and levees **(11)** also control excess runoff, prevent floods. From the reservoirs comes water for large cities. Result: farmers have water for irrigation of crops **(8)**. Industry has water for production **(12)**. Inland navigation becomes possible **(13)**. We all enjoy more recreational facilities **(9)**.

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We are attacking the problem from many fronts. The Small Watershed Program is a good example. This is a co-operative endeavor of federal, state and local governments and of farm and city people living in a common watershed.

Where this program is under way you see powerful Caterpillar earthmoving machines . . . building farm ponds, diversion terraces and multi-purpose reservoirs.

Behind them they leave improved farms, reduced danger of floods and better water supply.

But much more water management is needed if we are to quench the fast-growing thirst of our nation. The water problem is a job for all of us. After all, if we don't solve it . . . who will?

If you want more information on our nation's water problem, write Dept. B-1, Caterpillar Tractor Co., General Offices, Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
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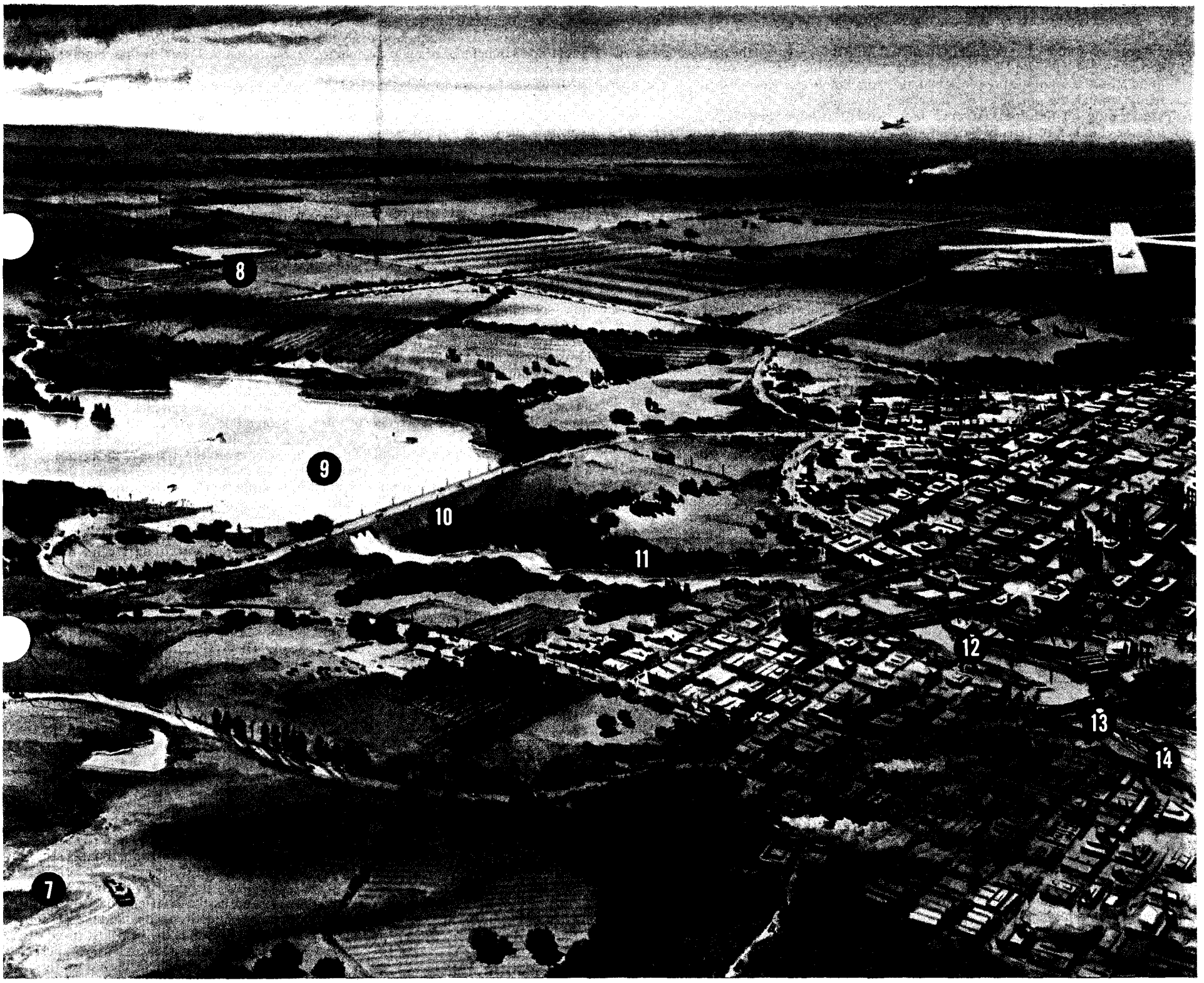
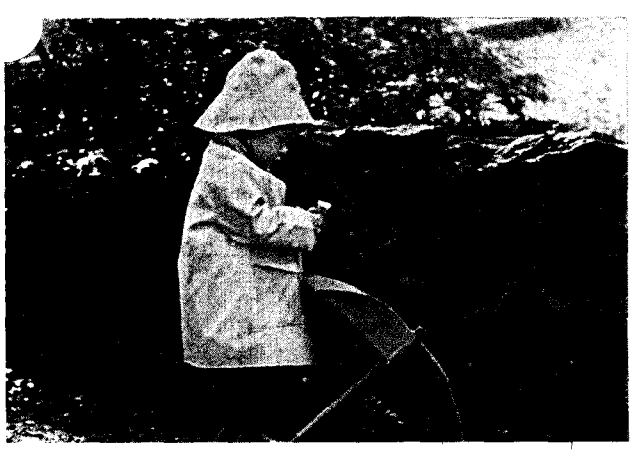
MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA





Growing symbol of our exploding population, Robert is now 21 months old. When he is 16 years our nation will need . . . tens of thousands more miles of new roads · 25 million new homes · rehabilitation of many metropolitan areas · over 50% increase in our present supply of water · double the number of acceptable hospital beds · 60% more classroom facilities · more than double our electric power · 30% more lumber and 50% more pulpwood · over 100 million additional farm acres under soil conservation · thousands of water retention structures · 50% more mineral ores · twice our present oil supply.

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(*Continued from Page 39*) breath and said in a low, awed voice, "Golly, I never saw a dead man before."

"Honey, don't you want to stay with me?" Barbara asked.

Bahama said in a soft, teasing voice, "What's the matter, Pip? You don't want to miss the fun?" He showed his tomato-red grin.

"You're coming with us, of course," Jack said to Bahama. "We need somebody along who speaks Spanish."

"O.K.," Bahama said.

"Pip, I'm very sorry," Scott said. "Maybe next time."

"Oh, that's all right," Pip said, with a complete change of voice and manner. "I don't mind staying here with Barb."

"Let's get out of here fast, then," Jack said.

Scott went aboard and quickly stuffed some things of Pip's into a sea bag, and as he passed it up to the boy, Jack had already started the engines, and Bahama was casting off the lines. At once Jack had the clutch in reverse, backed into the channel and turned. The boat swung away from the floodlighted dock, almost unnoticed by the group gathered around the body of Bart Leroy, and headed for Florida Bay. Jack switched on a searchlight, and the probing beam picked up the channel markers. Once past the Fanny Keys there was ample water, and he gunned the motors, heading for Moser Channel and entrance to the sea.

"Did you hear what Bahama said?" Scott asked softly. "So somebody finally killed him. It might even have been me, if I had run into him earlier tonight. I mean that. I lost control completely. I went to see him aboard the *Crown and Anchor* and I thank God he was ashore."

Jack gave him a steady look. "You sound as if you really do mean it."

"There was nothing in that satchel, you see," Scott said. "All Pérez carried into Cuba was a Miami telephone directory. I saw a detective on the dock who works for the Cuban Government, and he told me. When they broke the bag open, after they shot Pérez, there wasn't a single peso in it."

"But I saw the money," Jack said. "What the hell is this? Bart showed it to me."

"I know," Scott said. "I was convinced that he had sent the empty bag into Cuba because he knew what was going to happen there and I damned near went berserk."

"The money was there," Jack said. "Of course, I wasn't watching when Carl padlocked the satchel. I was having a drink with Bart. The money could have been taken out while my back was turned, I suppose."

"And Mike was given a key that didn't fit," Scott said.

"It could be the bag was switched later, of course," Jack said, gazing into the night with squinted eyes.

Scott nodded. "Yes, that would explain the key's not working. Bahama? Is that what you're thinking?"

Jack made a warning gesture as Bahama came up from below. The three of them stood in darkness, with only the light of the binnacle as their focus in the night, and Bahama said, "They put Mike aboard that boat at nine o'clock tonight, and he hides there until they go. No patrol boat will catch that baby once she clears her harbor. She's fast and she'll run without lights, but we got to make it by dawn. That fellow, he won't horse around and wait. He don't like it much, but Bart Leroy makes big pressure. People don't like to say no to Mr. Leroy." He grinned. "But no more, huh?"

"No more," Scott said, thinking that Bahama had the emotions of an oyster, cold in its shell.

"Who you think killed him? A knife, I heard. A fellow uses a knife is a sneaky-type fellow. That José, maybe. He's a Cuban."

Scott met Jack's eyes. "I doubt it was José."

"Somebody on board, though," Bahama said. "Who else? Not Mrs. Leroy. Not that nice young lady. Mr. Norwood, you think?"

"Why Mr. Norwood?" Scott asked.

"I guess not him," Bahama said. "A gun, maybe. Poison, sure. But not a knife for Mr. Norwood. He don't like to get his hands dirty."

"Carl had every reason to want Bart to live," Jack said. "Bart was his golden goose. And I don't like this kind of talk. Stow it, will you?"

The *Cormorant* was passing under Seven Mile Bridge, where the dark water swirled around massive supports, and the light on Sombrero Key flashed off the port bow. Jack set his course for Cay Sal Bank, a huge, kite-shaped reef area of shoals and rocks and islets in the Florida Straits off the coast of Cuba, its nearest point sixty miles away.

"We'll be bucking the Gulf Stream," Jack said. "Got to point up into it to compensate for that four-knot current."

"But we'll make it in time?" Scott asked.

"We've got to," Jack said, and stared ahead into the night. "Too bad we didn't have notice a little earlier, though. . . . When did you get in from Key West, Bahama?"

"I just got there and I went looking for Mr. Chapman," Bahama said. "Where was you at?"

"I had gone ashore to get some cigarettes," Scott said.

"I looked around ashore and then I saw them floodlights and I come running back," Bahama said.

Jack asked softly, "You didn't report the news to Bart Leroy?"

Bahama seemed to hesitate, then he said, "Well, yes, I run over to the *Crown and Anchor* and I seen him on the promenade deck. I told him the news, and he said go tell you guys; so I went looking."

"You must have been about the last man to see him alive," Scott said. . . . "Unless it was you, Jack."

Jack turned his head quickly, the binnacle light striking his cheekbones from below and leaving his eyes in deep shadow. "Why me?"

"Didn't I see you coming from the *Crown and Anchor* just now?"

"Oh," Jack said. "Sure. I was having a smoke over by the salt-water pool, waiting for the moon to rise. I heard the shouting and I ran over to the *Crown and Anchor*."

"Was Flora with you? Barbara said Bart came to fetch Carl, and they left you two alone."

"I had taken her aboard a while before—maybe half an hour," Jack said. "She was bushed and went below. Good grief, do you suppose she doesn't even know yet? I didn't see her there on the dock. Somebody should have called her, poor kid."

There was an ocean swell, and the *Cormorant* was taking spray. Jack sent Bahama below to dog down the ports; and when they were alone together, he gave Scott a sidelong glance and said, "I can't see Bahama's betraying his pal Pérez, even for fifty thousand pesos. And I kept that satchel locked up in my hanging locker."

"It would be easy to pick that lock," Scott said. "But when he took his gear off the boat today, all he had was a sea bag, not even half full. If he switched satchels, the original satchel wasn't in his sea bag, for sure."

"Of course the money could have been," Jack said. "He could have busted the padlock open and put a new padlock on and stuffed that money in his sea bag. But I doubt it. He stood by us, didn't he? He's getting Mike out of Cuba. And if he had taken the money, he would have lit out, I think. He'd be in Cuba himself by now, spending fifty thousand pesos."

"Maybe," Scott said. "But, Jack, that detective was trying to see Bart. He might have run into him when Bart went ashore and told him about that satchel's being empty. Assuming Bart didn't know that already, who would have been the first man he'd question? Bahama Gibson, it seems to me."

Jack set the automatic pilot and lighted a cigarette. When the flare of the match died out, he said. "There's going to be a hell of a hue and cry over this. Bart Leroy was murdered. You may not realize it, but that name means a lot in these parts."

Bahama called from the cockpit, "Hey, cap'n, a lifebelt down here. Got a stencil on it—C and A. How come?"

"The captain threw it in from the *Crown and Anchor* before he jumped in after Bart," Scott said.

"Stick it in the lazaret, Bahama," Jack said. "Suppose you could make some coffee while she's rolling like this?"

"Sure, easy pie," Bahama said.

Jack touched Scott's arm. "What's that on your hand?"

He held it up to the faint binnacle light. "Blood."

"From Bart?"

"Yes; on my shirt too."

"How about washing it off?" Jack said with a distasteful lift of one shoulder. "For that matter, why don't you stay below and get some rest. I'll need relief at the wheel later."

Scott was very tired. He had hardly slept since Caesar Creek, and after he had washed his hands and changed his shirt, he lay down on his bunk. He felt the tension ebb away and soon he slept. He was awakened a long time later by a touch on his shoulder and saw Bahama grinning at him.

"Pretty soon dawn, Mr. Chapman," he said. "Cap'n says we hit North Elbow Cay on the nose inside an hour."

Scott jumped out of the bunk and climbed to the bridge. The gibbous moon was veiled by clouds, and a faint light showed in the East, silhouetting Jack's figure as he stood at the controls. The *Cormorant* was knifing through long, sloping swells, rolling deeply, and her engines driving ahead with a sense of concerted power. Scott watched the dawn come, with a pinkish cast deepening to red, and felt a snap in the fresh morning breeze. He looked overhead and saw streaky clouds high up among the fading stars, telltales of wind. Jack went below and returned with coffee for them both, and they stood watching the horizon as the sun came up, and the water turned to a rich, deep blue. Far off the port bow was the long, low line of their landfall—North Elbow Cay.

Jack finished his coffee and put the cup down. "I'll take over. You use the binocs and see what you can pick up."

Scott stood at the lee rail and scanned the sea with the binoculars, steadying himself against the rolling of the boat. He saw the distant line of the key and there, well off the starboard bow, he picked up an odd structure shining in the sun—a platform that seemed to float in air, with a small dark shape atop it. He said to Jack, "There's something I can't make out. Looks like some sort of buoy or marker."

Jack took the binoculars, focused and handed them back to Scott. "Look again," he said. "That's a tuna tower, Scott. They raise them up twenty feet above the deck to spot tuna, with dual controls up there. That's our man, and he must have spotted us already."

He brought the *Cormorant* around to bear on the distant object, and soon the framework of the tower took shape, then the tapering whips of outriggers, the deckhouse and hull. The other boat came on at great speed, with white water curling out from her bows. Jack shouted, "Bahama, on deck."

The big Conch came up, looked at the boat and nodded. "Fast tuna boat. I see plenty like her at Cat Cay."

A man was perched on the high tuna tower; and as the boat approached, he raised one hand, dropped it, and the curls of water subsided as the boat lost speed. It made a slow turn and came up parallel to the *Cormorant*'s course, easing gently in as Bahama and Scott rigged fenders on the lee side.

The man in the tuna tower called something in Spanish, and Bahama answered, and not until then did Mike appear on deck. He came grinning into the cockpit, smoking a big Havana cigar and wearing a white Cuban shirt, with two vertical pleats and pearl-buttoned pockets, draped outside his pants.

"Look at that damned tourist," Jack said with a grin. "Where's his camera?"

Jack held his course at slow speed and the other boat, more maneuverable with its double rudders, edged alongside. As

"That new rookie seems a little nervous."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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the *Cormorant* rolled to port, Mike jumped across and into Scott's arms. They hugged each other, both laughing mightily, and the other boat shot away with a roar of its powerful motors.

"Have a cigar," Mike said and pulled e from the pocket of his shirt. "How you like my shirt? The fellow gave it to me for a little camouflage."

The *Cormorant* had come full circle and was on course back to the keys. Mike climbed to the bridge to shake Jack's hand and he was full of talk. The flow of words showed his great relief.

"It was a damned near thing," he said. "I came in for a landing on that road yesterday, but there was no car to meet us, and we didn't want to hang around and attract attention. Pérez said just drop him and he'd hide in the bushes, so I put down. He was out of the plane when this soldier steps out of the bushes with a machine gun and yells something in Spanish. Pérez started running, and the guy cut loose, and a whole army stepped out of the bushes. I gunned the motor and took off and I thought I was O.K., but they had got my controls, and I couldn't handle her. I skimmed along about a mile like a wounded duck and then I cracked. I didn't know until I lked away from her that she was burn- and then I ran like hell. Somebody was leaning on a car horn, and I saw this guy parked by the side of the road, waving at me. I jumped in with him, and we got the hell out. Those soldiers had been staked out on foot, so there'd be no cars to tip us off, and they couldn't follow. He was a real good Joe, that guy, sticking it out to pick me up. He took me to Matanzas, and I holed up with a friend of his until they put me on that boat last night. Look, she's hull down already."

"So it was a lark," Scott said. "I suppose you never had a moment's worry."

"The hell I didn't. When the news came over the radio about Bart Leroy, the guy got cold feet, was afraid there'd be nobody out here to meet us and he'd be stuck with me." He met Scott's eyes. The way I got it, Bart Leroy was knifed. Who did it?"

"We shoved off just after it happened."

Mike drew in a deep breath and exhaled. "Is there any more of that coffee below?"

"Plenty," Bahama said.

Scott went below with Mike and poured coffee for them both. Mike sat by the drop table, with his long legs stretched out, and looked at Scott with narrowed, thoughtful eyes.

"Those soldiers were ready and waiting, about a dozen of them, and all with rifles or machine guns," Mike said. "They were tipped off."

"I had an idea for a while Bart Leroy did it," Scott said.

"That was a crazy idea. Why?"

"Because of you and Flora," Scott said.

"I told you there was nothing to that."

"Then why did you have Barbara lie for you? Bart Leroy was bound to find out."

"It was just a favor for a pal," Mike said. "What the hell, Jack is the fair-haired boy, not me. Now that Bart is dead I guess it cuts no ice if I tell you this. I wasn't even out with Flora that night in Lauderdale. I ran onto her with Jack out by the swimming pool at Bahia-Mar, drunk as an owl, and Jack asked me if I'd take her aboard. He didn't think Bart would give it much thought if it was me."

"Jack might have told me you were covering up for him," Scott said.

"Well, now you know, so just forget it."

"But there's another item," Scott said. "That alligatorskin bag you flew into Cuba was empty. There wasn't a single peso in it."

Mike stared at him. "How come?"

"It was my idea that Bart sent it empty because he knew the soldiers would be there."

"Man, he wouldn't do a thing like that," Mike said indignantly. "You had old Bart all wrong."

"That key didn't work, remember."

Mike knit his brows. "True."

"So either it was Bart, or somebody switched bags on you," Scott said. "And tipped them off in Cuba."

Jack swung down the companionway. "We're going to have a blow," he said.

A girl becomes dangerous when she begins asking a fellow's mother for recipes.

J. W. PELKIE

"The wind is freshening. Scott, I'm going to hit the sack for a while. Want to take over? If it gets too bad, call me."

"O.K., skipper," Scott said. "But we've still got a problem about Mike. That detective was asking questions about him, and the Border Patrol is checking too. I told him that plane was up at the Crown Ranch, so as soon as we dock, he'd better slip ashore and get up there somehow."

"He can get on a bus to Miami," Jack said.

Scott turned to his brother. "And fix up a good story about selling that plane, then fly the twin-motor job back down here. Your hide is safe, but you're still in hot water, Mike."

"Yes, I guess so," Mike said. "But that plane burned up. They've got no proof."

Scott went up to the bridge and relieved Bahama at the wheel. Later Bahama brought him bacon and eggs on a plate, and Scott ate with relish, with the automatic pilot set on course. It was full morning now, and the swells of the Gulf Stream were a brilliant blue, but darkening as clouds gathered overhead and building more steeply. Occasionally the *Cormorant* took white water over her bow, and the spray lashed in on the weather side.

Scott felt good as the boat bore on toward the keys. His tension was gone at last, and he felt cheerful and happy. Both Jack and Mike were in their bunks, and he was alone on the bridge and enjoying it. He watched the big swells and hummed a tune, then sang it softly, then loudly in full voice, and Bahama, coming up from below, grinned at him.

The passage back to the keys was a race against a mounting storm. Rain lashed against the glass, and the boat pitched and rolled heavily, but the race was won, and before noon Scott had a landfall. Soon they would be over the reef and in the lee of the keys.

Jack came up to the cockpit in foul-weather gear and took up a deckplate, disclosing a fitting for a fishing chair. He took the chair from the lazaret and set it up. When he mounted to the bridge, he explained to Scott, "We need a good story for shoving off the way we did last night. My idea is we went out to try for tarpon around the trestles of the Overseas Highway. When we didn't have any luck we tried the Gulf Stream for sail or marlin."

Bahama brought up two rods that had been stowed overhead in the deckhouse and rigged the lines with hooks and leaders. By then they were abeam of Sombrero Key and they raced with the waves under the bridge through Moser Channel and turned to starboard toward

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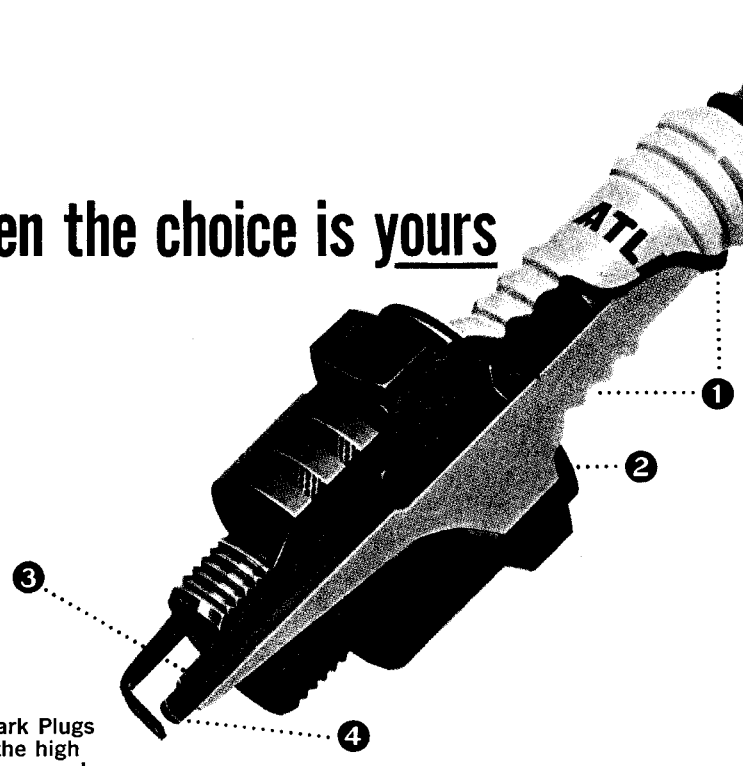

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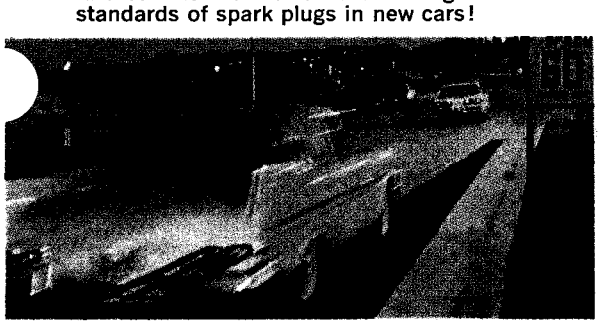

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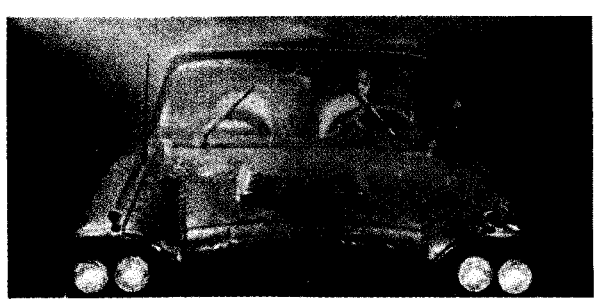

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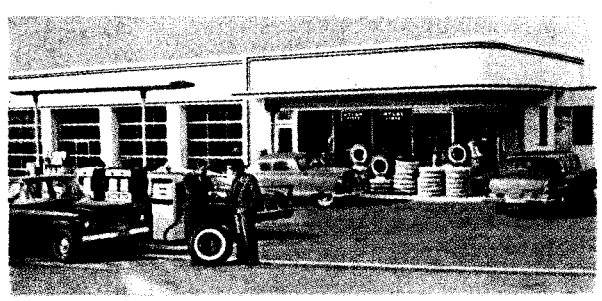

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Vaca Key. Mike remained in the forward stateroom, out of sight, as Jack brought the boat into the marina.

Two figures were waiting on the dock under an umbrella—Pip and Barbara. The boy was clinging to her hand, and seeing them together brought a lump to Scott's throat—she gave such assured protection to the boy, and Pip's trust was so complete. It was good to have them waiting here together at the dock.

As the *Cormorant* angled in to the dock, Bahama stepped ashore with the bowline, and as soon as the lines were made fast, Scott called, "Hop aboard, Pip. I've got a big surprise for you."

Mike was waiting in the deckhouse and he grabbed Pip in a bear hug and said, "Pipper, am I glad to see you!"

Barbara went up to Mike and kissed him, then turned to Scott with a smile and said, "You deserve a kiss, too, Scott."

It was a warm and willing kiss, and then she started to draw away, but Scott caught her shoulders and pulled her back, kissed her again with a quick, decisive meeting of their lips. Her kiss had been a spontaneous and friendly gesture, but his had been something else again—an emotional impulse that revealed his feelings, to her and to himself. He heard the slight intake of her breath, and then she stepped back, serene as ever, but avoiding his eyes. She addressed herself to Jack, ignoring Scott.

"Things are simply chaotic here. The sheriff and his men have been busy all night long, questioning just everybody and inspecting every inch of the *Crown and Anchor*. And the reporters and photographers were thicker than mosquitoes until they were put out of the marina. Pip and I stayed below and played backgammon all morning."

Jack asked, "How is Flora taking it?"

"She took a sedative last night and she's just now getting up. She's taking it very hard, Jack."

From the deck Bahama called, "Sheriff comes now."

Two men in black slickers were approaching on the dock with quick, purposeful strides in the splattering rain.

"Mike, get back in that forward cabin," Jack said. "And Barb, take Pip aft, will you?"

The sheriff called out, "May I come aboard?"

Jack moved to the door and said cheerfully, "Sure, come in out of the rain."

The sheriff stepped aboard, but his deputy remained on the pier. The sheriff had a genial smile and a casual manner, but his eyes were watchful as he looked the boat over, taking note of the fishing chair. "Do any good?" he asked.

"It wasn't our day," Jack said.

"You picked a peculiar time to go fishing, Mr. Adams," the sheriff said. "Mr. Leroy's body was brought aboard this boat last night, and immediately you took off. Didn't you realize that you people were witnesses, that I'd want to talk to you?"

"My friend Mr. Chapman is on vacation, and we had made plans to try for tarpon," Jack said. "The moon was right, and I didn't want to cancel the trip. There seemed to be nothing we could do here. Mr. Leroy was dead."

"I do some fishing myself," the sheriff said, "but not in weather like this. You have a fine little boat here, Mr. Adams. Is that the galley forward?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to look it over, if I may."

Jack gave Scott a puzzled glance and shrugged. "What's your interest in my galley, sheriff?"

"I'm curious to see the cutlery aboard," the sheriff said and went into the galley. Jack followed, and Scott stood in the deckhouse, looking down at them.

"Where do you keep it, in one of these lockers?" the sheriff asked and opened a drawer. "Yes, here it is." He picked up a kitchen knife. "Bone-handled, I see. Two of them. Part of a set, huh?"

"Yes, they were a gift when the boat was commissioned," Jack said.

"Three in the set?"

"Yes."

The sheriff reached under his black slicker and brought out a bone-handled knife. "Same design," he said. "Same type knife. This appears to be the third knife in your set, Mr. Adams. Take a look for yourself. What do you say? All alike, but each one a little smaller and this is the smallest—fits in a pocket nicely."

"Where did you get that knife?" Jack asked.

"Why, we found it in the water just off the stern of the *Crown and Anchor*," the sheriff said. "When morning came, there it was, shining on the bottom. It appears to be the knife that killed Mr. Leroy."

... ...

The Song of the Sunset

By Eliza Louisa Dawson

Gentle rain, come with the dusk,
Touch a million blue hills with your beat;
The little town sings as the sun goes down,
Violets, violets!
A sunset of violets for the streets.

And the streets of the violet-sunset town,
Blazed in crimson the long day through,
Have lights like fireflies in the rain
That blink and sink
Into midnight blue.

... ...

"No, that's impossible," Jack said.

"Where's your third knife, then? It isn't here."

Jack shook his head, looked mutely at Scott.

"When did you see it last, Mr. Adams?"

"I really don't recall offhand."

"Who else has been aboard this boat recently, besides yourself and Mr. Chapman and his son?"

"Just him," Jack said, with a nod toward Bahama.

The sheriff looked at Bahama. "I know about you. What were you doing aboard?"

"I sign him on now and then as a fishing guide," Jack said.

The sheriff glanced at Scott. "You didn't happen to go aboard the *Crown and Anchor* last night, did you?"

"No."

"Where were you?"

"I was here most of the time, but I did walk down to that bar to get some cigarettes."

"And you also walked over to the *Crown and Anchor*, asked for Mr. Leroy and went away again when you found he wasn't aboard, did you not?"

Scott nodded. "That's right."

"And you were in kind of a state, the captain tells me. You looked like a man with the blind staggers, he said. Had you been drinking?"

Scott shook his head and was aware that Jack was studying his face with a frowning anxiety. The sheriff turned back to Jack. "I know that *you* did go aboard the *Crown and Anchor* last night, Mr. Adams."

Jack moistened his lips. "If you're drawing inferences from that knife, you're very much mistaken, sheriff. I don't know whether that knife came from my galley, but if it did, somebody took it."

"Somebody took it and stabbed Bart Leroy with it so that you would be left holding the bag, is that it? Who is it hates your guts so much, Mr. Adams?"

"I don't know," Jack said. "But I do know this. Anyone in this marina, from any of two dozen boats, could have sneaked aboard."

"Like you sneaked aboard the *Crown and Anchor* last night?"

"I didn't sneak aboard, sheriff. I saw Mrs. Leroy up to the promenade deck and then I left. I wasn't aboard more than a minute."

"Just saying good night to Mrs. Leroy?"

Jack hesitated, then nodded. "That's right."

"I haven't had much chance to talk to Mrs. Leroy," the sheriff said. "She had just got up when I saw your boat coming in. I think it might be profitable if we all got together on the Leroy yacht now and talked this thing over, don't you?"

"I'd like to get cleaned up first," Jack said.

"I'll wait for you aboard," the sheriff said. "My deputy will show you the way." He jabbed a forefinger lightly into Bahama's abdomen and said, "And you come along with me. I want to have a few words with you."

Bahama grinned and said, "Sure pop, sheriff."

When they were left alone, Scott moved through the galley, called, "Mike," and opened the stateroom door. "Did you hear any of that?"

"Enough," Mike said.

"As soon as we start for the *Crown and Anchor*, duck out of here and catch that bus for Miami. Got money?"

"Yes, plenty."

"But take off that damned Cuban shirt," Scott said. "Look in my hanging locker aft and take one of my jackets."

"O.K."

As Scott turned back, Jack met his eyes and said softly, "Scott, shall we lay it on the line?"

"By all means."

"I didn't kill Bart Leroy."

"I never thought you did."

"The sheriff doesn't know, at least, that you thought Bart had betrayed Mike," Jack said. "I promise you he won't find out from me."

Scott said in amazement, "Jack, I didn't do it, if that's what's bothering you."

"It's that knife that bothers me," Jack said. "Let's have no secrets—nothing held back."

"I'm holding nothing back."

"Then why should we worry?" Jack said. "Let's go."

"You start on. I want a word with Pip."

In the stateroom aft Scott found Barbara and Pip sitting on Pip's bunk while Mike tried on a madras sport jacket from Scott's hanging locker.

"Pip, I have to go aboard the *Crown and Anchor* for a few minutes," Scott said. "You wait here, out of the rain."

"I'll stick with Pip," Mike said. "Barb says it will be three quarters of an hour before I can catch a bus."

"I'm going with you, Scott," Barbara said. She waited in the cockpit, under her umbrella, while he put on a slicker and sou'wester; and when they climbed to the dock together, she said, "What did the sheriff want? Is it trouble?"

"It looks like trouble," Scott said.

She sighed. "We've all been having our share of that, haven't we?"

"My lunkhead brother is home safe, at least," Scott said. "I'm happy about that. And thanks for taking care of Pip. He looks more relaxed than he has in days. It was good to see you two waiting there on the dock when we came in."

The wind was still blowing strongly, tugging at her umbrella, lashing the fronds of the palmettos and raising whitecaps on the bay, but the rain had slackened. As they walked on toward the big yacht she said softly, "You know, you take a girl by surprise. You make me feel that an innocent gesture was actually provocative. It wasn't meant to be."

He smiled. "I thought it was very nice, though."

"I meant I didn't want you to misunderstand," she said.

"O.K.," he said, "but I *did* want *you* to understand."

She said, "Oh," in a small flat voice and walked on in silence.

He hesitated to speak, but there was a sense of intimacy under the umbrella, with the rain splattering at their feet, and he said at last, "I've only known you a few days, but you've made a big impression on me, Barbara—on Pip too. I guess we're both a little obvious about it."

"Well, I like you two redheads," she said. "But we're all on vacation together, and let's just be good playmates. O.K.?"

"O.K.," he said.

They went up the gangplank. The sheriff was waiting on the afterdeck, silhouetted against the background of whitecaps and wind-driven scud, and Flora Leroy was also there, looking strained and emotional, with bright spots of color on her cheeks. When she saw Barbara, she stretched out her hand gratefully and said, "I was wondering where you were."

Jack leaned against the taffrail, gazing somberly at his shoes, and Carl Norwood had risen from a wicker settee as Barbara approached. His eyes met hers, and Scott saw in them an expression of tortured appeal; he spread his hands slightly and sat down again, clasping them between his knees.

"I want you people to understand that I've been on the job since before midnight last night," the sheriff said. "I've questioned everyone who was in or near this marina last night and I've been in communication with the police in Lauderdale and Miami. I have a pretty good picture of this situation, I might say."

Scott saw that Flora was clinging tightly to Barbara's hand, and there was an expression in her eyes that was more than anxiety.

"Now, I want to be as considerate as I can, in view of this tragedy," the sheriff said. "But facts are facts, and it's my duty to explore them. The facts that interest me are these: Item one . . . Mr. Adams, you knew Mrs. Leroy before she was married to Bart Leroy. Right? Item Two, you chucked your job in New York and came down here to Florida, gypsying here and there on your boat. Item Three, Mrs. Leroy flew over to the Bahamas last January, and you happened to be there with your boat. You two were seen together around Nassau."

"Of course," Flora said. "My husband knew that."

"Perhaps he did," the sheriff said. "But did he also know about the many occasions you and Mr. Adams slipped off to Miami together?"

Scott saw a shocked expression on Barbara's face, saw her eyes widen as she looked at Carl Norwood, who flushed and said quickly, "I didn't say she 'slipped' away. Sheriff, you're distorting what I said. You asked me if they went

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out together, and I said they had sometimes gone night-clubbing, that's all."

"Because Bart didn't like to go out at night," Barbara said hotly. "You know that, Carl. He encouraged Flora to go night-clubbing. It was no secret."

"I understand that," the sheriff said. But here we have a situation of an older man and a young wife—still gay and full of life. Isn't that a fair way to put it?"

"What's wrong with that?" Flora demanded.

"What's wrong with a good-night kiss, for that matter?" the sheriff said. "Even if it is there on the promenade deck at a late hour of the night—last night, to be specific. The steward saw you, Mrs. Leroy, and Captain Edwards saw you. But maybe you didn't know at the time that Mr. Leroy was sitting here on the afterdeck in the darkness. He was tired, and José had brought him a nightcap, and he was sitting on that settee where Mr. Norwood is sitting now when you two came aboard. The question I want answered is what happened after that?"

"Mrs. Leroy went below, and I returned ashore," Jack said in a low, controlled voice.

"Did you speak to Mr. Leroy?"

"No, I did not."

"Now, Mr. Adams, the captain of this yacht occupies a stateroom up there just aft of the pilothouse, and he had a good view of the gangplank last night. From his observations and from those of the steward, I have established a sort of chronology of events leading up to the murder.

"Early in the evening, as I have it, Mr. Norwood, Mrs. Leroy and Miss Hopkins joined you ashore at a night spot just down the road. Later Mr. Leroy himself went ashore and returned with Miss Hopkins, and shortly thereafter Mr. Norwood also returned aboard. He and Miss Hopkins went to their staterooms, leaving Mr. Leroy alone on the afterdeck. Perhaps an hour later you came aboard with Mrs. Leroy, and she says that she also went below. Later there was another visitor. José saw Bahama Gibson come aboard and exchange a few words with Mr. Leroy on the promenade deck, then Gibson departed. He had been running an errand for Mr. Leroy, he tells me. This was only a short time before Mr. Leroy was stabbed, it seems, but both the steward and Captain Edwards saw that Conch leave the boat, and Mr. Leroy was still alive, standing at the rail. Where were you at that time?"

"I was over there by the pool, having a smoke," Jack said.

"All alone?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Chapman was ashore, buying himself a pack of cigarettes," the sheriff said.

"That's right," Scott said.

"You live aboard that yacht of yours, Mr. Adams, right?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me why it was necessary for you to take a hotel suite in Miami on six different occasions since the first of February? After all, you can drive from Lauderdale to Miami in half an hour, more or less."

"If I choose to stay over in a hotel, I think that's my affair," Jack said stiffly. "I wonder where you got this information, sheriff?"

"Hotels keep records, young man, and I told you I had been in touch with the Miami police," the sheriff said. "Now, Mr. Adams, it's common knowledge that a man who takes a hotel suite can receive unregistered visitors, and no questions asked. Or was there some other reason for taking a suite?"

"I had business in Miami," Jack said. "I was doing some promotion work for a real-estate venture and I entertained a number of clients; but I assure you Mrs. Leroy was not among them."

"As to that, I'm sure Mrs. Leroy will oblige me with a recent photograph," the sheriff said. "If she was at that hotel—on six occasions, perhaps—I imagine some employee would recognize her photograph."

"Certainly you may have a photograph," Flora said. The color was high on her cheeks, and she stood squeezing her sister's hand so hard that her nails showed white.

"Apparently Mr. Leroy was stabbed here on the afterdeck," the sheriff said, his eyes moving from Jack to Flora and back to Jack. "No bloodstains or other evidence were found, but the splash when he was pushed into the water came from aft here, according to both the captain and Mr. Norwood. And just off this stern a knife from the galley of your boat was found in the water. I submit to you, Mr. Adams, that you came aboard with Mrs. Leroy last night and were seen in close embrace with her by Mr. Leroy and that you then went ashore and armed yourself with that knife and returned here to the afterdeck and disposed of the impediment to your romance. What do you say to that?"

"Emphatically, no," Jack said.

The sheriff smiled grimly. "Then how is it that the steward saw you running ashore, Mr. Adams, *after* Mr. Leroy was stabbed? He heard the captain shouting 'man overboard' and he ran up from below and saw you high-tailing it down the gangplank."

It was damning evidence. Scott tried to catch Jack's eye, but he was gazing at the deck again, his lips pressed tightly together. When he spoke, his voice was very low, "I suppose I should have mentioned it first off, sheriff. I did come aboard when I heard the shouting. I ran up the gangplank and then I saw a commotion in the water aft of the yacht, near the dock, so I ran ashore again."

"Indeed you should have mentioned it first off," the sheriff said. "Mr. Adams, I'll have to ask you to come along with me."

"Meaning I'm under arrest?" Jack asked in a steady voice.

"Meaning I'd like to have you talk it over with the district attorney, sir."

"I'm going too," Flora burst out. "Darling, I won't let this happen!"

"I'd be happy to have you join us, Mrs. Leroy," the sheriff said smoothly. "In fact, I was about to put it in the form of an official request."

The ominous insinuation of the sheriff's polite words seemed to stun Flora. She opened her mouth and started to speak, then looked helplessly at Jack, who said, "Is it necessary to put Mrs. Leroy through this sort of thing? She's had a bad shock."

"This is murder," the sheriff said, giving Jack a long look. "Fellow, what did you expect?"

"I'll get my handbag," Flora said and started with dragging steps toward the deck lounge, but turned and said in a tremulous voice, "Barbara, will you call Mr. Bradley—Bart's lawyer in Miami? Tell him to fly down here at once."

"I will, darling," Barbara said. "We all know that this is preposterous." She held Flora's hand and went with her into the deckhouse and out of sight.

Jack asked calmly, "Should I pack a bag, sheriff?"

"That might be a good idea, Mr. Adams."

"I'll take care of it," Scott said and grasped Jack's hand firmly. "That lawyer will get you out of this, I know."

Jack's voice was so low that Scott barely heard it, low and dry and bitter. "Is that what you really want, Scott?" He took his hand away.

"What?" Scott said incredulously. "Say, Jack. Listen, fellow ——"

"It has to be one of us, doesn't it?" Jack said and turned his back as the sheriff moved in between them.

Scott walked along the promenade deck, deeply feeling the cut, and he was halfway down the gangplank when he heard his name called. Barbara had come through the mahogany door from the main saloon and she made a nervous, appealing gesture and said, "I want to talk to you." They went down to the pier together, and he noticed how pale she was, saw the tight set of her lips. "I know how all this must seem to you," she said. "But I hope you'll make an effort to understand."

"But I don't think there's any truth in it," he said.

"I mean understand what emotional shock can do to people," she said. "I know Jack is your very best friend and you're terribly concerned, but you ought to understand that Carl has been simply bowled over by all this. It's as if his world had come to an end, his sun had been blacked out; and the sheriff talked to him when his emotions were still raw. They were up until all hours last night. And Bart was his uncle, remember. Not his blood uncle, of course, but it was a close relationship from childhood on. Just remember that."

"You don't need to apologize to me for Carl," he said. "Forget it."

"I wasn't apologizing," she said snappishly. "I was only suggesting that you try to understand." She swung around, her face white in the drizzling rain, and said in an agonized voice, "Oh, how could they be such fools? Flora said that kiss last night was a final farewell. Jack had asked her for the last time to break with Bart, and she wouldn't. She didn't have the courage to just walk out and start over. It only needed just an ounce of courage and determination, for anybody. And now it's too late. Look what it's done to all of us. His shadow is on us blacker than ever, and we'll never escape it, not now."

She turned and started walking very fast toward the telephone booth by the dockmaster's office, and Scott stopped and let her go.

He was boarding the *Cormorant* when he saw Carl Norwood come down the gangplank, hatless in the rain, and start trotting toward the dockmaster's office. Perhaps Barbara was right—that he had been emotionally upset and a malleable witness for the sheriff, but Carl was going to find trouble waiting for him in those gray eyes. Barbara had defended him, yes, but it had only shown how deeply affected she was.

Pip called from the galley, "Hey, dad, how about some lunch? I was about to make a sandwich."

"Where is Mike?"

"He went to catch his bus."

"A sandwich will have to hold you for now," Scott said, and went on to the starboard single to pack a valise for Jack. He was finished just in time; from the porthole he saw them coming from the *Crown & Anchor*, Jack and Flora under an umbrella and flanked by the sheriff and his deputy in their black slickers.

As Scott stepped up to the dock, Jack held out his hand for the bag without a word, and Scott said, "I'll come down to Key West later."

Jack shook his head. "No, we'll ride this out O.K. Just stay here and keep an eye on the boat."

He walked on with Flora, and Scott went back on board, saddened and depressed. He still felt the sting of Jack's words: '*It has to be one of us, doesn't it?*' If it were not for Mike, he would go to the sheriff and place all the facts before him—the flight to Cuba, the betrayal, the empty satchel, even his own uncontrollable anger. Yes, he could have killed Bart Leroy in that black mood and he knew how it must seem to Jack. There was the knife. It all came back to the knife.

He called to Pip, who was in the galley eating his lunch, "Son, I want to ask you something. You know those bone-handled knives there in the galley?"

"Yes, sure."

"You washed the dishes last night. Did you notice how many were in the drawer?"

"Three," Pip said promptly.

"Are you sure of that?"

"One of them we used, and when I washed it and put it back, the other two were there," Pip said. "Why?"

Scott's lips tightened. "Never mind," he said and was starting away, but turned back. "You didn't happen to see anybody come aboard last night, did you?"

"Just Mr. Bahama," Pip said. "He was here looking for you."

"Bahama was? When was that?"

"Just after I had a nightmare," Pip said.

"Before all that happened on the *Crown and Anchor?*"

"Just a little bit before. I woke up and heard a noise, and Mr. Bahama was here in the deckhouse, asking where you were."

"Now don't get excited. Just remain perfectly calm while I tear up your license."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Scott felt an exultant excitement and, seeing an umbrella in the rain, he ran out on deck. Carl and Barbara were returning from the dockmaster's office, their heads bent as they talked in low voices. He called, "Come aboard a moment."

Carl helped Barbara aboard, and she said as she closed the umbrella, "I got in touch with Mr. Bradley. He's arranging for a lawyer in Key West to represent them and he'll be waiting in the sheriff's office when they get there."

"Come below," Scott said. "I have some important questions to ask you, Carl."

"Questions?" Carl Norwood said. "Now, look, I've been talking to Barb and I don't want to hear any more about that. I didn't try to make trouble. When the sheriff asked me all those questions, I was upset and I wasn't thinking about covering up for anybody. Why should I? I didn't think anything like this would come out of it."

"Please sit down," Scott said. "Both of you."

Barbara sank down on the couch and, after a moment's hesitation, Carl sat beside her, fingering his pencil mustache with thumb and forefinger. He looked at Scott questioningly.

"I want to know about that satchel," Scott said. "Bart opened it Saturday night and showed Jack the money, Jack says."

"That's right, he did."

"And you padlocked it?"

"I did."

"Did the key work in the padlock?"

"Sure it did. Why?"

"Tell me this. Bart went ashore to get you last night. Did he mention anything about seeing a detective?"

"What detective? No. Why?"

"You and Barbara walked back to the yacht with him?"

"No, I stopped at the dockmaster's office to call Bahama's cousin in Key West, and he went on with Barbara."

"He did talk to a man, Scott," Barbara said. "Some man was standing on the dock and he called to Bart. I don't know who he was. I went on to the boat and turned in."

"Then that settles it," Scott said with great satisfaction. "Do you know what that man had to tell Bart? He told him that when the soldiers opened up that bag that Pérez took into Cuba, they found nothing in it, not a single peso. Just a Miami telephone book. You see, Bahama took that fifty thousand pesos. Either he switched bags or he broke the padlock and put on another padlock and added the telephone book to give the satchel weight."

"And you think he tipped them off in Cuba?" Carl asked.

"I haven't a doubt of it," Scott said. "He came aboard this boat last night just before Bart was killed. Pip saw him. He came to get that knife, obviously, because Bart had found out about the empty satchel and was asking questions. Bart knew that Bahama had stolen that fifty thousand pesos."

A small voice said, "That's right, dad." Scott turned. Pip stood on the top step of the companionway with a sandwich in one hand, a bottle of root beer in the other. "He had a whole lot of Spanish money," the boy said. "I saw it."

"You saw it where?"

"I promised not to tell."

"Son, you must tell."

"He said he'd throw me to the barracuda," Pip said in a tearful voice. "He held me so hard it hurt."

"When did he say that? Where?"

"In Caesar Creek. That's where I saw the money. He had it in his cabin, and the light was on. I just went there to say hello and I saw all that money. That word was printed on the money—pesos."

"And he said he'd throw you to the barracuda?" Scott asked savagely.

Barbara cried out, moving to Pip's side. "Oh, I was a fool! Yesterday morning he was teaching Pip to skin-dive, and Pip nearly drowned—just there in the swimming pool, not a hundred yards away while we, while everybody ——"

"What's this?" Scott cried. "You never told me that."

"I was stupid," she said. "Oh, Pip, I was so stupid!"

"What happened?" Scott demanded. "Son, what did Bahama do?"

"He was holding me under water, and the air didn't work," Pip said, and tears squeezed from his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. "I kicked and kicked, but I couldn't get loose."

"I happened along just by chance," Barbara said. "He must have pulled Pip out again when he saw me coming." She put her arms around the boy and held him tightly. "Oh, little Pip, please forgive me. I was so stupid. He said it was because you didn't have a weight belt, and I believed him."

A low, deep voice said, "Pip, you make me very sorry."

Scott whirled around and saw Bahama Gibson's huge bulk filling the doorway of the deckhouse. His Panama hat was rain-drenched, and water dripped from his yellow slicker, and his broad face looked weary and sad. Scott started angrily toward him, then stopped short as Bahama's hand appeared from under a fold of the slicker, holding a pistol. He pointed it steadily at Scott.

"Don't make no trouble, please, Mr. Chapman," he said.

TO BE CONTINUED

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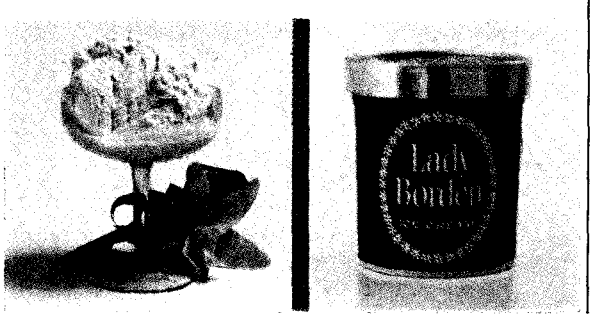

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Love Makes Mountains Dance

(Continued from Page 21)

numbers from the printer, separate the originals from the carbons and tie each to orderly bales. Twice a week she delivered the carbons to Goldstone, driving there in a Government car, sleeping overnight in a trailer dormitory and driving back the next day to catch up on her baling.

Nothing coming from outer space ever surprised *Launch Log* readers like this wedding announcement. Most of them knew Donald Cantlain personally—knew and respected his dedication, knew and faintly disliked his icy rationality, knew and pitied his unsmiling loneliness, which made him seem so much older than twenty-eight. In the grinning bridegroom they scarcely recognized their colleague.

"He looks all shook up," they muttered, studying the photograph. "Wonder how it happened? Old Don must have had quite a jolt!"

Indeed he had—and from a single grain of sand.

He did not see the grain of sand. All Don and Amorita could see as they drove out of Goldstone that evening was sand. The floor of the desert was sand. The barren mountains that ringed the station were sand—or would be after a few more millions of years of slow erosion. But the grain of sand that knocked Don galley-west would never be seen by him or by anyone else for that matter, because it lay six miles below the surface of the earth.

Don made good money. He drove a big, white convertible with a Florida license. From his key chain dangled a tiny pair of dice, the gift of a Soviet scientist he had met in the antarctic for the International Geophysical Year. The Swiss chronometer on his wrist he had bought while serving as technical adviser to the American delegation to an international space conference in Paris.

Amorita came from Tehachapi, California. There was a vague family tradition that one of her ancestors had been a knight under King Ferdinand of Spain, and her name, which means "Little Love," was a family one. She had been to Los Angeles dozens of times, to Las Vegas twice and to San Francisco once, when her high-school basketball team played in a tournament there.

Don and Amorita were in love.

Goldstone is a lonely place, worse than the antarctic, which explains Don's infatuation with the lovely little nobody who twice a week delivered data to him. Amorita was half Mexican, which is all we need to know of her. Mexican women are home-loving, child-bearing, marriage-proud. Nothing can ever eradicate these characteristics from a woman with so much as one drop of Mexican blood in her.

This evening they were going for a ride, to talk things out. "We mustn't stay long," Amorita said, as Don turned off the narrow road onto a dim pair of ruts made years ago by gold prospectors.

Don chuckled. "Afraid people will talk?" he said.

"No, but I want to get up early tomorrow, to get an early start back. It's going to be terribly hot."

"It's always terribly hot. You're just afraid of what society will think if we're gone too long—and by society, I mean its Goldstone microcosm."

She tried and failed to meet his eyes. Her throat tightened nervously. She had known him only two and a half months and only in dreams could she call him by his first name without flinching. Amorita was a girl filled with a wholesome humility, and to her it was wrong for a data clerk not to call a telemetrist "doctor."

Which was silly, considering what had already taken place. One night, two and a half months ago, Amorita had been here on one of her overnight trips. She had eaten dinner in the trailer commissary and should then have gone to her trailer dormitory. But a full moon was up, the coyotes were chanting their litany to it from all around the station, and that day the Soviet Union had dumped another massive heap of metal into orbit. Tonight, someone had said, they hoped to hear its signal on the "big dish" antenna here. She had heard that there was a new shark of a telemetrist on duty here too.

Amorita had no business in the control building and she never understood anything there, but tonight she could not stay away. The control building was the only permanent structure at Goldstone. It was a solid-looking cube squatting in the very shadow of the huge antenna and was filled with panels and cabinets and consoles. The young men who twirled the knobs seemed to Amorita to be listening for God Himself on their earphones.

The antenna was turning silently as she approached the control building, like a man with one deaf ear, trying to identify with his good one the source of a strange noise. Its latticed shadow, moving back and forth across the sand, was to her a mystically beautiful thing. She stopped at a corner of the building to watch it.

The antenna stopped. With a creak it tilted back, cocking its one good ear skyward. Amorita heard a door in the control building open. "Why did it stop?" she cried, without looking around.

"We're trying to get a bounce from the moon, so we can calculate the angle of deflection and get a fix on the direct signal," said a man's voice.

The staffs in the center of the antenna's vast concavity were aimed straight at the bulging yellow globule that is a rising desert moon. "Oh, that's so wonderful!" Amorita sighed tremulously.

"What's so wonderful?"

"Listening all those millions of miles to the moon!"

Her hands were clasped over her full little bosom, and her eyes had expanded with awe. The man in the door watched her uneasily, wondering who this little dumbbell was and how she could stir this three-dimensional excitement in him. No man could behold the figure in those tight jeans without wanting to give her a friendly pat, but why the obscurely diffident feeling of shame that followed the thought through his mind? How had his normal responses got all cluttered up with this junk?

"It isn't millions of miles," he said. "It's only about a quarter of a million, to be inexact."

She turned, laughing. "I don't care, it's still an awful long way!" she said.

The laugh dropped dead and choked her, because here was the man she had waited for all her interminable girlhood, and she knew him. In the dark doorway he looked pathetically helpless, like a farmboy who has missed the last bus home and is too shy to ask a cop for help. But when he came out into the moonlight, she saw the lonely agedness on his face, and her heart broke.

Five minutes later they kissed. In that passionate conjunction, neither had to compute deflection. Their second stages ignited and hurled them straight at each other. This is love under a desert moon.

Aeons later—say, thirty minutes—an uproar arose in the control building. "Hey, Doctor Cantlain, we've got it!" came a shout. "It's coming in strong and clear, right where Moscow said it would be. Are you going to phone Jodrell Bank, doctor?"

That was how Amorita learned she had been kissing a telemetrist. When Don bolted inside to listen to the Soviet beeps, she fled back to her trailer dormitory. The next time she came to Goldstone, he was waiting for her. In broad daylight he grabbed both of her hands as she got out of her Government car. "Amorita Hill. That's your name, but that's all I know about you," he said hoarsely. "Why did you run away that night? I love you! Let's go somewhere and talk."

Since then they had talked and talked. Talking never helped. Talking always ended with kissing, and tonight she was in terror lest kissing be only a beginning, not an ending. But she could never pretend with this man. With him she always found herself facing facts.

"No, I'm not afraid of what anyone may think," she said. "If I thought it was right, I wouldn't care. But I don't think it's right and, D-Don, I'm afraid of myself. You—you make it all sound so hopeless, as though we're all going to blow up in nothingness anyway, so what have we got to lose?"

"I never said that!" he growled. "To see things in proportion—what two human beings do, for instance, out of all the human beings on earth—why should that be depressing and hopeless?"

"Maybe it isn't to you, but it is to me," she said.

He put the transmission of the big convertible down into power range and angrily stepped on the gas. The car shot ahead, flinging back a shower of sand—but not the grain of sand that counted. That grain still lay quietly six miles below the surface of the earth.

"Would you believe me if I told you I'm afraid of myself too?" he said harshly. "What if I promise things I can't deliver? What if I tell you a truth that's true only today, when you want it to be true tomorrow too? It would be easy to ask you to marry me. I do want to buy your clothes and have breakfast with you, and so forth. But that's today. Tomorrow—who knows?"

"Other people know," she squeaked. "They're kidding themselves. They're lucky that they can, but I can't. What they mean is romance, which is self-defined as illusion."

This was the telemetrist talking, the man who for all his tenderness made her feel ignorant and stupid. But Amorita came of a proud race. She could fight for her beliefs, even if they were ignorant and stupid, and even if in the end she were overwhelmed. "I don't mean love in a romantic way," she gulped. "I mean love as a spiritual force—a faith, not an illusion."

"Ask my dad and mother about spiritual force. Ask my sister! Amorita, I have been in love before. Not so deeply as now, nor in the same way. I was never so lonely in anyone's absence, nor so infuriated by anyone's standoffishness or so respectful of anyone's integrity. But this is all a matter of degree, and after I leave Goldstone, I expect I shall be in love again. And so will you!" he said savagely.

Don and Amorita had never got around to exchanging many biographical commonplaces. They had come too soon to kissing and to the insoluble dead end of what came after kissing. She knew that his parents had been divorced and that his sister was now in Reno for what apparently was not her first divorce. What this had to do with her and Don, though, she could not understand.

"I've been in love before, too, but not in this way. I don't expect ever to be in love again either," she said in a thin voice.

He stepped on the gas to help the car over a small hummock of sand. "Yes," he said, "when I was twenty, I ——"

"Watch it!" Amorita screamed.

She leaned forward swiftly and turned the ignition key. The engine died. The car settled back and stopped shaking itself. Don looked around. There was nothing to watch that he could see.

"What's wrong?" he said.

"My gosh, don't you know how to drive in the desert?" she said severely. "Never gun your engine and spin your wheels! All you do is dig yourself in. We're probably already high-centered."

"High-centered?"

"With the differential housing grounded and no traction on your rear wheels. Honestly, Don!" she said.

He studied her. "I should be amazed, but I'm not. I expect the unexpected from you all the time. I'll see if we're high-centered, as you call it, but I wish I could make you see how much I admire you."

He took her hand. She snatched it back and exclaimed, "I don't want to be admired and I don't want to be stuck in the sand. If you did this on purpose, I'll hate you! Take me back to Goldstone, Don—please, please!"

The sun had gone down. This was the brief desert dusk, a tiny interval between blinding daylight and deep, indigo night. Pale stars were suddenly fighting to be born, and the coyotes had struck up their nightly ululation. The only light left in the world had somehow centered on the girl's pallid face. Don had never seen anything so beautiful. To him it seemed to glow with an unearthly radiance.

He had not meant to get stuck in the sand with night coming on, but here they were. Here he was with a girl who loved him—an unworldly girl of simple ideas—what was meant to be, must be, and all that. Amorita said that love was a spiritual force. But she could also believe that it was fate. Don knew that.

All he had to do was hold out his arms, but he was so touched by her helplessness that he almost lost his wits. He almost blurted, "Amorita, will you marry me?" But for her sake as well as

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Nothing gives peace such a bad name as whatever it is we have now.

An adult Western is one in which the hero has only two legs.

A bachelor is a man who can take a hint in his stride.

A small town is where everybody knows when a man and girl are engaged before he does.

What it takes to get children to bed these nights is a long commercial.

When you can't imagine what a girl sees in her fiancé, it's probably a reconstruction project.

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his own—because he did not want to make her unhappy, ever—he controlled himself. It was not easy. It took a telemetrist to do it, a self-contained man of exact and complex rationality.

Six nights earlier there had been launched from Florida a wad of rubbery stuff and a plastic can. Once this mismated pair escaped the clutch of earth, the rubbery stuff expanded into a balloon as big as an ocean liner, and the can began chirping radio signals. Goldstone had received it clearly from the start and had relayed it to JPL to be printed into 713 84905 21 5114 052 6236. And so on.

Don knew what to expect of old Peiping Tom, as the satellite was called, since it made its most dramatic display over that closed city. To steady his nerves, so he would not propose marriage, he got out of the car. He looked at his Swiss chronometer and then at the northeastern horizon. There a range of arid mountains, seven thousand feet high, cut a saw-tooth pattern of purple.

A hundred miles behind them loomed the higher peaks of the Sierra Nevada range, the last things on the continent to be lighted by the descending sun. All he could see was a thin line of brightness above the dark mass of the nearer mountains, but it was enough.

He pointed. "In about two minutes, we'll see something spectacular, honey," he said. "Look just to the right of that snow-capped peak that's still in sunlight. That's where old Peiping Tom will rise. Watch!"

Six miles below him, in a direct line with the center of the earth, a single grain of sand was caught in a pinpoint of opposed pressures. There it had lain for thirty years, in the perfect balance of pressures that geologists call "isostasy," which is an improvement, but not much, on rows and rows of numbers.

The grain of sand lay in a crack in a huge dome of rock which, in several millions of years, had gradually swollen to form a high, subterranean mountain. It had no relation to the two ranges of mountains at which Don was pointing. Different forces had created the underground one, at different times.

As this mountain took shape, forced up by pressures arising nearer the center of the earth, it exerted pressure on the solid matter above it. Nothing happened in a hurry. There was no time limit in which this movement had to be completed. Inch by slow inch the underground peak bulged upward, its movement confined by the weight of six miles of the earth's crust. Don, remember, was twenty-eight. The underground mountain today was no higher—and no lower—than it had been in the year of his birth.

But two years before that, the crack in the dome had widened slightly, as solid rock crumbled between the two pressures—that from the center of the earth and that from the weight of the earth's crust. There was a slight shiver then, felt only in this deep part of the earth's mass. The dome rose slightly, grinding against the six heavy miles of solid material above it. This grinding reduced solid rock to sand, but the perfect, isostatic balance of pressures was not disturbed.

The sand was merely compressed into nearby crannies, but in the thirty years since then, there had been no reduction in pressure. The pressure had indeed risen, both above and below the crack in the dome. And this tortured crack was not the only fracture in the foundation stone of the earth.

The solid-seeming earth was, in fact, riddled with cracks—two great networks of them. One network began in the antarctic, followed the Andes and the Sierra Nevada to a point near the California-Oregon border, crossed under the ocean to Alaska, and then zigzagged down the Asian coast through the South Pacific archipelagoes to New Zealand. The other network began in Australia, ran northward to Burma and then west across the Himalayas and the south coast of Asia to Asia Minor, the Mediterranean and Portugal.

Everywhere along these two networks of fractures, there was on the surface of the earth a great disparity in weight—everywhere, the depths were near the heights. Don and Amorita sat halfway between surface mountains as high as fourteen thousand feet, and Pacific depths as great. Everywhere the distribution of weight on the earth's crust kept changing, changing, as erosion washed matter down from the heights into the depths.

It was a slow process, but it was an inexorable one and it had no time limit. It had all eternity in which to fill the depths with surplus matter from the heights. But sooner or later it would have moved so much weight as to distort the balance of pressures in the fractured foundation of the earth's crust.

It happened just as Don pointed to where Peiping Tom was due to appear. Thirty years' accumulation of changing pressures shifted a single grain of sand six miles down. Just one grain—but it was enough to topple the whole intricately matched, intermatched and countermatched pressures out of equilibrium.

Six miles down, unknown to Don, particle followed particle in a race for relief from pressure. A second grain of sand moved into the space vacated by the first. The flow of sand became a spurt, a blast, a rushing river. The split widened in the rock dome of the subterranean mountain. Weight from above drove more solid matter into the crack, forcing its jaws to open wider. The crack was suddenly twice as long, twice as wide, as it had been.

Still Don and Amorita felt nothing, because isostatic balance was achieved almost instantaneously. But the pressure point below them was in balance not only with itself but with other pressure points along the entire network of cracks. When movement occurred in one, it might or might not cause movement in another.

This time it did. Forty miles away from Don and Amorita another fracture, closer to the surface of the earth, was thrown out of balance. Here there was no easy splitting and sifting and settling. This crack ran north and south, and in it there was an immense emptiness that had once been filled with volcanic gas. The gas had seeped away, leaving rock tilted against rock and mountain against mountain, over a hole in the earth.

As the shock wave of shifting pressures arrived from forty miles away, this whole, shattered structure collapsed. Both sides of the fracture yielded. The west mass slid farther west, and the east mass tumbled into the emptiness. Particle followed particle, and a ripple ran up to the surface of the earth. In laboratories all over the world, needles began dancing violently across the checked paper of the moving graphs.

Don and Amorita were the first to know about the ripple in the earth's crust because they were closest to it. Their warning, which they had no time to heed, was a deafening, low-pitched growling and rumbling that had no particular point of origin. It came to them not through the air, but from the earth itself, in the deepest tones that the human ear can register. With it came the first movement of the rippling earth.

The tires of the car cushioned Amorita, so that she did not feel these quick, preliminary tremors. There was no such buffer under Don. He was standing beside the open door of the car when it hit. He felt the door bang against his leg. He felt the sand shift like the deck of a boat underfoot. He did not have time to wonder at this because just then the main shock wave, racing westward toward him, rippled through the low range of mountains over which he was watching for Peiping Tom.

The purple sky line danced before his eyes. The whole range rose, shutting off his view of the lighted tips of the Sierra Nevada. He saw the mountains caper and fall back—he saw the sunlit Sierra twinkle into view again. Then the main shock wave hit the part of the desert where he stood and knocked him off his feet.

Amorita felt this shock too. The car leaped under her as she threw herself across the seat toward the open door. She saw the man she loved go down. She saw him lying on his back in the pitching sand, trying with both hands to get a grip on something. His face was white, his mouth was open, his eyes stared.

"She wasn't built in a day, that's for sure!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She fell out beside him. She got her arms around him and held him like a mother, while the open door of the car swung back and forth above their heads, and an unoiled joint in the frame went *squee, squee, squee*. "Don—Don, darling!" she screamed in his ear. "Don't frightened. It'll soon be over. It's only a earthquake!"

Later the seismologists would calculate that the primary movement lasted fifty-four seconds. To Don and Amorita it seemed hours before the earth quieted down. There would be other, minor shocks as the great depths growled and gritted and ground their broken surfaces together, seeking better balance. Eventually they would find it, but only temporarily. Three years from now, thirty years, sixty, a hundred, the shift of weight would become intolerable again. The broken, treacherously porous earth's crust would have to shrug itself into balance once more.

But for now the mountains had stopped dancing. The sky line was firm against the firmament. Don's teeth had stopped chattering, but he felt seasick. He reached up and slammed the car door shut so they could sit up. He brushed the sand out of his hair and said the first thing that came to his mind.

"What do you mean—*only* an earthquake? Do you mean to tell me you've been through this before?"

Amorita had lived with earthquakes all her life, but never anything like this. But this was no time to be too truthful, and she knew it. "Why, of course!" she cried. "This is earthquake country. We're right over one of the best-known fractures in the world—the San Andreas Fault. Didn't you ever study geology?"

He frowned at her. "Oh, sure, I had a couple of semesters of it," he said, "but I never lived it before."

She knelt in front of him and put her hands on his shoulders. "Do you have to live everything to know it?" she said. "Is everything illusion to you until you have proved it on your darned old computer? Oh, Don, can't you believe anything that people tell you?"

The car went *squee, squee, squee* as an aftershock traveled softly under them. Don clutched at loose sand as the familiar earth again became a stranger. He looked up, with something like panic on his face to see if those mountains were dancing again.

They were not. He could not see the Sierra Nevada at all now, because in the time it had taken for the earthquake to pass, the turning earth had covered them with its shadow. But creeping across the indigo sky, from where he had last seen the peaks, came a single spot of light. It was brighter than any star and as yellow as sunlight. He held his chronometer close to his eyes to check its illuminated dial.

Steady, reliable old Peiping Tom was right on time! But what comfort was that, even to a rational man who could read the language of numbers, if the very earth under him proved unsteady, unreliable? Don looked up at the wise, beautiful face of the girl he adored. He took her small, strong hands from his shoulders and closed his own, big, trembling ones around them.

"I can now, Amorita," he said. "Sweetheart, if you think you could put up with an ignoramus like me, I want to ask you, very humbly, to marry me."

That would have surprised readers of the *Launch Log*. They would have been absolutely amazed, though, at how Don and Amorita got the car out of the sand. It takes two, one driving while the other digs. The one under the wheel is the one who must have the know-how. Amorita drove. Don dug. THE END

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A Jack Pot Almost Ruined Their Lives

(Continued from Page 14)

to do the heavy work and contribute merchandise. Nine unions permitted around-the-clock work without overtime pay. To plug a possible information leak, the mayor's office consented to postpone issuance of the necessary building permit until after the show. Father Meagher agreed to pack the Eskews off for five days of sight-seeing in Chicago, escorted by one of his staff supervisors and her husband. Ronnie and Joan were informed that their foster-parent work had won a good-neighbor award from a magazine.

At four A. M. the day after their departure two vans rumbled up to the grocery. Store lights and spotlights went on. Out the front door fifteen men began hauling the Eskews' grocery stock, plus racks and shelves. Out the rear, bound for a warehouse, they carried furniture, the contents of closets and dresser drawers, even a bag of garbage Joan had forgotten to empty. One neighbor, awakened by the noise, called police. Officers promptly came to be sure that no wall-to-wall burglary was afoot.

By daylight the building was stripped. Workmen moved in, ripping off the first story's entire front, swarming over the roof, yanking out old wiring and fuse boxes, relocating pipes, unclogging drains, repainting and replastering everything that didn't move. Clusters of spectators began to watch and wonder. For three and one-half days and two whole nights the dedicated workmen labored. At least one was hurt and taken to the hospital. Finally the once sway-backed building stood erect and gleaming.

Then came trucks with new furnishings. A special flat-bed truck with a huge canvas screen drove up to hide the front of the store until the unveiling. Emcee Art Baker arrived from Hollywood. A dress rehearsal was held. A TV tower was built on the roof. Spot announcements on KSTP-TV began heralding "a surprise at 46th and Chicago."

"To be great," I was told recently by KSTP-TV Production Manager Kenn Barry, who directed, "everything had to click. Interviews building up Ronnie and Joan. Suspense as their car approached. Bang—their surprise at seeing Baker. Bang—reaction to store unveiling. Bang, bang, bang—more gifts, more reaction. Then off."

On the telecast, despite freezing weather, everything did click. The Eskews' virtues were extolled. Baker built suspense, stressing the "surprise of a lifetime" which lay ahead, teasing the audience about what it was, periodically reporting on the couple's progress from the railroad station. "They're two miles away," he said. "Now twelve blocks away. . . . now four blocks." And finally, "They're here!"

Ronnie and Joan, dumfounded at the sight of a crowd, at first thought there was a fire. Then Baker told them excitedly, "You are on television coast-to-coast! And you're about to find your dreams answered, at the *End of the Rainbow!*"

The flat-bed truck drove the cover away from the store. Joan clasped both hands to her face. Ronnie gasped, then wept on her shoulder. Joan was too stunned to cry until later in the program.

They recall little of the rest. The script, however, reveals that Baker conducted them on a tour of their rainbow. "A new neon sign!" he began. "You can see it for six blocks!"

Inside: "New asphalt tile! New light fixtures! New display counter and shelves! More than $6000 worth of new stock—and 20,000 handbills distributed all over this area of Minneapolis!"

Upstairs: "Wall-to-wall carpeting! New paint job! All new furniture and drapes! Lamps! End tables! Pictures on the walls! Twenty-one-inch console television set! Dishwasher . . . garbage disposal . . . range . . . cookware . . . china . . . washer and drier . . . refrigerator . . . and food freezer . . . sterling silver . . . and in the back yard . . . fenced . . . a gym set . . . slide . . . and even a merry-go-round!"

The Eskews' landlord came forward. He pledged, "Your lease can run as long as you want, at no increase in rent." A National Food Stores representative promised to distribute Ronnie's caramel corn—rechristened Ronnie's Golden End of the Rainbow Caramel Corn—in Minneapolis supermarkets, possibly even nationally. A bank official announced a $1000 deposit to their credit. A new station wagon arrived with Ronnie's name on the sides. Even Minnesota's then governor, Orville Freeman, had come to congratulate them. Finally Baker signed off.

"Good-by, Ronnie and Joan," he said. "I hope your rainbow shines brightly."

Few could imagine why it wouldn't. A $20,000 MIRACLE, one newspaper called it. Another estimated its value at $30,000. With the prospects of increased business in an enlarged store, plus mass distribution of Ronnie's caramel corn, the windfall looked like a lifetime annuity.

"We were in the clouds," Ronnie recalls. "It all sounded so wonderful."

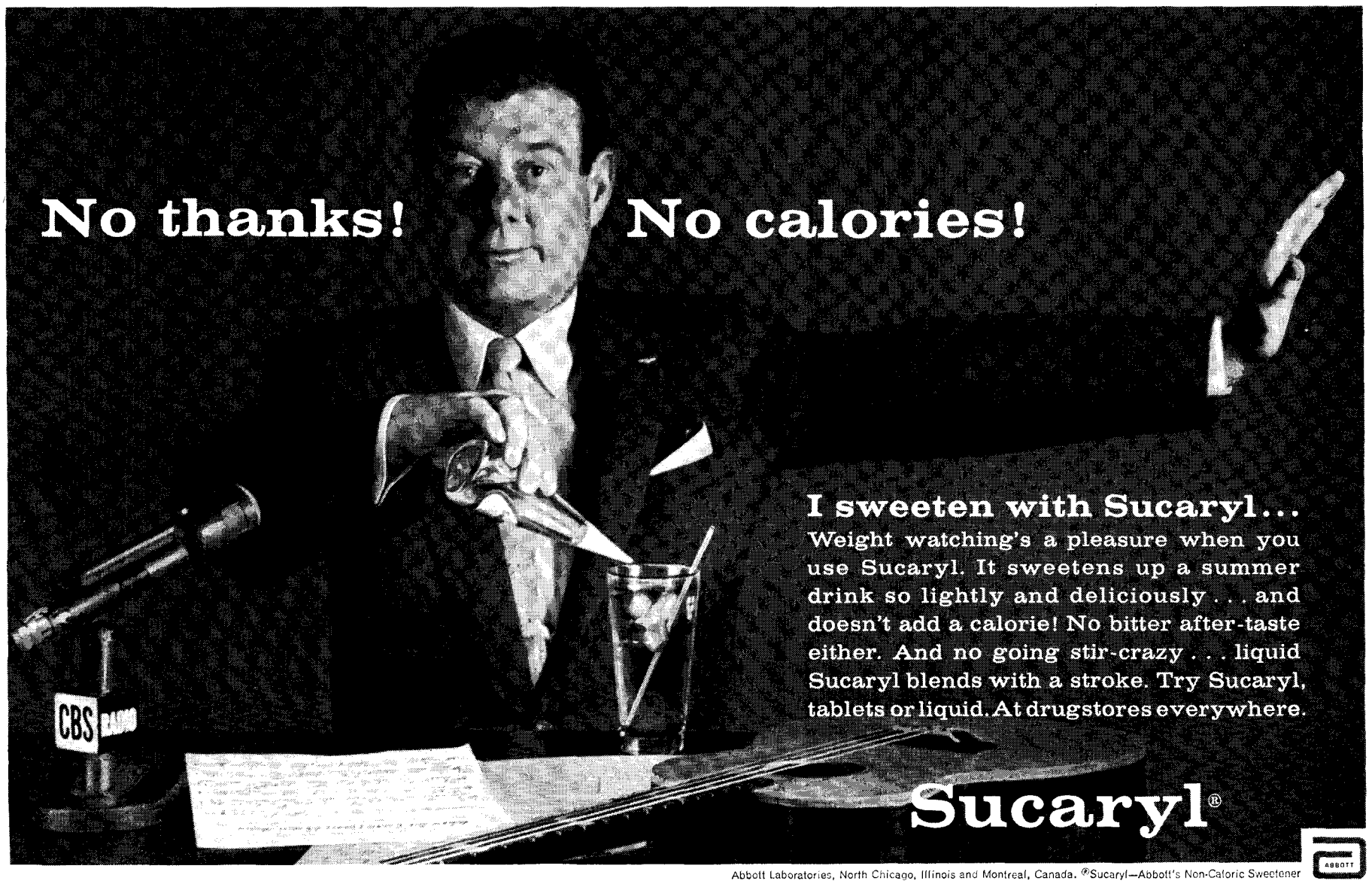
Baker left immediately after the show; the Eskews can't remember even shaking hands with him afterward. For the rest of the day, much as at a wedding reception, they greeted others by the hundreds, many they had never seen before. Everybody wanted to shake hands and inspect the miracle. For weeks they remained celebrities. The phone rang incessantly. Their youngsters were briefly but vigorously lionized by their schoolmates. Mail arrived by the armload—as many as fifty letters at a time. Some were addressed to "End of the Rainbow, Minneapolis" or merely "Ronnie and Joan." Some requested money. Others enclosed checks. As it happened, none was cashed, and no letter was acknowledged. In the confusion a temporary stockboy burned everything by mistake.

The Eskews were interviewed by reporters and invited to local radio-TV programs. Passengers on the Chicago Avenue bus turned to point and stare. Customers hung on their every word. "What were you thinking when you met Art Baker?" they would ask. "How did it feel to know all this really was yours?" . . . "When did you first know?" . . . "Were you really surprised?" Ronnie and Joan kept repeating that they were just plain flabbergasted by everything.

With their wide-eyed children they tested the new car. They dined out, expansively ordering more than the customary one-before-meal drink. They even began discussing trips to the West Coast or Florida.

"It was a fantastic change," says Joan. "For the first time in our lives it seemed the financial pressure was off. We didn't dread the first of the month. We could breathe."

Soon, however, several discoveries gave them pause. There wasn't a hanger, pillow or piece of linen in the house. Pending the return of their personal effects from the warehouse, they had to stay with friends for a week. Finally all their belongings were piled in a heap in their back yard, including the two-week-old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garbage. "It wasn't," says Ronnie dryly, "something that made you believe planning had been real thorough." But even when the newly renovated roof began to leak and the new sofa collapsed after a while, he and Joan were more amused then indignant.

"You hear about jack pots that aren't all they're supposed to be," says Joan. "We didn't think much about such things, though. Everything still looked wonderful."

When they began to assess the real value of their new possessions, however, the "$20,000 Miracle" and "lifetime annuity" began to shrink. First, about $11,000 worth of gifts and services wasn't awarded to the Eskews, but to their landlord, in the rehabilitation of his building. The second-biggest plum, the announced $6000 in grocery stock, was worth closer to $4000 wholesale. Much of it was merchandise seldom bought at Ronnie's store—whole hams, laundry bluing, dozens of cartons of pizza sauce, an estimated 1000 bags and cans of parakeet food. Some items were a total loss. Rummaging through cartons in the basement, Ronnie found ten cases of celery, spoiled from lack of refrigeration.

The dishwasher, garbage grinder, table silver, pictures on the walls and wall-to-wall carpeting, while appreciated, weren't what hard-pressed parents of five children needed urgently. And while an auto is a negotiable asset, they couldn't maintain two. Selling their pre-jack-pot model, still practically new, entailed an $800 loss.

The offer of big new outlets for Ronnie's caramel corn was no undiluted blessing, either. Strictly a high-quality, fifty-bags-a-day caramel-corn maker before, Ronnie had neither the know-how nor capital to shift into mass production. He bought cellophane for 100,000 bags and had them imprinted; this alone cost him more than his previous total annual-production budget. Painstakingly, one kettle at a time, he began turning out Golden End of the Rainbow Caramel Corn for his new chain-store customer.

Ten weeks after Ronnie's miracle, the enterprise was dying. The supermarkets had difficulty handling caramel corn on such a small scale and lost interest. So did Ronnie, for the *End of the Rainbow* program had folded and, as he puts it, "With the show off the air, who gave a darn about Ronnie's Golden End of the Rainbow Caramel Corn?"

The show's demise was unexpected by all concerned, for it had indeed been slotted opposite *Gunsmoke* and promptly sponsored by Geritol. Yet something must have been lacking in the formula. *Variety* called the program, among other things, "monstrous," "cheap," "callous" and "trash," and so it died in infancy, along with Ronnie's dream of becoming a caramel-corn king.

Worse, sudden enlargement of his store had thrust Ronnie onto an unfamiliar business plateau. Previously he bought stock for cash at a wholesale house and hauled it in his car. Now he had a sort of junior supermarket. Buying became complicated. Instead of one-item customers, he had to attract one-stop shoppers. Yet he had no fresh-meat counter, a necessity in his new league, and no capital to get one.

Taxes were no major headache. Since Ronnie had done nothing—not even answer a quiz question—to earn his prizes, the Internal Revenue Service ruled that their value was not taxable. But there were other new burdens. The Eskews had been able to work alone, but now they needed a helper at $3000 a year. Their new sign and lighting system cost thirty dollars monthly extra for electricity. Their personal-property tax went up. Meanwhile the office space which used to pay nearly one third of his rent was usurped by store expansion. Total expenses were up $378 a month, which meant selling at least $22,000 worth of additional groceries a year merely to stand still.

For a few months the new enterprise rocked along. Then, a block-and-a-half north, a new supermarket opened with four check-out counters and a fifty-car parking lot. Soon it began staying open two nights a week. Then six. "We're really on the ropes now," Ronnie said.

Still, a corner store usually retains one advantage: neighborhood loyalty. "If we need milk," people used to say, "we'll buy it at Ronnie's. It's about the same price as other stores', and he needs the business."

But the jack pot changed this too. No longer were the Eskews struggling parents of five boys and operating on a shoestring. They were TV winners and had acquired without effort many luxuries the neighbors couldn't afford. Regular customers began passing them by. "Why go out of our way to buy from them?" Joan overheard one say. "They don't need the trade any more."

On the day of the TV bonanza, Ronnie heard a woman say, "Well, they certainly deserve this."

"I wonder," came the reply. "I just wonder." It was one of Ronnie's cousins talking.

Others openly questioned the Eskews' worthiness of the honor. "Their kids are always trampling my flowers," said an elderly neighbor. "They charge fresh prices for day-old bread—I know they do. They're noisy at night. A family like that doesn't deserve all this."

Some members of their parish church, St. Joan of Arc, became critical. "They're never at Holy Name Society," said one. "We've raised $950,000 for a church school and rectory since 1946. That took digging. Where were they then?"

"I've done a lot of good in my life," said another parishioner. "Why should they get everything and I get nothing?"

A number of friends no longer appeared at ease with the Eskews. "We didn't know if you wanted us to come over," one confided, "now that you're so well known and popular."

"Nonsense," Joan protested. "We're the same people we always were. We wondered where you'd been."

Rumors leaped across the back fences. "They talked themselves onto the program, you know," said one woman. "You don't think people go through dresser drawers and everything without permission, do you? Then they had the nerve to cry and act surprised. How stupid do they think we are?"

The circumstance that Edwards's script-writers had exaggerated a bit didn't help. The emcee, for example, had remarked about the "terrific beating" Eskews' apartment took, "what with five children of your own and sixteen orphans"—mistakenly implying that the orphans who had lived in the couple's previous home were still with them. "What bunk," one neighbor said. "I never saw any orphans."

Another statement in the script suggested that the Eskews' charity almost alone had provided food for a family whose home had been destroyed by fire. This rankled many, and for good reason. "We just sent over one box of groceries," says Joan. "But I guess they like to make those things sound bigger than they are."

Along with the market's new chrome-and-fluorescent atmosphere, envy, resentment and misunderstanding demolished the happy informality of earlier days. Instead of serving customers personally, Ronnie and Joan took to leaving it to a teen-age helper. Income slumped. Expenses continued upward. Ronnie, once outwardly unmoved by adversity, began showing the strain.

Henry Jessen, a close friend, says, "I remember he always used to turn down beer. He'd kid us when we bought it. Now he began slugging it down. He never got drunk. He just wasn't his old self."

Several times the Eskews considered selling out. "But we always thought things would improve," says Joan. "Besides, when you're given a thing like this, you feel a responsibility to make good with it. At least we did."

Last year they decided to try boosting business by converting part of the store into a snack bar. To finance the venture, they borrowed $1000 and sold their station wagon. They did well, and a few months later converted the entire grocery for the new business. Income went up, but then the tax bills came. Because of Ralph Edwards's improvements to the building, the landlord's taxes leaped from $425 to $779 a year. Ronnie's lease made him liable for anything over $425. In effect this meant that his rent was raised $30 monthly.

"This is crazy," he told the landlord "My jack pot doubled the value of you. building, so you want me to pay for it? I can't."

But the landlord was adamant. Ronnie stopped paying rent. In November an eviction notice arrived. Finally, owing one month's rent, delinquent in personal-property taxes and in debt to two friends, Ronnie and Joan gave up. They assembled their furnishings and what groceries they hadn't sold, tried to sell their neon sign (and finally gave it away), rented a truck and moved. With them, among other souvenirs of their rainbow days, went three dozen packages of laundry bluing, enough cellophane for 24,000 caramel-corn bags and a lifetime supply of parakeet food.

What tarnished their pot of gold? Ronnie, many believe, lacked business know-how for an enterprise as ambitious as the one that suddenly fell in his lap. Both he and Joan changed, say others, dining out more and working less. Neighborhood coolness, increasingly contagious, undercut the Eskews' morale as well as their income. Supermarket competition hurt, all agree. A number of fascinated observers blame the Edwards organization.

"All they did," said one, "was give them what could be got together for advertising mentions, regardless of how useful it was. They should have given them the building or a down payment on it. And why don't these programs counsel inexperienced people afterward?"

"Giveaway organizations, we have concluded, seek only one thing," says Mrs. Louis P. Davis of Jonesboro, Georgia, another *End of the Rainbow* winner. "That is to put on a show. They use you, twist your life out of shape to make it marshmallowy and sweet for TV, load you up with junk you never wanted or don't need, then leave you to try and live normally among people who think you got something for nothing. Well, you don't get something for nothing. You pay for everything."

Concerning all this, Ralph Edwards declined to comment. "Why should he say anything?" said Sue Chadwick, his press-relations representative. "He's a great humanitarian. He's only trying to help people. His record speaks for itself." After further consideration, she added, "We do not want to dig through the ashes of a dead show."

For a time Ronnie Eskew was bitter. Now he is philosophical. "I guess they meant well," he says. "Anyhow, some good has come of it. We have a few things they gave us. And we have learned a pile of prizes doesn't put the world at your feet. Also we've found who our real friends are."

Shortly after vacating their store, the Eskews located a homey, converted barn behind a house at 1521 North DuPont on Minneapolis's North Side and moved in. Then they leased a diner nearby at 1515 Lowry Avenue North, with an option to buy it later. Now, six days a week, from seven A.M. to six P.M., Ronnie serves meals and short orders, joshing and chatting with customers just as in pre-rainbow days. At noon Joan arrives to help with the rush. At closing time the boys burst in to finish off leftover pie and sweet rolls. All appear happy.

"We're starting over," says Ronnie. "I'm still going to have that caramel-corn shop. But this time I'll make it on my own, step by step. That's the surest way." THE END

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The Broadway Gang Eats Here

(Continued from Page 30)

a $3,000,000 gross and, perhaps, serving more celebrities. But from its history Lindy's can offer several unique facts:

It is the only restaurant which has a sandwich personally invented by the country's top G-Man.

It is the only restaurant which was started as a gag and lasted to serve 50,000,000 people.

It is the only restaurant which serves breakfast after it gets through serving lunch.

It is the only restaurant where the man who makes up the pickled herrings arrives for work wearing spats and carrying a walking stick.

Lindy's today is the only one of its name. For many years, however, Lindy's was what the horse players call an entry. There were the current "big store" and the original "little store," a small restaurant on the east side of Broadway near 49th Street. The Lindy saga actually begins with the now abandoned "little store."

Any veteran restaurant man will confirm that there never was a customer who wasn't convinced he could run a restaurant better than any being operated. This conviction, apparently, was shared by three daily customers at a place called Gertner's in Times Square. The trio consisted of Joseph Kramer and Manny Kalisch, haberdashers, and Sam Horwitz, who had a lingerie firm. Their steady waiter was a thirty-three-year-old German immigrant named Leo Lindemann, known to his customers as Lindy. His wife Clara was cashier. The luncheon trio's daily entertainment was kidding Lindy about Gertner's restaurant and his service—which was, in fact, very good. The kidding finally took the form of joking about the day in the mythical future when they would set Lindy up in his own restaurant.

There came a day when waiter Lindy finally turned the joke on the jokers. He told the trio he and his wife had saved $2000. If each of them would match it, he would open a restaurant with them as partners. He pointed out that Kramer then owned an empty store on Broadway near 49th Street and it would be the ideal location. Horwitz, Kramer and Kalisch were hooked.

On August 20, 1921, on the combined investment of about $8000, the lunchtime joke about a restaurant for Lindy became a Broadway fact. In back of the counter at this delicatessen-type eatery was Lindy with his carving knife. Behind the cash register sat Clara. And in the kitchen were some special recipes for gefilte fish, pickled herring, chicken soup, matzo balls and corned beef. These recipes had been handed down to Clara Lindemann by her mother and grandmother. They are still staple dishes at Lindy's today.

Another all-night delicatessen on Broadway caused no particular stir. For the first months the fate of Lindy's was anybody's guess. And then one night Al Jolson walked down from his musical comedy at The Winter Garden, a block uptown, and had a late snack in the place. Jolson was enthusiastic over the food. He was so anxious to spread the news about Lindy's that he took to making a speech about the restaurant at the end of his show. "Now everybody follow me down the street to Lindy's," he would advise, "and we'll have the most wonderful sandwiches in the world.' Jolson fans flocked after their hero like rock-'n'-roll fans follow their idols of today. Lindy's became the hangout for the Broadway mob.

It was about this time that Harpo Marx began ordering his favorite snack which, to this day, is considered Lindy's most unusual and rare item. Marx ordered, and got, cooked spinach with a dip of vanilla ice cream on it. He still orders it when he appears. He insists that this is no different from putting something like Hollandaise sauce on something like asparagus.

Within a year Lindy's was a bouncing success. But at the end of the year partners Horwitz and Kalisch decided they wanted out. Jack Kramer, who now owns and runs Lindy's and is the son of Joseph Kramer, remembers his father's saying that Leo Lindemann as a partner was no longer Lindy the amiable waiter. He was a cantankerous tyrant where business was concerned and remained one to his death thirty-six years later. Kramer and Lindy bought out their two partners and the restaurant continued to flourish.

This was the Prohibition era, the Roaring Twenties. The bootlegger, the hoodlum and the gangster were colorful figures in the town. They spent the big money; they had the best tables; they were celebrities. Lindy's got its full share of these well-barbered wise guys. And one of them, in time, was destined almost to destroy everything Lindy had built.

The Lindy near-nemesis was a top-echelon figure in the rackets named Arnold Rothstein. Rothstein was a fixer, a horse manipulator, a gambler and, in general, a powerful pawnbroker who financed sure things. He was popularly suspected of having been the brain behind the fixing of the historic 1919 "Black Sox" World Series. Rothstein was a late-hour nightly Lindy's "regular." Abie Greifinger, a Lindy's waiter then and a Lindy's waiter today, remembers serving the racketeer.

"He would only eat a raw apple," Greifinger recalls. "He would always sit at a table that had a good view of the door and he sat with his back against the wall. Men would come in, talk to him briefly and leave. Rothstein paid all their checks so, raw apple or not, that made him one of our big customers."

Rothstein got his phone calls at Lindy's. One fall night in 1928 a call summoned him to a nearby hotel, where a big floating crap game was in progress. There he was shot in the stomach. He staggered into the street and was rushed to a hospital. Two days later he died without naming his murderer. The murder was the newspaper story of the time. It involved politicians and show people and hoodlums big and small. Unsolved, it is still being revived in books and fiction and films and TV. Its messy ramifications inevitably tainted Lindy's restaurant.

To some newspapers and a fascinated public, Lindy's inescapably took on the label of a hoodlum hangout. And, indeed, the dead Rothstein was being replaced in the restaurant by many of his would-be heirs. Within a year Lindy was publicly beseeching the police to rid his place of undesirable characters. If the police took any action it was unnoticeable, because Lindy's remained the favorite haunt of bookmakers, horse players and well-heeled hustlers. Lindy's patience wore thin.

"We will never get a family trade," Lindy told his partner Kramer, "as long as nothing but men hang out in here."

It is possible that Kramer, checking ballooning receipts, demurred. At any rate the partners were soon in complete disagreement. A truce was arranged. Joe Kramer would continue at the established restaurant and Lindy would open a second Lindy's. They were still financial partners. In 1930 Lindy opened "the big store" on Broadway. It was brightly lighted and spacious, designed for mass eating. From the day Lindy first concerned himself with the new restaurant, he never again set foot in the old place.

Even before the new restaurant was completed, its doom was predicted by competitors and the hard-shelled regulars of the original place. The new store had been budgeted to cost $100,000, but construction ultimately ran to almost $170,000. The depression was deepening and it seemed almost impossible to "get off the nut." But, as Jolson had done originally, in 1931 a nearby theater was to furnish the first solid impetus for the new venture.

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Forty

By Rea Duncan

Once this seemed so old,
so old,
A plight that I would
never share,
A fate for others; never
mine.
But now it's here and I
am there.

How did I come so far so
soon?
So many turns I took
were wrong.
So many roads climbed
hard uphill.
So many shortcuts
turned out long.

Ahead the road lies
straighter now
With ripening fruit to
reap and tend.
I do not covet youth, just
time,
More time before this
sweet road's end.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Next door Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* was the artistic and box-office hit of the stage season. This was one of O'Neill's marathon dramas, starting in the late afternoon and playing five hours. At seven o'clock the audience was turned out for an hour and a half to get some necessary nourishment. These hungry people discovered that Lindy's not only served food fast and cheaply but also offered dishes which they had never before tasted. Word-of-mouth advertising brought other customers. The "big store" was a success.

And almost immediately the restaurant developed the "character" that has made it unique over the years. Many old-timers think a special type of waiter, which only Lindy's seems to draw, supplies the "character." "A waiter in Lindy's," goes an old saying, "is not only your servant. He's also your relative." Lindy's waiters seem to take on the personalities of the Broadway comedians who have, since its first days, used the place as a sounding board. Even Lindy allowed himself many eccentricities. One of his first decisions, as soon as the restaurant was established, was to put a table and two telephones in a refrigerator. There, surrounded by bottled liquors, expensive candies and other delicacies, he held his morning conferences. Teeth chattered, but Lindy was happy in his "office."

"In here," he used to explain, "a salesman gets out in a hurry."

Soon his customers included authors and recording stars, among others, and Lindy's windows began to display books written by the customers. The volumes were planted among the shining window apples and the boxes of huge strawberries. One night a distinguished-looking man entered and was asked by a headwaiter if he wanted a table. "No," said the fellow, waving at the window, "I just came in to browse."

Lindy's idiosyncrasies, however, never interfered with his sharp attention to operation. "If he saw a waiter touch his hair with his hand," Jack Kramer remembers, "he would order him immediately to the men's room to wash his hands."

Perversely enough, the fame of the new Lindy's received invaluable impetus from a sort of aftermath of the Rothstein murder. The late Damon Runyon was at that time coming to the peak of his fame as the chronicler of Harry the Horse, Rusty Charlie, Sorrowful Jones and all the other figurative guys and dolls of Rothstein's Broadway. Runyon and his *entourage* were nightly attendants at Lindy's. Almost all Runyon's stories had, as a focal point, a Broadway restaurant called "Mindy's." Soon visitors from all over the English-speaking world were appearing at the restaurant. They wanted to see Crooked Dollar Moishe and Cheesecake Ike and all the other famous brigands.

Sam Jaeger, the Lindy's waiter who is an institution, remembers a little old lady who insisted on seeing a real gangster. Jaeger dutifully introduced her to Morris the Schnook, the famous horse-race fixer. The Morris she met was actually Abe Lyman, the band leader.

Jaeger, a tall, gaunt man, is the prototype of all legendary Lindy waiters. He came to the restaurant as a substitute to serve one meal, but is still there twenty-two years later. By no means the oldest employee, he is the favorite of celebrities in all fields and he has his own strict social code.

"Jaeger would rather be stiffed by a celebrity," he says, always referring to himself in the third person, "than get a big tip from some riffraff."

Jaeger is quick to respond to real or fancied insult. Once during World War II a troublesome lady diner forgot her manners and demanded, "Why aren't you in the Army?"

Jaeger's hesitation was brief. "For the same reason," he explained, "that you aren't in the Ziegfeld Follies." Errol Flynn once wired Jaeger to come and spend some time on his yacht in the tropics. Jaeger declined. "Bring it to Sheepshead Bay, and Jaeger will visit you if he has the time," he wired back. Other Hollywood celebs have tried to lure him to their homes. "Jaeger reserves the right to pick his own swimming pool," is his stock answer.

For more than twenty years the floor manager at Lindy's has been a dark, square, taciturn man named Hy Heller. He is celebrated for his economy of speech. Asked about his career, Heller says simply, "I came to America out of steerage at 2:30 P. M. on October twenty-eighth, 1910. At four o'clock my brother gave me a bath and a clean collar, and at six o'clock that night I was working as a coal-stove stoker at Horn and Hardart's."

Depression or no, Lindy's prospered. By the mid-1930's the restaurant was catering to celebrities far removed from Runyon's fictional types. Judge Samuel Rosenman frequently came in to have a

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cheesecake sent to F.D.R. at the White House, and Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau also favored the restaurant. Of course, they didn't know they were consorting with such Broadway characters as Colonel Gimp.

Colonel Gimp, or The Gimp, was Moe Snyder. He was a Chicago hard guy, husband and manager of the great singer, Ruth Etting. The time came when Miss Etting tired of his dominance. During the ensuing difficulties, The Gimp shot Miss Etting's accompanist, Merl Alderman, who recovered from the pistol wound and later married her. The Gimp had been one of the most trying customers Lindy's ever had. He insisted on eating only female lobsters and would argue loud and long with any waiter over the sex of the lobster brought from the kitchen.

When The Gimp drew a year in prison for shooting Alderman, a veteran Lindy's waiter was disturbed. "That warden can't get The Gimp female lobsters every day, I'll bet," he said.

By the late 1930's Leo Lindemann realized that he had to enlarge his restaurant if he wanted to keep his clientele happy. He acquired the corner property next door and in 1939 opened the Lindy's that has existed since. The enlarged establishment testifies to Lindy's careful study of his business. The restaurant is shaped like a squared U. The dining floor is seventy by 100 feet, and the center of the U is a serving kitchen twenty-eight by fifty. The plan was Lindy's own.

"I will not have a table in this place more than twenty steps from the kitchen," Lindy told his architects. This is the secret of the astonishingly speedy Lindy's service, to an extent.

Lindy then put into practice his ideas of social segregation. The restaurant is divided into territories. One territory is "The Pressure Chamber." Located between the bar and the 51st Street windows, it is here that the comics and the gagwriters collect nightly. The row of booths along the left side of the restaurant is known as "Oshkosh," for some obscure reason. It is here that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, (she likes Lindy's squabs), Irving Berlin and other celebrated customers who may want privacy are seated. "The Damon Runyon Corner" is up front near the pastry corner—Runyon had a sweet tooth. Over it hangs a portrait of Runyon, an oil which has a trick permanent electric light on the cigarette of the late chronicler. "Hollywood and Vine" is a section, directly in front of the doors, where show-business celebs are seated. The sector behind the bar on the 51st Street side is known as "Dixie." It's too far "south" for any regular.

Any customer, celebrated or not, can sit in "Palm Springs" if he or she requests. This is the quiet end of the 51st Street side, with booths as far away as possible from the central section, which is known to many as "The Boiler Factory."

With "the big store" finished, Lindy suddenly became an art collector. The north wall of the restaurant is covered with scenes of sheep grazing, peacocks strutting, and other landscapes and portraits. Nobody really knows how much these paintings are worth. Naturally Lindy did not assemble his art treasures without the advice of an expert. His art connoisseur was one Ernest Rotchi. Rotchi came to work at the old restaurant the first month it was opened and is still in service at the big Lindy's today. He is a waiter.

With the repeal of Prohibition in 1933, New York's restaurant and night-club operators were properly delirious. Not so Leo Lindemann. Lindy distrusted liquor and he hated drunks. All Lindy's waiters and captains were instructed to inform the boss as soon as a customer had his third drink. With the third belt, the customer found a frowning Lindy standing nearby and watching for symptoms of drunkenness. The bar in Lindy's is ridiculously small for a restaurant of its size. Even today during rush hours it is used principally for people to lean against while they wait for tables in "Dixie."

As an institution Lindy's was now solidly established. It has always had, however, a problem foreign to most restaurants. Because of its size—it seats 344 persons, and some tables are "turned over" ten times a day—the place is essentially a restaurant catering to a mass trade. But since its beginnings it has lured celebrities and show-business characters. On a busy hour when a line queues up on the sidewalk in front of the door, headwaiters and captains peer through the windows to rescue celebrities and "regulars" from the long wait.

The show-business mob is, naturally, a late-hour crowd. These regulars are, of course, late risers. After some experimenting, a solution to their daytime feeding was hit upon. Lindy's now opens for lunch at noon. Breakfast for the show-biz regulars goes on the menu at two in the afternoon and is served until four.

An early Lindy enthusiast was J. Edgar Hoover, boss of the FBI. Hoover is an imaginative trencherman. With Lindy's help he devised a special sandwich for himself. It consists of raw meat and condiments and is a variation of tartare steak. It has been years since a Lindy's menu named a dish after a celebrity, but Hoover's culinary invention is still on the bill of fare as a "G-Man Sandwich."

In 1937, when he was nearing fifty, Lindy brought from Poland the Abend family, relatives of his wife. He sent sixteen-year-old Albert Abend to night school and later started him off as a bus boy with the intention of training his wife's nephew to take over the business ultimately. Albert Abend remembers his uncle as the kindest friend in the world, openhanded beyond belief in family matters, but one of the toughest bosses.

"He once threatened to fire me," Albert recalls, "because I hadn't detailed a waiter to clean up the dirty sidewalk outside. There was no use telling him the union wouldn't allow it. In his day a waiter did everything."

The young Abend lived through other small crises calculated to try an eager boy's faith in humanity. Once he called Lindy because Oscar Levant, then a radio star and always an off-beat wit, was leaving the restaurant with a handful of menus. Lindy, too, was curious. Levant had a simple answer. "I have nothing to read at home," he said, departing.

In Lindy's a customer takes his own check to the cashier and pays it himself. Once during a rush season when there had been a series of unpaid "walkouts," Lindy detailed Abend to watch for cheaters. Albert kept his eye on a young man who had picked up his check and, instead of going to the cashier, went to the men's room. Abend was standing outside the door when Lindy joined him. The young man came back into the restaurant, and Abend told his boss his suspicions. "Watch somebody else," Lindy instructed him. "That's Alfred G. Vanderbilt."

Leo Lindemann's first illness manifested itself in 1945. It was diagnosed as Parkinson's disease for which, in those days, there was no cure. Yet for the next twelve years he never missed appearing at the store at least once a day. As the disease progressed, he would stand in his restaurant, his eyes everywhere, his hands tightly clasped on his stomach to hide their helpless trembling.

Leo Lindemann died in 1957, outliving by a year his original partner, Joseph Kramer. Clara Lindemann followed her husband in 1958. A Broadway saga was ended. The restaurant was left to Albert Abend, who was also named executor of both estates. He sold it.

"I knew you two would like each other."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Lindy's was then bought from Abend by Jack Kramer, who runs it today. A small man of tremendous energy, Kramer is intent on keeping the Lindy tradition and atmosphere intact. A former accountant, he still holds conferences in the icebox office and he still has the counsel and advice of a score of old-time key personnel.

A co-manager on the night trick until recently was Billie Dee, who for years was in charge of the checkroom. Billie nursed along the theatrical ambitions of many a young entertainer who turned to checking hats and coats to make ends meet. Among her most celebrated graduates are Geraldine Page of stage and screen and Tom Bosley.

Kramer's day starts as the late Lindy's did—with "the beefs." A beef is any complaint by a customer of the day or night before. Every complaint, no matter how minor, must be recorded in writing. Further, the article of food which caused the complaint must be kept and delivered with the beef. A typical morning hour of "the beefs" can go like this:

Dave Bass, the kitchen manager, brings in a piece of smoked fish. A customer complained that it was too salty. Kramer and Bass taste the fish. They agree that there is no salt in it; it merely has the smoky taste it should have. Case dismissed. Next, a customer was annoyed when the waiter served coffee with some of it slopped into the saucer. A note is made to reprimand the waiter. A crank has been in and ordered a rare steak. It was served rare but sent back twice because it was not rare enough. Throwing away steak for a crank is expensive business. The waiter is to be told to see the floor manager if something like that happens again. The floor manager will serve the crank.

"A crank will always be satisfied," says Kramer, "if you send a boss to wait on him. He thinks he's getting special attention."

Next come the special requests which need top approval. A movie company making a film in Italy wants a dozen strawberry cheesecakes shipped once a week. Such a request is common. Travelers all over the world seem to get a frantic yen for one Lindy delicacy or another. "Once when Phil Spitalny, the bandleader, was in Russia we had to ship a jar of pickles to Moscow," Kramer recalls. "The air freight was ten dollars. The Russians confiscated the jar on the theory that it simply had to be something dangerous."

In the two years Jack Kramer has run Lindy's, he has attempted only one major renovation—and failed. Kramer was appalled by the small size of the twenty-eight-by-fifty-foot kitchen, the very heart and nerve center of the big restaurant. There are 264 employees involved directly or indirectly with this kitchen. And at any one time more than eighty waiters can be jamming in and out of it. It is a madhouse.

"I have called in specialists and architects," admits Kramer sadly. "Every one of them gives up inside a half hour and says he wouldn't know how to start to make it look and act like an ordinary kitchen."

The history of most famous restaurants is that they die with the personalities who created them. You find no sign of such a fate around Lindy's. If Kramer had any idea of selling it, he would set its purchase price at $1,500,000. One likes to think that the robust survival of the restaurant would please Lindy. Albert Abend remembers that Clara Lindemann told him Lindy's last words were, "How are receipts?" She told him they were fine. They still are. THE END

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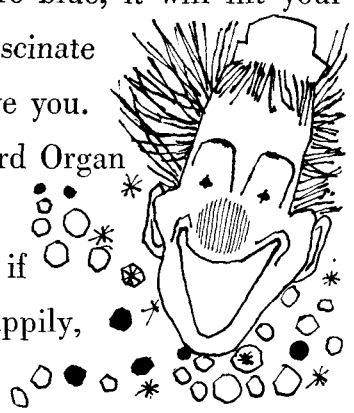

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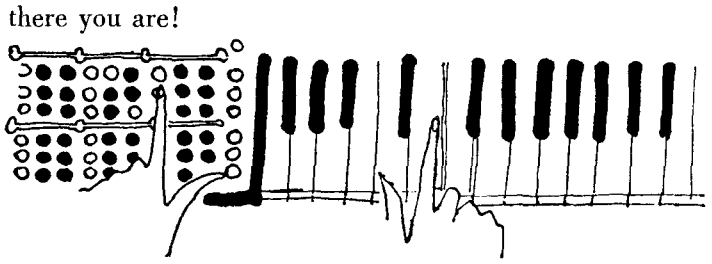

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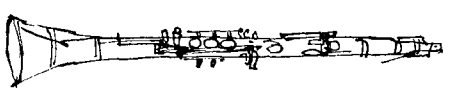

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What's Wrong With Our Income-Tax Laws?

(Continued from Page 25)

taxpayer with $7000 received from the sale of securities giving him a long-term capital gain would pay a tax of $155. A taxpayer whose $7000 came from interest on state or municipal securities would pay no tax at all.

Here then is an obvious inequity—a tax preference granted mainly to those in the higher brackets, for despite the fact that millions of small taxpayers now own a few shares of stock, it is mainly the higher-bracket taxpayer who has any appreciable income from dividends or capital gains. And it is almost exclusively the well to do who own tax-exempt state and local bonds.

There are economic reasons for this unequal treatment of equal income, and those who benefit from it can defend their special preference with cogent arguments. The fact that such escape hatches exist, however, reflects a conviction in Congress that the high-bracket rates are far too high, and that special concessions must be made to soften their impact. Even these concessions, though, do not restore fairness to the tax structure. They benefit the man who can spend his time manipulating his money to take advantage of them. They penalize the young doctor, lawyer or business executive who concentrates on his profession or his job and by his dedication, energy and talent pushes his income into upper brackets.

Actually the whole range of the tax structure, from the lowest bracket to the top, is riddled with inequities, concessions and special preferences. Whether he knows it or not, nearly every taxpayer, except the unmarried individual earning a wage or salary, has some sort of tax umbrella over his head. The tax laws favor the married man over the bachelor, the family with children over the childless couple, the householder over the renter, the elderly over the middle-aged or the young. Each concession is based on some social or economic consideration which to the Congress seems compelling, but each does violence to the principle of equity which says that equal income shall be taxed alike.

In addition to being fair, which the present system is not, a good tax law should promote economic growth and stability. Whether our present taxing system accomplishes this is a matter for sharp debate. Speakers before luncheon clubs receive clamorous applause when they charge that our present high tax rates stultify the economy by draining off all the spare cash that the taxpayer otherwise would save and invest. The country is being ruined, they argue. Incentive is being destroyed. Ground down by taxes, the mass of Americans is being pushed inexorably into a state of threadbare poverty.

Both the statistics and the testimony of one's own eyes refute this charge. Though the taxpayer may cry out in anguish every April fifteenth, the "bite" the Government puts on his total income is far less than he thinks it is. Though tax rates range from 20 to 91 per cent, the amount that finally ends up in the Treasury amounts to less than 11 per cent of total personal income. During the past twenty years we have paid the highest taxes in our history. At the same time we have made more, saved more, invested more and spent more on new houses, new cars, new clothes, new gadgets—and vacations in Europe—than ever before.

High taxes, therefore, have not crippled the economy. They have, instead, cushioned it from disastrous cyclic swings. In times of rising prosperity, when more and more people move into the next higher bracket, the progressive tax rate rapidly siphons off excess cash and thus helps to control inflation. In times of recession, with more and more taxpayers dropping into lower brackets, the percentage of income going into taxes falls sharply, and more dollars are available for the purchase of consumer goods, a stimulant to the economy. One of the virtues of our progressive tax system is this flexibility that brings an automatic reaction to economic change.

At the same time, the concessions built into the tax structure serve to warp and twist the economy out of the path it would be expected to follow if the tax laws were neutral in their application. The present taxing process reduces the mobility of both men and capital. The ambitious young executive in the upper tax brackets finds it almost impossible to accumulate the capital that would permit him to start his own business; he also hesitates to take the better-paying job that would greatly increase his tax liability. The man with dollars to invest does not necessarily seek out the struggling young company which needs additional capital to realize its bright prospects. He puts his money into an industry which enjoys some special tax preference. A thousand dollars invested in oil, coal, iron, timber, textiles or automobile manufacturing might hold out the promise of the same return before taxes. But the "keeping money" after taxes would be far different, for the extractive industries enjoy tax benefits that manufacturing does not share. The high rates stimulate certain forms of investment, rather than investment generally, and the economy as a whole suffers by this distortion.

A good tax system should also be simple. The tax laws as they now stand are so complicated that even the tax courts do not agree on what they mean, and 80,000 tax lawyers make a good living trying to interpret them to their clients. They are not always successful. Nor does the system operate with precision. Every year taxpayers pay or have withheld some $4,000,000,000 more than they owe, and thus are entitled to refunds. Internal Revenue audits show that other taxpayers, through carelessness, ignorance or chicanery, have paid in some $600,000,000 less than they owe, and are therefore subject to penalty.

From the above it may be argued that the world's fairest and most effective tax system is neither fair enough nor effective enough, and as more and more taxpayers clamor for, and are granted, special preferences, it is growing less equitable and less effective every year. From the 20-per-cent impost, which all but the poorest must bear, to the 91-per-cent bracket, which the wealthy seek to avoid by every legal means their lawyers can devise, the tax rates are too high. At the same time, the tax base on which these rates are applied is too narrow. The dilemma the tax reformers face is this: To lower the rates without broadening the base would starve the Government of its revenue. To broaden the base without lowering the rates would flood the Treasury with dollars—and bring the taxpayers of the country nearer to that state of shabby poverty which the luncheon-club orators so graphically foretell.

The problem, therefore, is to find a plan whereby many billions of dollars now untaxed can be brought into the tax pool, and there taxed at drastically lower rates which still will provide the Government with at least as much revenue as it now receives.

President Kennedy, in his tax message, has taken tentative steps in this direction, and the base-broadening and loophole-closing measures he has recommended have been under bitter debate on Capitol Hill since May. While this battle rages, his tax experts in the Treasury and in his Council of Economic Advisers are working on the even more drastic reforms he will propose for 1962 and thereafter.

Before discussing inequities which must be eliminated before rates can be lowered, it may be helpful to take a quick, panoramic look at the income tax as it has evolved through years of war and depression, and to define the word "income" as it is used today.

Since our revolutionary ancestors tossed King George's tea into Boston Harbor, Americans have looked with a moderate rancor on all tax measures. They have particularly resented government dipping its hand into their pockets to seize a share of their personal earnings, and they have sought to avoid such imposts by shifting the burden to other forms of taxes which seem less painful. The War of the Revolution and the War of 1812 were fought on funds raised by loans from foreign governments, and by customs duties, and by excise taxes levied on such luxuries as tobacco, alcohol and sugar. It was not until the Civil War that the country could bring itself to impose a minuscule Federal income tax, and this measure was wiped off the books as soon as the shooting ended.

An effort to revive it was made in 1894, but the Supreme Court immediately killed the law, and it was 1913 before Congress finally acquired the Constitutional taxing power it holds today. The provisions of that first law should make today's taxpayers weep. It provided for an exemption of $3000 for a single person, $4000 for a married couple, with an impost of 1 per cent on the first $20,000. Above that a surtax was imposed that rose to 6 per cent on incomes of $500,000 or more. With these high exemptions, only a handful were affected. Since then the tax has proliferated until today more than one third of the total population is caught in its toils, and personal income taxes provide more than half of the Government's $78,500,000,000 in budget receipts.

In paying this huge tax bill, which in 1960 amounted to $40,700,000,000, the anguished taxpayer naturally feels that all his resources are being taxed away, that no dollar of income has escaped the collector's clutches. The economist knows that this is not true. In 1959, for example, individual Americans had a total personal income of $383,300,000,000. They paid taxes on $167,900,000,000.

What happened to the rest of it—the $215,400,000,000 which bore no tax? How did it escape? And why?

NEXT WEEK

TEEN-AGE SWIMMING CHAMPION LYNN BURKE SAYS:

"NO MORE OLYMPICS FOR ME"

SECRETARY OF STATE DEAN RUSK

By Beverly Smith Jr.

VERMONT: LAST STAND OF THE YANKEES

By Hal Burton

AMERICAN CRUSADE IN JORDAN:

DOCTORS IN THE DESERT

By Allan M. McKelvie, M.D.
as told to Milton MacKaye

UNTOLD STORIES OF THE CIVIL WAR:

ONE WOMAN'S ORDEAL

By Lucy B. Cobb

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The answer is fairly simple. We not only use our tax laws as a source of revenue, but we temper them to serve certain social and economic ends which we believe to be worth-while. We begin by exempting all Social Security benefits. For humanitarian reasons we exempt unemployment compensation, relief payments, sick pay if it is less than $100 a week, compensation received for illness or accident, life insurance paid after death and the value of the housing allowance furnished to clergymen. For social reasons we exempt payments made to churches and charitable organizations, in the belief that the taxpayer should be encouraged to support such good causes.

Some income is exempted because it would be too hard to identify, evaluate and tax, such as the value of the food and fuel the farmer grows and consumes, and the value of the "imputed" rent that a householder who owns his own home allegedly receives.

Certain exemptions and special deductions are allowed because they are believed to serve national purposes which transcend the mere raising of revenue. The depletion allowance for oil and natural gas was written into the law because it was believed that a business so financially hazardous, and so important to the national defense, was worthy of special protection. The 25 per cent applied to capital gains was designed to keep investment money flowing into the economy. The exemption from taxes of interest received from state and municipal bonds has served to encourage local governments to build roads, schools and hospitals out of private money without direct Federal subsidy.

Most of the tax laws which Mr. Kennedy now seeks to change were designed to serve some useful purpose other than the raising of revenue. The exemption on income earned overseas was a measure to stimulate the flow of American economic know-how to undeveloped countries, thus serving our foreign policy. It was not contemplated that famous writers and movie stars should use it to avoid paying the tax by moving to such low-tax countries as Spain or Switzerland. The fifty-dollar dividend exclusion and the 4 per cent tax credit on dividend income had for their purpose the encouraging of investment by removing some of the double tax on dividends. For every $100 in corporation profits, for example, the Government takes fifty-two dollars in corporation income tax. The remaining forty-eight dollars, when distributed in dividends, is taxed at whatever rate applies to the individual who receives the dividends. The law permitting the deduction of entertainment costs recognized the fact that wining and dining a customer, within limits, could be considered a reasonable business expense.

Thus there was at least some logic behind most tax concessions when they first were written into the law. Others were recognized as conveying special privileges, but, in the economic situation existing at the time the law was written, these privileges seemed to be so trivial as to be of no concern. They became important loopholes, shelters or tax havens only as the economy grew, or as the laws themselves were modified. Ever since the high-bracket rates went into effect during World War II, Congress, when a special privilege threatened the equity of the tax structure, has chosen to cure the situation not by closing the escape hatch to all, but by opening it wider so that more and more taxpayers could slip through. The result has been a continuous erosion of the tax base.

The capital-gains tax, the most complicated of the special tax concessions, was originally conceived as applying to profits made on the sale of property such as stocks or real estate. The law has since been amended to bring under the capital-gains umbrella such diverse activities as the sale of timber, royalties on inventions, livestock held for breeding, draft or dairy purposes, the sale of land with unharvested crops, royalty payments for the production of coal, and lump-sum payments from retirement plans. An asset held until death and passed on to a beneficiary pays no capital-gains tax at all, though the recipient may sell it the next day at its full market value. If it is given away to an approved charity, it is fully deductible. With so many loopholes opening up, the greatest intellectual effort being expended in the United States today, outside the halls of science, is the search for ways to convert ordinary income into capital gains.

Economists, who usually are not high-salaried men, take a somewhat bilious look at the capital-gains tax as applied to some lump-sum retirement payments and to stock-option plans. Under these devices, high-priced executives may convert what otherwise would be ordinary income, subject to a high tax rate, into a capital gain taxed at 25 per cent. Some forms of lump-sum retirement payments are merely an accumulation of salary which the executive chooses not to receive until his working days are over. The stock-option plan is an equally happy arrangement. Under it, corporation employees, usually in the upper executive echelons, are given options to buy large blocks of stock at below the market price. No risk is involved, for if the stock should fall in value before the option is exercised, the company will amiably issue new options at a lower price.

One example of the operation of the stock-option plan which the economists are fond of citing is that of a large automobile company. In 1953 it granted its chairman the right to buy 6000 shares of stock at $315 a share. By the end of 1959 these shares were worth $6,300,000 more than they cost, and if sold the executive would have had a profit, after capital-gains taxes, which would have averaged out at more than $670,000 a year. To have had that much left after paying ordinary income taxes he would have had to have had a salary of $5,000,000 a year. Stockholders are very sensitive about high executive salaries. They are less concerned with stock-option deals, even though such operations dilute their own interest.

Aside from being born rich, or marrying money, the easiest way to acquire great wealth under the present tax laws is to finance a successful search for oil—an enterprise in which many professional men, such as doctors and lawyers, invest their spare cash, even though they may have no more knowledge of oil geology than a baboon. For a man in the very high brackets there is strong inducement to take a flyer in oil even though the risks are great. If, for example, a man in the 90-per-cent bracket should invest $100,000 in oil exploration and his company drills a dry hole, his entire loss is deductible from his gross income. The Government loses the $90,000 that he otherwise would have paid in income tax. He loses $10,000.

If he hits oil, he is in clover. He is allowed to deduct all the "intangible expenses" connected with drilling the producing well, and these expenses, which include such things as geological studies, labor, and so on, usually come to more than half the cost. In addition he can keep a "depletion allowance" free of tax, of 27.5 per cent of the income received from the sale of oil, provided this allowance does not exceed 50 per cent of net income.

Everybody agrees that some sort of depletion allowance should be allowed on minerals which were put in the earth when the world began, and which are not being renewed. Nobody knows, though, whether the rate of 27.5 per cent of gross income, or some other rate, accurately reflects the depletion of an oil or gas well. The rate has no particular sanctity about it. It was set years ago, in a squabble between the House and Senate, in which one wanted a 25-per-cent depletion rate and the other held out for 30 per cent. Its beneficiaries, however, consider it as immutable as the law of gravity, and any suggestion that it should be modified is viewed as an attack on the very foundations of our democracy.

Many economists and tax lawyers, and a number of lawmakers, think the depletion allowance is too generous and would like to see it changed. President Truman, in fact, once said that he "knew of no loophole in the tax laws as inequitable as the excessive depletion exemption" enjoyed by the oil and mining interests, and Prof. Horace Groves of the University of Illinois testified before the House Ways and Means Committee that "the depletion allowance is fraught with so much evil and is so devoid of merit that it should be discontinued as an instrument of public policy."

The original depletion laws were designed to protect the small independent operator, who might become bankrupt after striking a few dry holes if the tax system did not compensate him for his losses. In practice it has largely benefited the big company, which presumably is less in need of its protection. Data compiled by the Internal Revenue Service in 1958 shows that 71 per cent of the $3,100,000,000 in depletion allowances claimed that year went to companies with more than $100,000,000 in assets.

Once the oil-and-gas depletion allowance had become embedded in the law it was only natural that other extractive industries should set up a clamor to be allowed to find shelter in the same snug tax haven. Congress graciously obliged, and now all minerals from asbestos to zinc—including clam and oyster shells—enjoy some sort of depletion allowance. The only exceptions are dirt, turf, moss and minerals extracted from the air, the sea or other inexhaustible sources.

The Congress's generosity in this aspect once led a disgruntled legislator to introduce a bill granting a depletion allowance on human resources—a deduction of 1 per cent per year for those over forty-five. It didn't get anywhere.

One of the most controversial of the so-called tax shelters is the law which exempts from income taxes interest received from state and local bonds. This haven is inhabited almost exclusively by the top-bracket taxpayer, and the higher the income, the greater the benefits received. This, the economists argue, naturally discourages venturesome investments by those who could best afford to take risks, and the growth of the economy is inhibited thereby.

The original purpose of the law was to aid state and local governments by keeping interest rates low, and for a while it worked very well. In recent years, however, state and municipal borrowing has increased to such a degree that interest rates have been forced upward in an effort to flush out more funds. Thus the benefit of what is in effect a Federal subsidy now falls more upon the lender than the borrower, and the revenue lost to the Federal Government is two or three times as great as the reduction in the state and local borrowing costs. There are plans afoot to recapture some of this loss by instituting a tax credit, possibly of 50 per cent, for the present total exemption. This change, it is believed, would not greatly increase interest costs, and state and local securities would still be attractive to those in the higher-income brackets. Congress, however, will probably take a dour view of any plan to change this particular law, for they know that it will bring down upon their heads the wrath of every governor, mayor and school-district supervisor in the country.

The greatest clamor of complaint, however, would rise from any efforts to change the tax laws from which most taxpayers benefit—and which cost the Government the greatest loss in revenue. This

"Could you wrap it so it will look like I'm carrying a ham?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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is the income-splitting provision which allows a married couple to file a joint return. A brief example illustrates the value—to the taxpayer—of this provision. Assuming that the family had a taxable income of $14,000, all of it earned by the husband: If he should pay taxes on this as separate income, the tax on the husband would be $4260, the tax on the wife, nothing. If they file a joint return, each is assumed to have an income of $7000. The tax on $7000 is $1660, or a total of $3320.

Here again lies an inequity, for the tax advantage increases as the income increases. A couple with $4000 of taxable income saves forty dollars. The couple with an income of $400,000 saves $25,180. The man with 100 times the amount of taxable income saves 600 times as much in tax. A family with less than $2000 of taxable income gets no benefit at all from this provision.

A device called "family income splitting" provides even juicier benefits. A man operating a business may make all the members of his family equal partners in the business. The business income is then divided among the members of the family. It works like this: A man with a wife and two children with a profit for his business of $50,000 a year would pay $18,294 in taxes if he filed a simple joint return. By making his wife and two children partners in the business, he would cut the total tax by about one third. Here, too, the higher incomes get the greater benefit. On a $5000 taxable income, under the family income-splitting plan, the tax saving would be twenty dollars. On a taxable income of $320,000, the tax saving would be $40,760. Thus the taxpayer with $320,000 in taxable income saves 2000 times as much on taxes as the man with $5000 taxable income, though his taxable income is only sixty-four times as great.

Even the woman who has everything usually needs something more—an extra closet to put it in.

ROBERT F. SANDERS

Last April President Kennedy, as he offered business corporation-tax inducements to expand and modernize, sought to balance off the revenue this plan would cost the Government by certain measures designed to improve collections, eliminate loopholes and broaden the base. These included reductions on expense-account spending, elimination of tax privileges to Americans living or doing business in "developed" countries abroad, elimination of the fifty-dollar deduction and the 4 per cent tax credit on dividends, and a withholding tax on interest and dividends, to aid those with faulty memories who each year forget to report some $3,000,000,000 in such funds.

These were merely first steps toward the broad reforms which Mr. Kennedy and his treasury tax expert, Stanley Surrey, the chairman of his Council of Economic Advisers, Walter Heller and Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon have in mind. Still to come are the really tough ones—the fight on the abuses of the capital-gains law, the reappraisal of the depletion allowances, a new look at the tax exemption of local and municipal bonds, and a reconsideration of the exemption on Social Security benefits, if this can be removed without affecting those in the lower brackets. Taken in the aggregate, the escape clauses and the special privileges which Mr. Kennedy has sought to eliminate already, or which he will attack in his tax message next January, narrow the tax base by nearly $30,000,000,000—and cost the Government nearly $12,000,000,000 in taxes.

If this income could be brought into the tax pool, it would make possible a drastic lowering of tax rates across the board, provided Government spending does not rise. It would also bring the income tax nearer to what it was meant by law to be, a tax on all "incomes, from whatever sources derived." The battle to eradicate whatever inequities exist will be long and bitter, for, in the words of Walter Heller, "one man's loophole is another man's divine right," and the beneficiaries of those rights will fight to save them. But reforms are imperative if the one basic strength of any tax system is to be retained—the taxpayer's faith that the over-all tax burden is fairly distributed.

In its study, *Growth and Taxes*, the 200 businessmen and educators of the Committee for Economic Development summed up the problem in a paragraph:

"Probably no aspect of public policy is more clearly exposed to the conflicting interests of different citizens than taxation. Yet there are common interests which, if fully appreciated, would be seen to be more important to each of us than the interests which divide us. There are interests in the adequacy of the revenue, in a fair and equitable sharing of the necessary burden, and now, especially, in rapid economic growth. By keeping our eyes on these goals we should find a way, step by step, toward tax reforms from which all will gain."

Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Welfare (Continued from Page 19)

If, as most people seem to assume, the normal is merely the average, if the good life is whatever the majority thinks or has been persuaded to think it is, if what men should do is whatever they do do, then it must follow that the desirable is whatever is most widely desired, and that democracy means that what the majority admires is necessarily to be called excellent. Mr. Thompson himself may prefer what he calls "the creative use of leisure" to TV sets and football pools, but he is too broad-minded—as we now call it—to suppose that such a preference is anything more than just another one of those tastes about which there is no disputing.

Laissez faire is generally supposed to describe the social theory diametrically opposed to that of the welfare state, but here one sort of *laissez faire* is exchanged for another. Though the economy is to be planned, society is to be allowed to drift intellectually and culturally with whatever economic, technological or other currents may vary in this direction or that.

Under democracy of the older sort the most fundamental right of the citizen was assumed to be the pursuit of happiness. The welfare state substitutes welfare—usually defined in material terms—for happiness. But by way of compensation it assures the citizen that his right is not merely to pursue happiness but to attain welfare; and under this arrangement we lose something as well as, perhaps, gain something. Though we may pursue whatever kind of happiness seems to us most worth pursuing, the welfare which is going to be assured us must be mass-produced, whether it is defined, under a dictatorship, as what the dictator thinks we ought to have, or, as in our society, by what the majority wants or has been persuaded to want.

If I object that to define welfare as whatever most people seem to want tends to mean more things and fewer ideas and, in general, tends toward the vulgarest possible conception of what constitutes the good life, I will be told that the answer is education—that, given enough schools, and schools that are good enough, the community will want what is truly most desirable; and that, if properly educated, it will provide for itself and ultimately reach a truly acceptable definition of welfare.

But despite all the schooling which Americans get, many of them do not seem to be very effectively learning any ideals or cultivating any interests other than those which seem to prevail among the uneducated. High-school graduates and college graduates also very frequently prefer television and shinier automobiles to any of the more intellectual and less material forms of welfare.

This fact brings us again up against the unanswered question and it suggests that education is failing to help people to achieve an acceptable definition of welfare for the same reason that the ideal of welfare itself is failing—because, in other words, we are unable to give any definition of education except the same kind of definition we give of welfare.

If students do not want classical literature, philosophy or science, if they do want sports, courses in movie appreciation and in the accepted social conventions, then, just as the other things constitute welfare, so these things must constitute education. Once the school, like the church, tended to embody a protest, or at least a countervailing influence, against what the other forces in society tended to make of that society and of man himself. The church held that man undisciplined by religion was wicked. The school held that unless he was educated, he would be ignorant and crass. But both the church and the school seem now to have fallen in love with the world as it is. They talk more and more about adjustment—and by that to mean "adjustment to things as they are."

The church halfheartedly, the school with real enthusiasm, gives up the attempt to direct society and is content to follow it, like the political leader who watches where the mob is going, puts himself at the head of it and says, "Follow me." Educators so-called have said, "Don't teach literary English; teach acceptable English." If, as a New York commission recently has proposed, children are not interested in the classics, don't waste time trying to arouse their interests; give them something they are interested in—teach them how to drive automobiles, how lipstick is best applied or, and this is part of one actual course in a Midwestern institution of learning, how to order groceries over the telephone.

These are the things many of the students will be doing; this is what their lives will be made up of. And if the business of education is to prepare for life, then these are the things that they ought to be taught. But the statement so commonly made, that education should be a preparation for life, is meaningless unless the kind of life it is supposed to prepare for is specified. If education is properly defined as hardly more than what anthropologists call "acculturation," then it is worth taking account of the fact that most children get much more of their education in this sense from advertisements, moving pictures, television, popular songs and so on, than they do from school. Preparation for life as the schools are tending to define it is much better accomplished by those institutions outside the school system than by those within it.

It would, of course, be inaccurate as well as unfair to leave the impression that there is no protest against the ideals and practices of the schools as typified by the examples just given. During the past few years such protests have grown from a whisper to an outcry. Various organizations, notably the Council for Basic Education, have been formed to combat the prevailing tendencies. The latter especially has conducted a vigorous campaign of propaganda, buttressed by news bulletins, which report both outrageous examples of denatured education and reforms in the directions of which it approves.

Such protests have had their effect. In California, for instance, the recent report of a state-appointed commission puts itself squarely on record as finding the prevailing aims and methods of the school system to be in many instances radically undesirable. Even more important perhaps is the fact that many parents have expressed their dissatisfaction and called for reform. The National Education Association, a very powerful and well entrenched group, has bitterly resented most such criticisms, but if the tide has not actually turned, it looks as though it might be on the point of turning.

Nevertheless, it is not enough merely to ridicule current extravagances, to call for a return to the three R's and to insist that education does not consist in miscellaneous instruction in such varied specific subjects as safety rules for automobilists, the use of consumer credit and the current conventions governing "dating." Neither is it enough to say only that schools should be concerned primarily with the intellect and that those who talk about "educating the whole child" seem to forget that his head is part of him. Any rational theory must be based upon some conviction that the man of whom the child is the father ought to be in mind, in taste and in convictions something more than what he will be if he is allowed to follow only his simplest inclinations and whatever happens to be the current conventions of his group. In other words, what is necessary is a standard of values. Education is simply not changing people as much as it should.

Many critics of our society have said that we lack standards. This has been said so often by preachers and by the makers of commencement addresses that we have almost stopped asking what, if anything, it means to say that our society "lacks standards." But that we do lack standards for welfare and standards for education is obvious. Welfare turns into vulgar materialism because we have no standard by which to measure it. Education fails because it also refuses to face the responsibility of saying in what education consists. Both tend to become merely what people seem to want.

To any such complaint most sociologists, psychologists and educators will shrug and say, "Perhaps. But where can you find standards other than those which are set by

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society itself? Who is arrogant enough to set them up? Where can the authority for such standards be found?"

Most periods of human history have believed that they could be found somewhere outside mere custom. They have usually been sought in one or all of three places: (1) In the revealed will of God; (2) in the operation of right reason, supposedly capable of defining good and evil; (3) in something permanent in human nature itself.

If I say this to the modern relativist, he replies that none of these things will any longer do. (1) God no longer exists. (2) Though man is capable of thinking instrumentally—that is to say, capable of scheming to get what he wants—there is no such thing as pure reason capable of reaching an absolute; and whenever men have thought they were doing so, they were, in fact, only rationalizing their desires or the customs of their particular country. (3) What we call "human nature" is merely the result of the conditioning of the individual, either by the society in which he lives or by the peculiar experiences which have happened to be his. Since neither God nor pure reason exists, and since human nature is infinitely variable, it is evident that morals are merely mores, or custom; that right reason is merely a rationalization of the prejudices of the individual or his society; and that human nature is merely what social circumstances have made it.

If all these characteristic modern convictions—or lack of convictions—are sound, then we must agree that whatever most people want is welfare, and that whatever pupils think they would least dislike doing in school is education. It is then useless to ask whether society is going in the right direction or whether men today are leading a good life. Nothing is absolutely better than anything else; things are what they are and will be what they will be, and we cannot control or direct. We must follow where events may lead us.

Before accepting this counsel of despair once and for all, it would be worth while to ask again if it really is certain that all three of the conceivable bases upon which some standard might be founded really are merely illusory. Each of them might be taken up in turn. One might ask again does God exist; one might ask again is right reason a mere figment of the imagination? Does human nature exist?

I here raise only what is perhaps the least difficult of all these questions—the last one. Granted that man may be conditioned in various ways, is it nevertheless true that there are limits to the extent to which he can be conditioned? Is it true that human nature tends to return to some norm, that it is not limitlessly conditionable? And is it possible that to some extent one thing is better or higher or more valuable than another because human nature tends persistently to think that it is? Or, to put the question in its most general form, is there a good life which might be loosely defined as "that which is in accord with the most fundamental and persistent wants, desires and needs of human nature"?

If ours is the richest and most powerful civilization that has ever existed, but if it is also the most anxious and ill at ease, is that in part because human nature needs something more than the wealth and power it has acquired? Is it possibly because human nature needs to believe just what modern thought has forbidden it to believe—that is, that morals are more than mores and that value judgments are more than merely rationalized prejudices? Once you insist that human nature as such does not exist, all the relativisms of our time—cultural, moral and social—inevitably follow. So, almost in desperation, let us ask again, "How good is the evidence that there is no such thing as human nature, that it is nothing but what experience or culture has made it?"

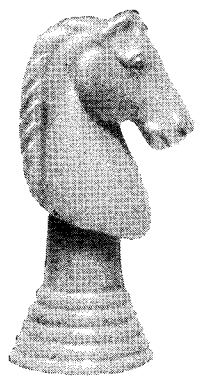
We must begin by remembering that the theory that human nature is nothing in itself is not actually new. In that enormously influential seventeenth-century book, *Leviathan* by Thomas Hobbes, the theory is already implicit. Hobbes attempts to account for all the phenomena of human life by assuming that there is nothing innate in man except the ability to receive stimuli, the ability to react to them and the desire to experience pleasure. There is, accordingly, nothing in the mind which has not been first in the senses. There are no such things as innate ideas or desires other than the simple desire to experience pleasure or to exercise power, which latter is said to be the same thing. Hence man becomes whatever experience makes him and, to use the phrase which became popular later, he is born with a blank slate upon which anything may be written.

We have enormously complicated this theory. We have drawn from it many deductions. But we have added little if anything essentially new. The whole of modern relativism seems to follow logically from Hobbes. If the human mind begins as a blank slate upon which anything may be written, then morals are only mores, our ideas of what is good or evil, just or unjust, beautiful or ugly, seemly or unseemly, are simply learned from the society in which we grow up. Nothing is eternally or inherently better than anything else—cultures vary from time to time and from place to place, but there is no external standard by which one may be judged as better than another. Incidentally, this complete abandonment of the right to judge we now commonly call "getting rid of our prejudices."

Contemporary anthropologists are fond of pointing out that what was considered right and desirable in one society was not so considered in another. Already by the end of the nineteenth century the historian Lecky could assert in his *History of European Morals* that there is no act which has not at one time or place been commanded as a duty and at another time or place forbidden as a sin—which is to say again that morals are only mores. Or, as a contemporary college textbook on psychology, written by a professor at the University of Southern California, puts it in a very short chapter on morals, "We call a man moral when he acts in accord with the laws and customs of his society"—by which definition, no doubt, a Nazi who took part in the persecution of the Jews would be a moral man, and one who did not would be an immoral one.

In a world which has so definitely rejected transcendental sanctions for either codes of morals or standards of value, the question whether human nature itself might supply them becomes enormously important. Is the usual negative answer really justifiable? Shall we one day swing again in a different direction and discover evidence now neglected that human nature is something in itself and does provide certain absolutes, valid at least within the human realm?

Have the anthropologists, for instance, been so preoccupied with the collection of materials to demonstrate the enormous differences between cultures that they have overlooked some things which are common to all? Have the experimental psychologists been so busy conditioning both men and animals that they have



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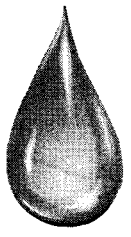

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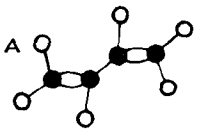

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paid little attention to the resistance to conditioning which both can put up?

One little breeze in psychological doctrine might seem to point in this direction. Some skeptical psychologists have begun to wonder whether instinct on the one hand and the conditioned reflex on the other really can account for all of the behavior of living organisms. Certain sufficiently obvious facts have recently been re-emphasized.

Consider three of them which seem ludicrously simple. (1) Birds know by instinct how to fly and do not have to be taught, though mother birds sometimes seem to be teaching them. This is an example of instinct. (2) Seals do not instinctively know how to swim, but they learn very easily how to swim when they are taught by their parents. (3) You would have a very hard time indeed teaching most songbirds to swim. In other words, there are not just two classes of animal behavior—that which is inborn and that which is learned. There is also a third and possibly an enormously important one—namely, that behavior which is not inborn, though the ability to learn it easily is.

Considering such facts, some have begun to wonder whether the same might be true not only of skills but throughout the whole psychic realm of beliefs, tastes, motives, desires and needs. The thesis of the moral relativist is—to take an extreme case—that since no one is born with an innate idea that dishonesty and treachery are evil, then the conviction that they are evil can be nothing but the result of social education, and the opposite could just as easily have been taught, since value judgments are merely the rationalized prejudices of a given culture. May it not be true on the contrary that certain ideas are much more easily learned than others, and that what the eighteenth century called natural law, natural taste and the rest, is real—consisting in those beliefs and tastes which are most readily learned and most productive of health and happiness?

Perhaps you can condition an individual or a society to think and behave unnaturally just as you might possibly teach a robin to swim, but men who have been conditioned to think or behave unnaturally are unhappy—as unhappy and as inefficient as swimming robins. Perhaps Hobbes was right to the extent that no ideas are innate; but if the capacity to entertain readily some ideas and not others is innate, then it comes down to much the same thing. As Alexander Pope wrote nearly two and a half centuries ago, "Nature affords at least a glimmering light; the lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right"—which is to say that the faint lines on the not quite blank slate constitute the reality behind the idea of a normal human being.

What Pope thought of as a metaphor may be an accurate biological statement. On the not quite blank slate the lines are touched too faintly to constitute an automatic instinct—they may even be destroyed by resolute conditioning and education—but they are rather like a latent image on a photographic plate, imperceptible until developed, though development will reveal only what already exists. If this is true, then there is such a thing as human nature. What we are born with is not a blank slate, but a film bearing already a latent image.

No doubt, as Pope himself said elsewhere, as experimental psychologists prove in the laboratory and as dictators as well as educators have too often demonstrated, the lines may be overlaid, and the unnatural may cease to seem a creature of hideous mien. But the conditioners have to work hard. Men, I suspect, believe much more readily in the reality of good and evil than they accept cultural relativism. Perhaps that means that belief in the reality of good and evil is according to nature and the modern tendency to dismiss them as mere prejudices of culture is fundamentally unnatural.

Such an assumption is at least one which no valid science forbids, and if we make even such a minimum assumption, we can be saved from the nihilism of the present-day social, cultural and moral relativism. We have again some point of reference now lacking in every inquiry which sets out to determine what kind of society or education or culture would be best for us. One thing is no longer as good as another provided only it can be shown or made to exist. We would no longer need to talk only about what can be done to men or what we might possibly be able to make them into, for we would be able to talk again about what men are in themselves.

We would have the beginning of a basis for a definition of welfare and a definition of education such as we now totally lack. We could say, for example, that welfare is not merely what people at a given moment believe they want, but that which experience has proved to be conducive to health and happiness.

We could say that education is not whatever a pupil thinks he wants in school, but that it is that which experience has shown will lead to a true understanding of his own nature, his own needs and his own wants. We could say the ideal of education is not conformity, not acculturation, but the full development of human nature's potentialities.

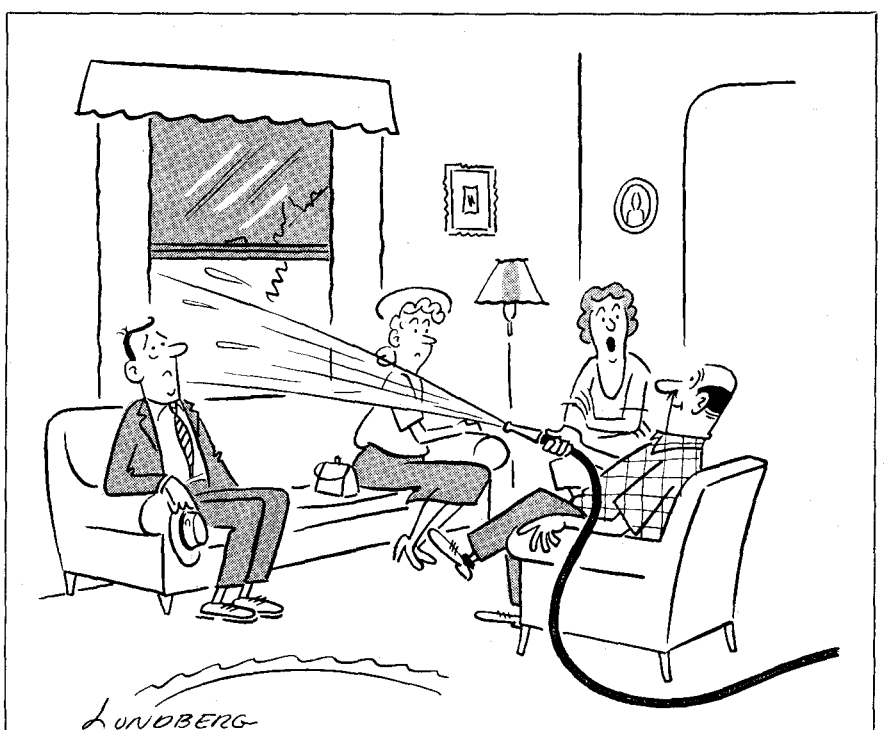
We could say that the normal is not the same as the average, but rather that the normal is normative—that is to say, that by which a thing is to be judged. And we could add that the normal human being is not the average human being, but the thing to which human nature aspires.

To attempt to determine what is part of permanent human nature is to undertake no easy task. To distinguish between what is truly natural and what is merely conditioned is extremely difficult. But to conclude that the question is actually a meaningful one is already to have concluded something vastly important. We talk much today about the extent to which we can control nature and our destiny, of how we have taken the future of the human race into our hands. But control implies some idea of the direction in which you want to go. We have the power, perhaps, but what good is the power unless we know what we want to do with it? "Give me a fulcrum for my lever, and I will move the world," said Archimedes. But a fulcrum for a lever is exactly what we lack. It implies a point of support which is necessary if you are going to move the world. We are trying to lever society without having any fulcrum on which to rest the lever and, in the absence of any other, we might possibly find it in some understanding of fundamental human nature.

However much there may be still to learn about human nature, certain of its characteristics seem to me obvious enough to suggest some of the ways in which our society has been going wrong.

The first of these permanent characteristics seems to me to be that man is inveterately a maker of value judgments. His idea of what constitutes right and wrong conduct, of what is just or unjust, has been—perhaps will continue to be—extremely diverse. But he has nearly always believed that good and evil, justice and injustice, are realities which it is of the first importance to define and to cherish, while moral and cultural relativism—the idea that morals are nothing but mores and that one society is not absolutely better than another—is so profoundly unnatural a conviction that it has seldom been entertained for long and is destructive of human welfare when it is.

Closely related to the value judgment is the idea of justice. Men have varied enormously, irreconcilably, over the question of what constitutes justice. But they have nearly always believed that there is some such thing and that they should adhere to it. Part of that feeling is, I believe, the conviction that acts should have consequences, and that the way you are treated should be in some degree affected by the way in which you behave. A spoiled child, one who never pays any penalty for his follies or misdeeds, one who is given what some of the modern educators call "uncritical love," is usually an unhappy child because something fundamental in his human nature tells him that acts should have consequences and makes him profoundly uneasy in a world where they do not.



"Wayne, couldn't you let that yard work go while the Thompsons are here?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Similarly I believe that a society is unhappy if it holds—as so many sociologists now profess to hold—that no man should be held responsible for his imprudences or his crimes. He may be glad to escape those consequences, but he is finding himself in a world without justice, in a world where the way in which you act has no effect upon the way in which you are treated. And I believe that, like the spoiled child, he is profoundly uneasy in that unnatural situation.

I believe that it is also in accord with fundamental human nature to want some goods other than the material, that a society which defines the good life as merely a high standard of living and then defines the high standard of living in terms of material things alone is one which, in that respect, is denying expression to a fundamental characteristic of man. Few societies, whether primitive or not, have ever accepted the belief that welfare thus narrowly defined is the one and only supreme good. Men have sought all sorts of other things—they have sought God, they have sought beauty, they have sought truth or they have sought glory, militarily or otherwise. They have sought adventure; they have even—so anthropologists tell us—sometimes believed that a large collection of dried human heads was the thing in all the world most worth having. But seldom if ever, so it seems to me, have they confessedly sought only what is now called "welfare."

This is a mere beginning. You may dispute, if you like, even the few general statements I have made about permanent human nature. But if you admit that some things are and some things are not in accord with human nature, then you have grasped an instrument capable of doing something which few men today seem able to do, namely, attempt a rational criticism of things as they are.

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Krutch, Joseph Wood
The Measure of Man
Grosset
$.95

Krutch, Joseph Wood
The Great Chain of Life
Houghton Mifflin Co.
$4.00

Hobbes, Thomas
Leviathan 1
(New Ed.)
Regnery
$.85

Lecky, William E. H.
History of European Morals
Braziller
$5.00

Benedict, Ruth
Patterns of Culture
New American Library of World Literature, Inc.
$.50

Berrill, N. J.
Man's Emerging Mind
Fawcett
$.50

Strauss, Leo
Natural Right and History
University of Chicago Press
$5.00

Bridgman, P. W.
The Way Things Are
Harvard University Press
$5.75

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The Case of the Bigamous Spouse

(Continued from Page 17)

"A year or so ago something happened my life," Gwynn Elston said. "The , was jerked out from under me. I was left emotionally stranded and financially broke. Nell insisted that I come to visit them for a few weeks until things straightened out.

"Nell is full of ideas and initiative, and it was through her that I answered an ad and became a saleswoman for this book company, and I've been there ever since."

"How do you and Nell's husband get along?" Mason asked.

"That's the point, Mr. Mason. Of course, at first he tolerated me, and then he began looking me over with a roving eye. You understand, in the intimacy of a household that way, there were lots of opportunities for him to see me—well, when I wasn't fully dressed."

"Did you help create those opportunities?" Mason asked.

"Lord, no!" she said with feeling. "I detest the man."

"But you're leading up to something in your relationship?"

"Yes. He made passes."

'So you wanted to leave?"

"Yes."

"And what happened?"

"Nell laughed at me. She said that she knew he'd make passes; that all men make passes at good-looking women; that she trusted me to be her friend and see that the No Trespassing signs were put up in the proper places."

"And you did that?"

"I did that, perhaps too abruptly, and Felting Grimes had his little ego hurt and started sulking. Then he started a series of little, petty persecutions designed to get rid of me."

"And now I take it," Mason said, "he's about to become successful and ——"

"No, no, Mr. Mason! You couldn't ever guess this in a hundred years."

"Well," Mason said, "I haven't got a hundred years, and I have another appointment in thirty minutes, so you'd better tell me."

She said, "Felting Grimes is away from me a lot. He is some kind of a business harpshooter. Nell has always been rather indefinite about what he does, and I think that's because he has never really told her. Anyhow, he travels a lot and makes investments and always seems to have plenty of money but, as long as I've known them, I've never been able to find out exactly what he does."

"You've asked him?"

"No, I've asked Nell."

"And what does Nell say?"

"Nell laughs and says she doesn't want to be bothered with business details, that when Felt comes home all he wants is feminine companionship, apple pie with lots of sugar and cinnamon and a chance to be free of business worries."

"Your friend, Nell, sounds like quite a character," Mason said.

"She is. Now I think I've given you enough of a background so you can understand what I'm going to tell you. Yesterday the list of prospects that was sent to me included Frankline Gillett. . . . Do you know where the George Belding Baxter estate is, out near Vista del Mesa?"

"Generally," Mason said.

"Well, this is about a quarter of a mile on beyond the Baxter estate. It's a new subdivision suburb."

"And you went to call on Frankline Gillett?" Mason asked.

"On Mrs. Gillett. We always try to work our schedule so that we have our first contact with the woman of the house, and quite frequently we never see the man at all. Generally the woman prefers to put the proposition up to her husband and then give us the answer the next day. In that way we never meet the husband."

"And the woman doesn't bring any new competition into the picture?" Mason asked.

Gwynn Elston laughed self-consciously. "Something like that," she said. "In fact, we're given instructions to dress a lot more demurely when we keep an evening appointment with the prospect when the husband is there. Heavens, Mr. Mason, I'm really letting my hair down with you, and I know how busy you are! You want me to come to the point and—well, here it is in a nutshell: Frankline Gillett is really Felting Grimes."

Mason raised his eyebrows. "Just how do you know?"

"Well," she said, "to begin with, when I called on Mrs. Gillett, and right in the middle of my talk with her, the door opened and her son came running into the room."

"How old?" Mason asked.

"Seven."

"Go ahead," Mason said.

"That boy," she said, "was the absolute image of Felting Grimes. I was never so shocked in my life."

"Many times," Mason said, "startling resemblances are coincidental."

Gwynn nodded and said, "I understand that, Mr. Mason. Believe me, I wouldn't be bothering you if I weren't—well, if I weren't certain and if it weren't for the fact that these other complications have taken place."

"All right," Mason said, "go on. Let's hear the rest of it."

"I made quite a bit over Frankline Junior, and asked him questions. I asked him about his daddy and asked him whether his daddy had been a soldier. You see, Felt—that is, Felting Grimes—had been in the Air Force and had served in China. Sure enough, young Frankie Gillett told me his dad had been in the Air Force and had served in China. I asked him if he had a picture of his daddy, and he went and got a picture. It was a picture of Felting Grimes, all right, taken in China. Then I guess I wasn't very tactful. I asked too many questions about his father, and Mrs. Gillett told Frankie to run along and play."

"And did you say anything to her that would let her know you had recognized the picture?" Mason asked.

"Goodness no! I went right ahead and concentrated on my sales pitch and did a good job of it. She asked me to come back this evening at 8:30. There were some Chinese characters shown on the hangar in the picture of his father that Frankie brought me, and I memorized the four biggest characters and then, later on, made a sketch of them. Here they are.

"Now, Felting Grimes was in the Air Force in China and, if you can have those Chinese characters translated, we can identify the air base, and that will give me enough proof so I can face Nell—if I have to."

"When was it you had the interview with Mrs. Gillett?" Mason asked.

"Yesterday—yesterday afternoon."

"And she wanted you to come back this evening because her husband was going to be home?"

"I don't know, Mr. Mason. She just asked me if I could come back tomorrow night. That would be tonight."

"All right," Mason said. "Now what about the poison?"

She said, "I went back to the place I'm living last night, and right away I could tell that Felting Grimes was suspicious. He asked me where I'd been—all about my prospects—and then he started asking me about names."

"But you didn't have to tell him that you'd been calling on the Gilletts."

"That's just the point—I did, Mr. Mason. You see, sometimes the company mails in a list of prospects, but more often it telephones them. And when I'm not there, Nell answers the phone and writes down the list of prospects."

"And she wrote down the name of Frankline Gillett?"

... ...

Swing Song

By Jean T. Freeman

Not mine, never mine,
  This child I am
    swinging;
Not my breath, not my life,
  Not for my clinging.
So swing her high into the
    sky,
  Let her soar free . . .
And if the swing goes wide
    enough
  She may return to me.

Not mine, never mine,
  This hand I am holding;
Not my blood, not my
    bone,
  Not of my molding.
So let her run into the sun,
  Free her to pain . . .
And if the world is wide
    enough,
  She may come back
    again.

Not my skill, not my art
  Wrought this design . . .
But if my love is true
    enough,
  Perhaps her heart is
    mine.

... ...

Gwynn Elston nodded. "Not only wrote it down but left the list hanging around where Felt could see it, so that he knew, or could have known, that I'd been out to call on the Gilletts.

"So you can see the spot I was in. If I lied to him and told him I hadn't been out there, then he'd know I was suspicious, so the only thing for me to do was to act just as though the name Frankline Gillett was just the same as any other prospect to me."

"And you did that?"

She nodded.

"Then what?"

"Well, everything was all right, but last night when we were having a nightcap and he'd mixed me a drink of my regular gin and tonic, it tasted so terribly bitter that I made an excuse to go to my room, and while I was there I dumped it down the washbowl, rinsed out the glass, half-filled it with plain water and came back and drank it as though I were drinking the gin and tonic.

"Later on, when I went to bed, I kept thinking about it. I went to the washbowl, moistened my finger, ran it along the side of the washbowl and then put the finger to my mouth. It was just as bitter as could be. So I took this piece of tissue and cleaned the bowl out. I wanted to see if—well—if there was strychnine on it."

"And if it should turn out there is strychnine, then what?" Mason asked.

"Well, then I'd know that —— Well, good heavens, Mr. Mason, you can see for yourself! The man is desperate. He simply couldn't afford to have Nell find out about his double life, and he'd kill me in a minute in order to keep from being discovered. There's something terribly sinister about Felting Grimes. Nell loves him, or at least thinks she does. Anyhow, she's happy."

"Any children?" Mason asked.

"No children."

"Which one would have been wife Number One, and which one the bigamous spouse?" Mason asked.

"I don't know."

"But you know that young Frankline Gillett, or Frankie, as they call him, is seven years old and ——"

"And that doesn't mean a thing, Mr. Mason. I think that's one of the reasons Mrs. Gillett sent him out of the room when I got to asking questions. You know, she mentioned that she'd been in China. She could have been a civilian employee over there, and they could have had an affair and Frankie could have—you know—been illegitimate. And then afterward she could have persuaded Felting to marry her. I don't know, it's all too mixed up for me!"

"Well," Mason said, "under the circumstances we'd better get the thing straightened out. You had better not go back to your room until ——"

"Oh, but I have to, Mr. Mason. Otherwise, Nell would have seventeen fits. She'd be calling the police and —— No, that's all right. Felting Grimes left this morning on one of his business trips. He's not going to be back for a week. Nell and I have the house all to ourselves."

"Then tonight," Mason said, "Frankline Gillett may return from one of *his* business trips."

She nodded.

"You intend to go out there?" Mason asked.

"Mr. Mason, I have to. I have to go through with it. Don't you see, it's my only chance. If I can carry on just as though I didn't suspect a thing, then I'll get a sort of reprieve."

"You don't think you'll meet the husband tonight?"

"No. If he comes home and Mrs. Gillett tells him that I'm to call, he'll make some excuse to be out. He certainly isn't going to let me face him and recognize him—not unless he's prepared to kill me right there."

"He could hardly do that," Mason said.

"That's the way I feel about it, Mr. Mason. I don't think there's any chance that he'll be there. And if I'm a good-enough actress to carry the whole thing off as just another assignment, another prospect that didn't come through, I'll be in the clear."

"But you wouldn't want to let Nell go on living the way she is?"

"Heavens no! And I wouldn't want to be at her house too long after Felting Grimes comes back. Unless, of course, it's all my imagination about the strychnine."

"As soon as you're sure, you're going to tell Nell?"

"Yes, but I have to be absolutely, positively certain, Mr. Mason."

The lawyer nodded.

"Then," Gwynn Elston went on thoughtfully, "I've simply got to tell Nell, but heaven knows what she'll do.

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She's perfectly capable of keeping her mouth shut and continuing to live with him as his part-time wife. Mrs. Gillett is the one that would raise the roof."

"You think she would?"

"I feel sure she would. She's one of those thin-lipped, determined people who are nice and polite in a formal, cold sort of way. She isn't vital, like Nell is. Nell is broad-minded and easygoing."

"And Mrs. Gillett isn't that type at all?"

"Not at all," Gwynn said, shaking her head vehemently.

"All right," Mason said, "if you want to go out there tonight, go ahead, but remember this: Don't eat anything, don't drink anything while you're in that house.

"If the husband is home, and it should turn out to be Felting Grimes, don't make any scene, don't make any accusation, don't say anything that would cause Mrs. Gillett to know that she may be a bigamous wife. When she introduces you to her husband, don't let on that you've ever seen him before. However, here's one of my cards. You hand him that card and say, 'Do you know Perry Mason the lawyer? I was talking with him this morning, and he thinks he knows you. He said that it might be a good thing for you to get in touch with him.'"

"Do you think he'd do that?" she asked.

"He might, or he might not," Mason said, "but it would at least let him know that you'd told me everything and that nothing would be gained by trying to silence you."

"Oh, yes, I see. It all sounds so terribly theatrical and impossible when you tell about it in the security of a lawyer's office. I feel like pinching myself to see if it isn't a dream, and then I feel like a fool for bothering you with it."

"Not at all," Mason said. "You'd be surprised at how many unconventional stories have been told within the four walls of this office. You're sure that you want to go out there tonight?"

"Oh, yes, I have to, Mr. Mason. Otherwise Felting Grimes would know that I'd smelled a rat. No, I'm satisfied I'm perfectly safe now, at least until Felting Grimes gets back home. And I'm safe then if I can play my cards right tonight. However, it's not my safety I'm thinking of. I'm Nell's friend, and whatever Nell wants to do is up to her, but she has to know the facts. I just feel two-faced, living there with her and not telling her—holding out on her."

"You've been very close?"

"Heavens, yes. We roomed together, and we used to tell each other everything."

"All right," Mason told her. "Leave your address with Della Street and your telephone number, and you have my card. And in case you should want to call me this evening, here's the number of the Drake Detective Agency. That's a detective agency on the same floor of this building. Paul Drake does all my investigative work. They're open twenty-four hours a day. I'll leave word that, if you should call tonight, they're to relay the call through to me."

"You're very kind," she said. "About—a retainer."

Mason nodded toward the briefcase she was carrying. "How much money do you make out of this?" he asked.

"Pretty good money sometimes. I average six or seven hundred dollars a month. I'm paying off some old debts. Would a hundred dollars be all right as a retainer?"

"Make it five dollars," Mason said, grinning, "and give me a check for it. Then you'll be my client. We can talk about fees after we know what we have to talk about. Now, leave me that tissue. Here, put it in this envelope, seal the envelope, write your name on the outside of the envelope so we can keep it identified."

Della Street handed Gwynn Elston an envelope. Gwynn put the tissue in it, sealed the envelope, wrote her name on the outside.

"And again across the flap," Mason said.

Again Gwynn Elston wrote her name across the sealed flap, then looked up and said, "Goodness, Mr. Mason, you're making this just like evidence in a criminal case."

"It may be," Mason said.

She shook her head. "I wouldn't prosecute him, even if he did try to murder me. I just want—I want to find out what I'm up against."

"You're rather a courageous young woman," Mason said.

She opened her checkbook, made out a check for five dollars, handed it to Della Street, then got to her feet, carefully smoothed her skirt over the hips and smiled at the lawyer. "You have to be courageous in this business," she told him. "I'll keep you posted, Mr. Mason."

Della Street let her out the exit door of the office and turned to the lawyer.

Mason said, "Let's phone Paul Drake and alert him, Della, and we'll get John Downey, the toxicologist, to take a look at that tissue. Paul can send an operative to Downey's laboratory."

"Do you think Grimes would have done anything as crude as that?" Della Street asked.

"You can't tell," Mason said. "We're dealing with a man who represents an unknown quantity. We're going to have to find out a lot about that unknown quantity. And we're going to have to find it out fast."

"Do you want to have Paul Drake start some investigative work on Frankline Gillett?"

Mason shook his head. "That would be tipping our client's hand, Della. Paul would be pretty apt to leave a back trail. We're just going to keep hands off until after tonight. Somehow I have an idea that Gwynn Elston can take care of herself. I have an idea she's—well, she knows her way around."

"And," Della Street said, smiling, "you don't blame Felting Grimes for making passes."

"I'm like Nell," Mason grinned. "I'm broad-minded."

"I noticed the way you looked at her as she walked out," Della Street commented.

"You would," Mason told her. "Now get Paul Drake and see if we can get Downey to give us a quick report on a specific test for strychnine and be sure he doesn't use up all of the sample in making the test. We're going to have to keep some for evidence."

At 4:30 Della Street answered the telephone, saying, "Just a moment," arched her eyebrows in Mason's direction and said, "Doctor Downey on the phone."

Mason nodded, picked up his telephone and said, "Hello, John. This is Perry Mason. What did you find?"

"I received an envelope from Paul Drake," Doctor Downey said. "There was a crumpled piece of tissue on the inside. I cut off about a third of that tissue and subjected it to a test for strychnine."

"What did you find?" Mason asked.

"Strychnine."

"How much?"

"A little more than a trace. Hardly enough to measure, but definitely there was strychnine on the tissue."

"All right," Mason said, "preserve that tissue carefully. Preserve it in the original envelope. Put it in another sealed envelope, lock it in your safe and be prepared to testify if you have to."

"What's it all about?" Downey aske

"I don't know yet," Mason told hi "Just keep that evidence where it can't be contaminated and where you can identify it if you have to."

Mason hung up the telephone and said, "Well, Della, I guess that does it. We'll have to be on call tonight. Give Paul Drake a ring and ask him to come down."

A few moments later Drake's code knock sounded on the door of Mason's private office. Della Street let him in.

Drake appraised Della Street with appreciative eyes, said, "Hi, gorgeous," moved over to the client's chair, sprawled into his favorite position and grinned at Perry Mason. "Shoot."

Mason said, "I'm expecting an emergency call tonight, Paul, sometime after 8:30. A young woman by the name of Gwynn Elston."

"That was the name on the envelope my operative took down to Doctor Downey's office," Drake said.

Mason nodded. "For your information, Paul, that envelope contained a ti sue which had very definite traces strychnine."

"Uh-oh," Drake said, and then after a moment, "What sort of a looker, Perry?"

Della Street held out her hands at shoulder height, palms facing each other, and then proceeded to bring her hands down in a series of undulating curves.

"Darn it, *you* always get the class," Drake complained. "Some woman calls *me* up and wants me to do a shadowing job, or investigate something, and she's always some flat-chested biddy with delusions, hallucinations and frustrations or a sack of cement gone sour. The gals that you represent have upholstery, are easy on the eyes and ——"

"And you always get in on the act in the long run," Mason said, "so quit crabbing. Now, here's what I want you to do. I want you to be in your office from eight o'clock on. I want you to have your car filled with gas. I want you to have at least one man who is capable of handling anything that may come up; a good broad-shouldered, husky, two-fisted operative with experience, who can take charge of a situation in case we have to get rough."

"Where will you be?" Drake asked.

"At exactly 8:30 Della Street and I will be having dinner at the Hollywood Brown Derby," Mason said. "You can catch us there."

"Always the way," Drake said, grinning at Della Street. "I have to be in the office where I can answer the phone. In case I'm hungry, I can have hamburgers and coffee sent up. You and Perry will be sitting out at the Brown Derby, toying with one of the specialties of the house."

"The reason for this strategy," Mason said, "is that it puts Della and me a few miles nearer the scene of the projected activity. We may have to get out of there fast and get to the scene of the action. In the event that we do, we want to know that you're following up with reinforcements."

"All of this sounds mysterious," Drake said.

"It is," Mason said.

"You going to tell me any more?"

Mason shook his head. "I can't. Not right now, Paul."

"O.K.," Drake said resignedly, "I'll play it blind. But I have to meet this Gwynn Elston girl, Perry."

"You will," Mason promised him.

Drake effortlessly uncoiled himself from the chair, got to his feet, winked at Della Street and left the office.

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Three armed bandits robbed a small-town bank owned and headed by Glutz. Emptying the till, they used the teller as a human shield in backing toward the door. The teller broke loose. Glutz quickly fired a revolver at the retreating bandits. He missed them, but wounded the teller in the leg. The teller later sued him.

"I was only a few feet from the bandits when Glutz opened up with his shooting iron," the teller complained through counsel. "Obviously he was more concerned with saving his money than protecting my life, so he should pay me."

"I was simply trying to prevent the criminals from escaping," Glutz said stoutly. "A policeman who inadvertently shoots a bystander in attempting to halt a crime usually isn't penalized, and I shouldn't be either."

If you were the judge, would you agree with the teller or Glutz?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The teller won. The court ruled that Glutz should have held his fire until the teller was safely to one side.

Based upon a 1936 Oklahoma decision.

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"You don't think anything will happen before 8:30?" Della Street asked.

Mason shook his head. "That's when her appointment with Mrs. Gillett is, and Felting Grimes left this morning and on't be home."

Della Street said, "You have to hand it that girl for having plenty of nerve."

Mason nodded.

"And, somehow," Della Street said, "I have an idea that if the going got tough that girl could be rather dangerous herself."

"What do you mean?" Mason asked.

"Well, she wasn't born yesterday."

"How old is she?" Mason asked.

"Twenty-four or twenty-five, but she's heard lots of questions and knows the answers. I take it we work until 8:30."

"Until eight," Mason said. "Then we leave in plenty of time so we can be at the Brown Derby awaiting a call."

"Well," Della Street told him, "if you're going to work after we close up the office, we'd better get to work on that Colton brief."

Mason nodded, looked at his watch, said, "Let's close up the office now, have a half-hour coffee break, then go to work on the brief."

Mason and Della Street worked until 45. Then the lawyer pushed the voluminous file back into the jacket and slid it across the desk. Della Street wearily closed her shorthand notebook, glanced at her watch, said, "Ten minutes for nose powdering and getting our raincoats."

Promptly at five minutes to eight they closed up the office, walked down to the elevator and, as they came to Paul Drake's office, looked in at the lighted door. Mason said to Drake's switchboard operator, "Tell Paul we're on our way to the Brown Derby. We'll be there from 8:30 on."

Entering the Brown Derby at exactly 8:25, Mason said to the headwaiter, "Gus, I'm expecting some very important telephone calls. Can you arrange to rush them through to me?"

"I'll do better than that, Mr. Mason. I'll have a phone put right at your table and keep it there, and we'll alert you the minute the call comes in."

"That'll be fine, Gus. Thanks," Mason said.

He and Della Street sat at one of the enclosed tables near the wall. Mason had his back turned to the dining room. Della Street was where she could watch the people coming and going. They had one cocktail each and then a leisurely dinner.

It was 9:15 when Mason picked up the telephone and called Paul Drake. "Heard anything, Paul?" he asked, when he had the detective on the line.

"Not a thing," Drake said. "I'm sitting this one out."

"Well," Mason told him, "we'll be dawdling over liqueurs out here for another thirty minutes. Then we'll check with you again."

It was 9:40 when the waiter signaled Perry Mason to pick up his phone. The lawyer picked up the receiver, and a moment later Drake's voice was on the line. "Just heard from your girl friend, Perry."

Mason stiffened. "Any trouble?"

"She was blithe as a lark," Drake said. 'Wanted to chat with me for a little while. Wanted to know where you were, and I told her that you were waiting there and she could call the Derby and get connected with you direct. Then she hung on for a few minutes, talking about this and that and these and those. Boy, does that girl have a seductive voice!"

"Hope you didn't try to date her for later on in the evening," Mason said.

"I'm not *that* crude," Drake told him. "This is a business proposition."

"All right," Mason said, "hang up now. She's probably trying to call me."

"You call me back and let me know if I have to wait."

"O.K.," Mason said, "but probably it's all right."

Mason dropped the phone back into its cradle and within less than a minute received another signal from the waiter.

The lawyer picked up the phone, said, "Yes?" and heard Gwynn Elston's voice. "Is this Mr. Perry Mason, the lawyer?"

"That's right."

"This is Gwynn, Mr. Mason."

"Oh, yes; where are you?"

"I'm out at a crossroads service station between Burbank and Chatsworth. There's a little settlement here, Vista del Mesa. I can give you the number if you want."

"Never mind right now," Mason said. "I want to know how you came out."

"Everything's fine," she said, triumphantly. "I carried it off perfectly. No one suspects a thing."

"Her husband wasn't there?"

"No, of course not, but she said he'd been delayed and couldn't be there, although she would have liked to have me talk with him; but they had decided they couldn't afford it right at this time. They had some other expenses and didn't want to incur any more. I told her I was terribly sorry, and I didn't try to do any more prying, and she wasn't the least bit suspicious. I'm satisfied I carried it off all right. I was there nearly an hour, going through the motions of selling her on the idea in case they decided they could afford it later on. That's standard procedure. She was *very* nice to me."

"She wasn't suspicious?"

"Not a bit."

"All right," Mason told her. "You're satisfied everything's all right now? You're going back to your room?"

"That's right."

"I have news for you," Mason said. "That sample of tissue that you left gave a positive reaction."

She hesitated for several long seconds, then said slowly, "I was almost certain it would. Did you find out about the Chinese characters?"

"Not yet. Does that strychnine alter your plans?" Mason asked.

"It frightens me," she said. "I know now what a heel Felting Grimes is. Someone ought to kill him. It would be a good riddance."

"Don't talk that way," Mason said.

"I can't help it. I mean it. Look here, Mr. Perry Mason, I have a bone to pick with you."

"What is it?" Mason asked.

"Weren't you responsible for the officer who was waiting out by the gates of the Baxter estate?"

"I was not," Mason said. "Tell me about him."

"Oh, come off it!" she said. "You don't need to pretend with me. This man was from the Drake Detective Agency, and he was out there to protect me."

"Tell me about him," Mason said, glancing at Della Street and holding the receiver partially away from his ear so that Della, leaning forward and putting her cheek close to Mason's, could hear what was being said.

"Well," Gwynn said, "he's very good-looking and very, very nice. I could really go for him. He tried to pretend that he needed me, but he didn't fool me any. I knew he was out there to protect me. He pretended he'd been standing out in the rain, but his clothes weren't wet at all."

"Where was he—at the Gillett residence?"

"No. He was right at the gates of the Baxter estate. His car had a flat tire and the spare was flat. He wanted to get to a service station so he could have someone go out and fix the tire for him. He was really very nice about it."

"You stopped and talked with him?"

"He flagged me down. He used a flashlight and then showed me his badge and told me he was an officer and said he was in trouble and he wanted to ride with me as far as this little town of Vista del Mesa. That's where I'm phoning from now, you know."

"You gave him a ride?" Mason asked.

"That's right. He stopped off at this service station where I'm phoning. He's making arrangements with the attendant to go on out and pick up his car."

"And what are you going to do?" Mason asked.

"Unless I decide to let this good-looking detective talk me into a date, I'm going on home. I'm going to tell Nell that I have a headache and go to bed. If you can give me some time tomorrow morning, I'd like to come in and go over this whole business with you."

"All right," Mason said, "I'll see you tomorrow. You're all right now?"

"Oh, absolutely all right."

Mason said, "Now, let me tell you one thing, Gwynn. *Don't* go out tonight with anyone. When you get home, talk with Nell, then go to bed. If Felting Grimes should be there when you arrive or if he should show up later, *get out of that house at once*. Jump in your car, go to a motel somewhere and call the Drake Detective Agency just as soon as you get located. Do you have that straight?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Mason. I had made up my mind I'd do something like that in case it became necessary, but Felt won't be home."

"How do you know he won't?"

"Oh, I'm certain he won't. He left on one of his business trips."

"And just how long do those trips take?"

"Usually about a week, but you never can tell. He comes home unexpectedly sometimes."

"This," Mason told her, "may be one of the nights he comes home unexpectedly. You come in to my office in the morning."

"What time?"

Mason glanced at Della Street.

Della, frowningly trying to recall Mason's appointments for the next morning, etched the number 10:30 on the tablecloth with her forefinger.

"Would 10:30 be all right for you?" Mason asked.

"I'll be there, Mr. Mason."

"That's fine," Mason told her. "I'll be expecting you, and we'll discuss the case at that time."

The lawyer waited until she had hung up and he had a clear line. Then he called Paul Drake's office. "Paul," Mason said, when he had the detective on the line, "you didn't have one of your men out there trying to keep an eye on that client of mine, did you?"

"Out where?"

"Out by the George Belding Baxter estate near Vista del Mesa."

"Hell no. I followed instructions. I have a man sitting right here in the office all ready to go, all loaded for bear. That's all I've done. Why?"

"I guess it's just a coincidence," Mason said. "O.K., Paul. Call it off for the night, but leave word with your switchboard operator that if Gwynn Elston should call, I'm to be notified immediately. I think everything's all right, but let's just make sure."

"O.K. by me," Drake said, "and I'm to let this operative go now?"

"That's right. Tell him to go home," Mason said. "We're not going to need any strong-arm stuff."

The lawyer hung up the phone and turned to Della Street. "Well," he said, "we may as well call it a day. I guess our pigeon is safe for the night."

Della Street nodded, then said, "Somehow I have an idea your pigeon could put up quite a battle if she had to."

"Probably," Mason said, "but I guess she won't have to. Let's go."

TO BE CONTINUED

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The World's Liveliest Art Show

(Continued from Page 23)

from the Albert Memorial unexpectedly glows from a platform above the stage, very much as it appears at night in London.

The illusion from the audience side of the curtain is in sharp contrast to the complete lack of illusion and the organized confusion backstage. The spacious main stage is merely a traffic circle for a clutter of miniature stages on rollers. While one picture on rollers is being shown in front of the black backdrop, three or four are shaping up behind it.

Lagunans, young and old, made up as Madonnas, saints, lovers, dancers, gleaners—as the old masters painted them—scramble for footing on the roller stages, to await the long minute-to-ninety-seconds when they will hold the pose. As the front red curtain closes, one tableau is wheeled off, another on, by stage crews composed of the town's businessmen disguised in white overalls. Meantime, narration and music set the mood for the next tableau.

To save time, the make-up staff, composed largely of Laguna housewives who have to daub about 200 townspeople each evening to make them look like the brain children of the masters, paints only the side of the Lagunan that will be seen by the audience. The wardrobe people and the dressers worry likewise only about the exposed half of the character, often leaving the back or the front completely undraped. This makes for some startling views backstage. From the rear, Lot's wife in Rubens's famous *Flight From Sodom*, may be turning to a pillar of salt wearing pedal pushers beneath her robes. The south exposure of a Madonna going north may reveal a swimsuit showing through the open back of her robe. A marble *Discobolus*, the muscular Greek discus tosser, will be white with "goop"—creamy water paint that makes flesh look like marble—on his right and front exposure, with nothing but sun tan on his rear and left.

The nudes—or "sculps," as the festival staff prefers to call them, since most of the nudes depict famous works of sculpture, such as the *Greek Slave* by Powers or Canova's *Perseus With the Head of Medusa*—are among the more popular tableaux. Last summer, director John Callan presented ten of them, including the show's beautiful opening shocker, *The Clock*, by Étienne Falconet, in which three local lovelies, a young mother, a teacher and a secretary, posed in the natural except for the generous coating of silver goop, as three Graces holding a dial timepiece aloft.

People who haven't seen the living-art show find it hard to believe that enough local men and women and children could be induced to pose in their birth attire for the sculps, or as nudes in pictures such as *September Morn*. Callan says this is merely because outsiders don't appreciate the Lagunans' passion for art. Earlier directors used to hire professional models to pose for the nudes, but Callan chopped off this waste of money and called for volunteers.

People warned him that this would be the end of the nudes and sculps in the living-art show. But Callan, a former Philadelphia rapid-transit safety expert who migrated to Laguna in the early '30's, obviously knew his fellow Lagunatics. He has had more volunteers for the sculps than he could use. Twenty young women offered to peel and pose as the three Graces holding up *The Clock*. The only problem was to match them for size and shape with Falconet's Graces.

"After all, when you pour half a gallon of goop on a woman, she's better covered than in her bathing suit," observed Callan. "But when you pay them, they quit having fun."

Callan got into the living-art-show business the way most of the participants did. He was climbing into his automobile one day several years ago when a casting scout accosted him with, "I need you for Bartholomew in the *Last Supper*."

Callan protested that he had no dramatic talent, although he had once staged amateur theatricals at the University of Pennsylvania.

"We're not looking for talent," replied the scout. "We're looking for types. All you have to do is hold a pose for two minutes."

That's how Callan joined The Last Supper Club, a considerable fraternity in Laguna Beach, including colonels, judges, doctors, preachers, bus drivers and gardeners. Dr. Earl Ostrom, an optometrist, is a perennial John. The Rev. Henry Weims takes an impish delight in playing doubting Thomas. Writer George Dunham has portrayed Christ for several years. Col. Harry Aldrich, a retired Army officer, was a *Last Supper* man until Callan sliced him in two and used the upper half of the colonel for a bust of George Washington. Callan himself was soon shifted from the *Last Supper* to be the barber in Norman Rockwell's famous *Saturday Evening Post* cover, *The Barbershop Quartet*. The *Last Supper* and a Rockwell cover are musts in the show every year.

Illustrating the infinite pains taken to achieve realism in the living pictures, Callan and his pals used to sing *Sweet Adeline*, softly backstage until the red curtain was drawn, whereupon they stifled their voices but continued their song mentally for the next ninety seconds without moving their lips.

When the festival board learned about Callan's experience with college drama, they promoted him. He became director of one of the three separate shows then programed, each with its own cast, to go on stage every third night. This meant rounding up almost 600 people for the three casts. Since 1958 the festival has presented the same show every night, but with two complete casts, each playing three nights, then taking a breather.

This calls for about 450 people, half of whom are checked in at the stage door by casting director Lucile Gilbert, mother of three living-art performers and owner of a craftshop in Laguna. If Botticelli's Madonna's sitter doesn't show up and the Madonna herself doesn't check in by 7:30—one hour before the show goes on—Mrs. Gilbert begins sizing up the women in the make-up rooms and on the exhibition lot outside for a substitute. Occasionally, when hard-pressed for a pinch-hitting *Apollo Belvedere*, Mrs. Gilbert takes along a pair of strong young sceneshifters who lock arms with the reluctant Apollo she has chosen and jovially shanghai him into the dressing rooms. Thus the show goes on.

Some of the show's most enthusiastic old-timers were thus catapulted bodily into the discovery that "art can be fun," as narrator Russ Potter puts it. Potter himself, a former Hollywood radio announcer, was happily vacationing in Laguna thirteen years ago when a lady casting scout tapped him and asked, "What are you doing tonight? I need a Nubian warrior."

Before he could talk himself out of the role, Potter was in the male sculps' dressing room, his clothes on the hook, his body smeared with blackish grease. Then came his moment of glory as a fierce Nubian holding his spear aloft.

"They promised me a ticket to see the rest of the show," recalls Potter. "But I was still scraping off grease at midnight."

But the art bug had bitten Potter, who took a job researching the fact and fancy behind the chosen masterpieces. Potter then developed his witty, informative narrative about art and artists, which some critics consider a bit on the racy side. But it welded the tableaux into one show and "got art off Cloud Nine and down to earth," as Potter sees it. Now a Laguna-based travelogue lecturer, Potter has been having fun with art ever since.

The grease that Potter had to scrape off has been replaced over the years with a glycerin-base mixture that is water soluble. Miss Lucile Loftis, the ex-Wac and Red Cross nurse who heads make-up, brews up about a hundred gallons of goop per season. Talcum dusted on it turns people into marble statues. Bronze powder turns them into bronzes. Last year, in celebration of the festival's twenty fifth anniversary, Miss Loftis hit on a new wrinkle for the three Graces in *The Clock*. Over the glycerin goop base they were dusted with aluminum, which turned them into living silver replicas of the original statuary in the Louvre.

"It washed off fairly well," she said. "But one businessman had to get used to a secretary with an aluminum glow around her eyes."

The make-up for the characters in famous paintings is even more startling. Most of them look like Sioux warriors about to hunt for scalps, except that the weird daubs are all on one side of the warrior and the other side is *au naturel*. This war paint is particularly amazing on the women and children.

"We can't use portrait painters for this job," explained Miss Loftis. "They're too meticulous. So we've trained women who've never painted before." These are pretty hard to find in Laguna, where every other resident is "a Sunday painter"—an amateur as distinguished from the professionals.

The same sort of freewheeling imagination is needed for the costumes, which look from where the audience sits like rich robes of silk, satin or velvet. Backstage they look anything but rich. Some are old clothing from grandmother's day donated by the townspeople in response to an annual appeal. More of the costumes are made of sheets, old curtains or drapes, then sprayed lightly with a mist of paint to give them a sheen under the floodlights.

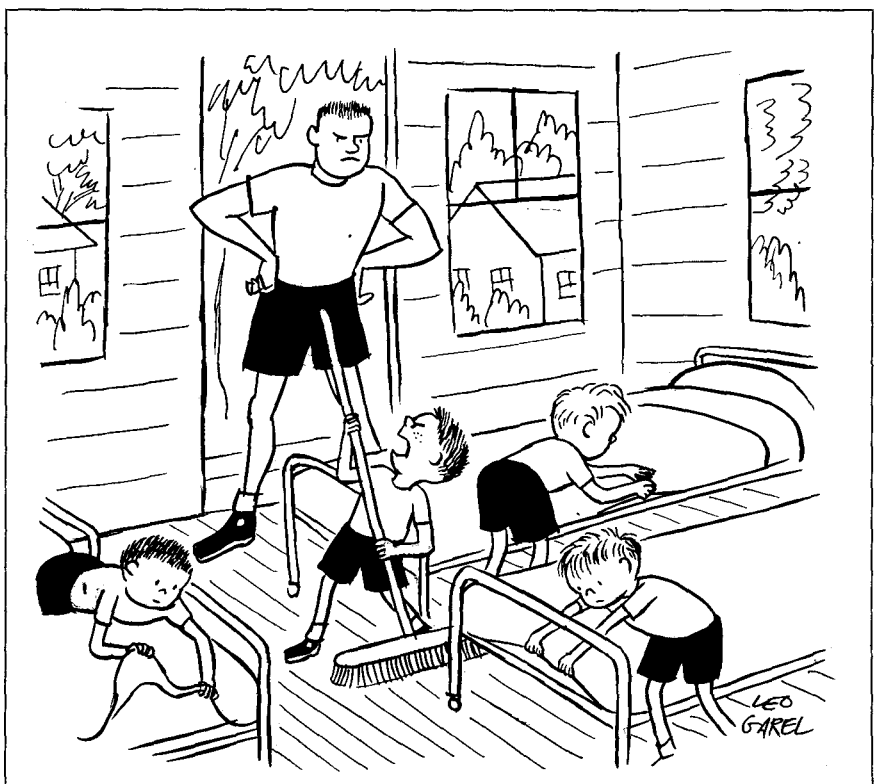
The wardrobe and property staffs have hoarded a fantastic collection of old clothes, shoes of all vintages, lamps, rolling pins, utensils, even double old-fashioned glasses used to set the table for the *Last Supper*. The twelve disciples in the tableau are not indulging in a toast, however; it's just that double old-fashioned glasses sprayed lightly with paint make fair replicas of the mugs that Leonardo da Vinci painted into his famous mural.

Whenever possible, the Lagunans paint the props right into the scene against which the living characters pose. This takes care of dogs, cats, roosters, livestock, even bookstores, pianos, horses and carriages—but not babies. The early directors tried casting real babies, but ran into difficulties because the infants usually squirmed and squalled at the crucial moment. Finally Mrs. Roxalie Seabury, a local sculptor, said, "Just leave this to me." Whereupon Mrs. Seabury sculptured a batch of babies in various poses. Among the prized assets of the property department are two huge laundry bags full of babies—papier-mâché babies, that is.

Another dilemma in the old days was wigs, which are expensive whether bought or rented. The wigs from the theatrical-supply houses were seldom the right shade when the floodlights hit them. A couple of years ago director Callan had a brainstorm. He sounded an appeal for old rubber bathing caps. Lagunans brought in eighty of them. Callan spent a good part of a month gluing wads of cotton onto the bathing caps. Sprayed with paint, they make wigs of any shade that look more natural from out front than real hair. And they stretch to fit any head.

"We're selling illusion," explained Callan. "Illusion is often more real than the real thing."

This goes for the reproductions of the famous paintings. At close range it is



"When I get home, I'm gonna write a book exposing the whole rotten summer-camp racket."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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often hard to tell what the picture is supposed to be. The backgrounds are paintings in the rough, turned out not by the professionals but by happy brush wielders who have become expert at daubing the colors where the floodlights will make e slapdash job look like an old master.

The illumination evolved over the years for the living-art show is two to three times as complicated as that needed for a Broadway show. The lighting was devised by trial and error by a young home-town electrical wizard, Carl Callaway, now technical director, who started as a teenager backstage. The show is directed by Callan each night from a box high up among the seats. He is connected by phone with Callaway backstage. On a second's notice Callaway can flip switches that brew up more than 1200 lighting cues. Two other staffers are on this phone hookup—narrator Potter and music director Cleo Allen Hibbs, boss of the orchestra made up of home-town musicians. With this trio, the director plays each show like an organ, with one ear tuned to the audience, the other to the headphone.

Callan also keeps "one eye on the stop watch, one on the picture," and tries to hold each tableau for at least one minute, ometimes longer. Offhand, a minute n't very long—unless you're the boy in mid-arc in *The Swimming Hole* by Thomas Eakins, or one of the tiptoe-dancing bronze sculps in *Forever Panting and Forever Young* by sculptor Allan Clark. Then holding the action a minute is like holding it an hour. Some ingenious devices help.

"Wires and ropes are out because they show and make shadows," explained Callan. "But I don't know how we'd get along without old bike seats to support the weight, and metal pins sticking out of the scenery to steady arms and legs in suspension. They're on the dark side of the figure and don't show."

Another good trick is cutting the colonel in two to make a bust of George Washington or whacking off the arms of a shapely housewife to turn her into *Venus de Milo*. The busts—Lincoln, Washington, Caesar, Brutus—are an easily solved problem if you have plenty of black velvet to cover the legs, arms and wer torso, says Callan. To turn a dame to *Winged Victory*, he covers her head with a hood of black velvet, open in the back, of course, to avoid smothering her. The housewife becomes Venus when she pulls on long black velvet gloves to make her arms look as if they were broken off just below the shoulders. Trick lighting does the rest.

Incidentally, Callan is pretty worried about the *Venus de Milo* outlook. "They just don't make them any more," he says. "Too much calorie counting."

The same goes for Liberty girls. Callan can stage a Statue of Liberty tableau only now and then when a buxom lass with an oversize forearm turns up in Laguna. Callan and casting director Gilbert keep "X-ray eyes" on Lagunans and visitors the year around for these exceptional types, a chore that Callan says he doesn't mind at all because it gives him a legitnate excuse to study the female figure. Mrs. Gilbert, a dainty and genteel lady, likes to study men as well as women, a hobby that is easy in Laguna, particularly in summertime, when a wide assortment of both persuasions wander about pretty much in the raw.

Nine tenths of the talent for the show turns up voluntarily backstage late in March when Mrs. Gilbert runs a "casting night" notice in the paper. By this time, Callan, who usually scouts the art galleries of the country in winter, has chosen the pictures and statuary for his forthcoming living-art show. Pictures of the proposed tableaux are posted around the wall backstage. The 600 volunteers study them between coffee or soft drinks and cakes and pick out the characters they would like to portray. They fill out card questionnaires, indicating their preferences and giving their specifications. One question on the card is, "Would you be willing to pose in the nude?" Another asks if the applicant minds being a bust. It was at one of these casting parties that the colonel in the *Last Supper* was whacked into a bust. "He's been a bust ever since," said Mrs. Gilbert. "A successful bust, that is."

This gathers in most of the cast, but not the harder ones to find. In the 1960 show, for example, one tableau called *Treasures of the Orient* consisted of nine colorful figurines to be portrayed by nine tall slender women. Casting night did not produce them, so Mrs. Gilbert advertised in the paper for women over five feet seven inches tall. This brought in eighteen of them, enough for the two casts. The tall girls were delighted to have a break; most of them had not come to casting night because they thought they were too tall for living-art roles.

Once the two casts are chosen and assigned their roles, the directing staff costumes, poses and rehearses three tableaux a week in duplicate until the entire show is shaped up. The first complete rehearsal of the whole show is the Friday night before it goes on. This is a tense evening, when the booboos show up, such as making up the wrong side of Louis XVI in the painting of the *Ball at Versailles*.

One of the leading characters in last year's *Ball at Versailles* was Judge Robert Morrison of nearby Santa Ana. The judge insists that he can't dance a step, but in the Versailles scene he gave a fine illusion of spinning his lady. His wife, who can dance, was seated with the wallflowers in the picture.

On opening night last summer two girls acting the roles of French figurines on a revolving stage were unable to control the urge to giggle as they orbited slowly before the lights. In no time at all the audience in the front rows was tittering too. Callan, directing the show from his box high in back, was unable to figure out what had gone wrong. All he could do was signal to cut the lights.

Callan estimates that about every other family in Laguna has had one or more members in the Pageant of the Masters sometime. Some, like the Sims clan, are known as "festival families." Ed Sims, a former sailor who exhibits ship models in the art-fair lot, was the marble bust of Brutus, his wife worked in wardrobe, while daughters Carolyn, eleven; Judy, nine; Pamela, eight; and Georgina, five, were in pictures or sculpture groups. It was the third year that the Sims redheads have participated en masse.

Architect Don Williamson, who designed the ingenious stage and who pinch-hits as boss of the stage crew, heads another typical festival family. Wife Jo is wardrobe manager and has portrayed Whistler's *Mother* and the *Tragic Muse* in the pictures. Daughter Jenni is an exhibitor and a stage runner. Son Doug is a stagehand. Williamson himself has played before the lights; one of his early roles was Romeo in a balcony scene. He was such a convincing Romeo that Juliet, played by Jo, agreed to marry him.

"This whole show depends upon amateurs," explained Williamson. "Professionals couldn't do it. These people have to get fun out of it to come down and get plastered with goop night after night."

The annual summertime art bender of the Lagunans, now in its twenty-sixth

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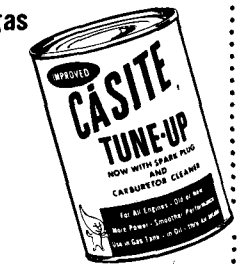

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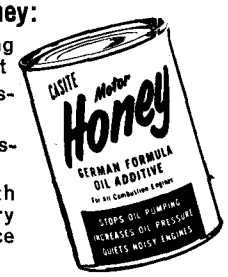

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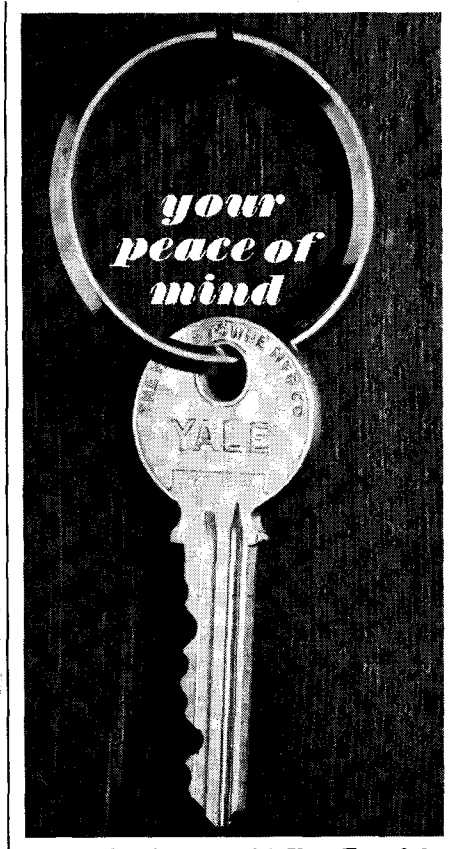

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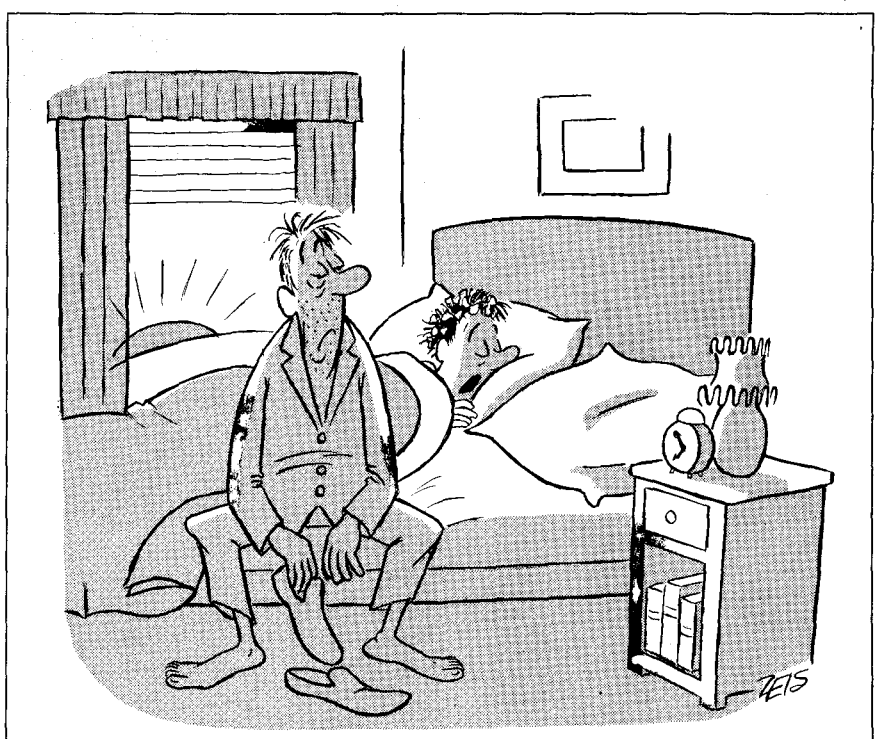
year, is the joint brain child of two art societies, either of which is a remarkable asset for a town of 9000. The older is the Laguna Beach Art Association, which shaped up four decades back when a group of California artists adopted the isolated little fishing village at the mouth of Laguna Canyon as the Shangri-La for a rural Greenwich Village by the shimmering Pacific.

Their Shangri-La was short-lived. The Pacific Coast Highway soon sliced through the town, bringing swarms of tourists. For a time the artists talked of moving elsewhere. Then they decided to make the most of the situation and opened an art gallery in a shack to peddle their paintings to the visitors. Today, the Art Association, 1800 strong, owns a handsome debt-free gallery on a promontory, with a full-time curator—an institution that would be a credit to any city. Almost any painting or sculpture in the gallery is for sale, and the association sponsors a large booth on the festival grounds in which to display and sell the works of chosen California artists from outside the local orbit.

The entirely independent Laguna Festival of Arts, which sponsors the living-art show, is an offshoot of the Art Association. It dates from the depression '30's, when the town's artists were eating clams and beans. In 1932 the artists decided to do something to improve their diet. Hanging their paintings on the fences surrounding a downtown vacant lot, they organized an equestrian parade by nearby ranchers and cajoled the townspeople into donning smocks and berets and dancing in the streets to music strummed by wandering artist-troubadours.

The party was fun but sold little art. The following year the artists roped off block-long El Paseo in the heart of the town, tossed up makeshift booths and strung ropes to hang their wares and charged a dime for admission. The dimes put some money in the kitty, but they still didn't market much art.

At this point an artist-realtor named Roy M. Ropp took over. Ropp, now long retired, was the founder of the living-art show. He persuaded local artists to pose in makeshift frames on the art-gallery grounds as Mona Lisa, the Tragic Muse, Atlas and various other famous figures, after which the characters stepped blithely out of the canvasses and joined in the parade down to the enlarged festival grounds by the City Hall.



"Breakfast is ready, dear—down at the Elite Diner."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

This mingling of the masters and *hoi polloi* still failed to turn art into dollars, so Ropp next made the living-art display a pay-as-you-enter show which he called "The Pageant of the Masters," a name that has stuck ever since. Ropp originated the show's great tableau, the *Last Supper*, and served as director until the outbreak of the war, when the festival was called off for three years. By this time the show was turning in a small profit, and the artists were selling their works.

Meantime the late James Irvine, rancher and art patron, donated the small canyon with several acres of flat ground at its mouth for an amphitheater and art-fair grounds. This brought the City of Laguna Beach into the act, the festival grounds becoming a city park. The first postwar living-art shows were done on a makeshift wooden stage. By 1950 the Festival of Arts was in the money sufficiently to build the spacious $90,000 stage designed for the show by architect Don Williamson. It was equipped with the last word in lighting facilities and curtains and ample property and make-up rooms.

The living-art show is a sellout each year. In addition to about 75,000 tickets to the show, at an average price of two dollars, the box office sells 50,000 grounds tickets to visitors who want to see the exhibits of local artists, the junior art exhibit of the county's school children, the kids' free-for-all—at which small fry are given a box of crayons and a sheet of paper on an easel and turned loose to draw—the puppet show and the California artists' exhibit.

This gate usually nets a $75,000 profit each summer. The profit is split with the City of Laguna Beach, which caches the money for improvements of grounds and facilities. The other half goes into the treasury of the Festival of Arts board, which underwrites several scholarships for talented young Laguna high-school art students, finances night art classes for the town's amateur painters and is likewise salting away dollars for enlarging the stage and amphitheater.

The Festival of Arts is an association of 800 Lagunans who pay two-dollars-a-year dues. The membership meets after each festival to appoint a board of nine directors, four of them working artists, the others local businessmen. The board, headed at present by auto-club manager Ernest Hoffman, names the director and the half dozen other paid part-time employees in early October. By that time the next summer's living-art show is in the oven.

Laguna's artists are again prosperous. The town now has several dozen year-round art shops and forty ceramics studios. Over 200 artists rent booths and exhibit at the festival's open-air art fair.

Each year the festival board has held out enough dollars to throw a party for the cast and stagehands the night after the final curtain. Last year the board decided to do something different and more lasting. It ordered plaques from local ceramics studios with each willing worker's name on his plaque. When word got around that the cast party was off, a howl went up backstage. The board hastily reversed itself. It threw the party and presented the plaques, amidst the usual tearful farewells and fond embraces—after which the whole town settled down to eleven calm months of quiet Sunday painting until the next art bender—beginning this weekend.

The Yellow Streak (Continued from Page 31)

and seed sacks he was gone, and the crowd with him. Which had its own particular irony. Brid, that he was as good as engaged to, and me, her father, who'd been about the one person in Killaragh who had ever dropped him a kind word when he lived here before.

Ten years ago almost to the month he'd gone away, and I don't suppose anyone noticed for a fortnight after. An unwashed brat out of the jumble of riverside cabins at the dirty end of the village, with a father in and out of jail and the staggering horrors. Who'd miss him?

After he disappeared we didn't hear a whisper of him for seven years. It was Brid who ran into him again—in Birmingham. She was working in a hotel, because a passion for independence had come on her at that time, and he was delivering milk. She wrote and mentioned casually that she'd met a lad from Killaragh. No more than that. But the next letter called him "Michael," and the letters after that "Mike." And pretty soon they had a kind of breathlessness in them when they described his doings. How he'd been a boxing champion of the British Army when he was doing his National Service. How he was turning professional.

"He's got fans, now," she wrote another time. "You should hear them when he comes down the aisle to the ring. They all sit in one part of the stadium and they start to chant when they see him, 'RED MICK, RED MICK!' Oh, I could die with pride when I hear it."

I remember smiling over that letter. Little small Brid dying with pride over a fellow. I suppose I thought of her still as about fourteen, with her black hair in tangles down her back and her hands dirty. The next letter had a whole long column from a London paper enclosed with it. YOUNG CHALLENGER FOR LIGHTWEIGHT CROWN it was headed, and after that I didn't need Brid's letters to keep me up to date about Michael Raftery. Our own papers had discovered him. KILLARAGH BOY IN CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT ELIMINATOR. And the fellows down in Lawlor's started to remember how they'd always known there was a bit of difference about young Mick.

"Hell and damnation!" Tim Lawlor used to say, shadowboxing behind his counter. "Wasn't I the first man in this parish that showed that little shrimp what class of thing a straight left was?"—and he'd let fly with a right swing in a way to imperil any pint pot within six feet of him.

And Lenehan, and Oweny Madigan, and all the rest that had never known he existed except maybe to kick his breeches as he scuttled by. Oh, it's a great changer of history to become a hero. And the night of the British Championship fight, against Hugh Molsom, the holder. All of us round the radio down in Lawlor's private room, with a bottle of whisky on the table, and the little brown radio sitting like a hunched-up wee man on the dresser, talking to us in a whisper, round after round, against the roaring of the crowd. I think the Molsom fellow only won one round, somewhere about the middle of the fight. Michael must have got careless for a second, and ran into a roundhouse clout from Molsom that sent him to the floor for a count of nine and seemed to leave him pretty groggy. He took a lot of punishment before the end of that round, and from what I could judge he spent the next few rounds avoiding taking any more. But even so there wasn't any doubt at the last bell who had won, and I walked back to the shop under the stars wondering how Brid must be feeling in this night of triumph and half-dreading the next news I'd get from her. A champion is a very fine thing, no doubt, but a boxer for a son-in-law ——

And then, just after that, my wife Mary took sick, and I had to write to Brid to ask her to come home and help me. I half-doubted whether she'd come at all. But she's a good girl, and she came the moment I asked her, nursing her mother and helping in the shop without a word of complaint. Although I knew from the way she waited on his letters and scourged through the papers what direction her heart was lying.

And if his letters were few and short, the papers made up for it. "The White Hope," some of them were calling him. "At last—a boxer," another one said. They were beginning to talk of his fight with Molsom as a masterpiece of strategy, except for one or two doubters. And when Michael beat the European champion and defended his crown twice in three months, even the doubters stopped doubting. "World-title fight for Raftery?" they began asking, and then, "World-title fight in June?"

In April, Michael's manager signed the contract. HARNEKER-RAFTERY FIGHT FOR LONDON IN SEPTEMBER the sports pages boasted. And you had to read to the bottoms of the columns to find the whispers of warning. "Harneker is a killer," one paper said. "Even by American standards he's a killer. A pocket Louis. If Raftery can keep away from him in the early rounds . . ."

And now it was July, and Michael was home for a hero's welcome—and a fortnight's rest before his final training. I left Brid in the shop and went on to Lawlor's. Michael was besieged at the counter, a

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glass of whisky in his hand and his face red as his hair with the heat and the laughter and the back slapping. A little slim boy, like a coiled spring of steel. Eyes pale blue. Freckles under the skin golden powder. Lenehan was preing to spar with him, and Oweny Madigan was practically crying down his neck with the emotion. I saw his mother there and one of his sisters, looking lost in what to them must be the grandeur of Lawlor's.

As soon as he saw me shoving in, Michael waved to me and started working his way over. "It's good to see you again," he said. "You were always a friend to me."

"You've a parcel of friends now," I said. He made a face.

"Here's to being back," he said and drained his whisky.

"Is that good for training?" I asked, for the sake of something to say, and saw to my astonishment a curious shadow flicker across his eyes. Almost a hunted look.

"I was at the station," I said, still wondering about that shadow.

"Brid?" he said and nodded, as if he knew what was in my mind. "I'm sorry I issed her," he said shamefacedly, "but—this ——" He waved his hand round tumult in the bar. "I didn't guess—it sort of knocked me for a loop. I've hardly drawn breath since."

I waited while he disentangled Oweny from his neck and pushed away another three glasses of whisky being offered him. "I'll come with you now."

It took main force to get out of the bar, and more to keep half a dozen of them from following us, but at last we were alone. I looked sideways at his face in the late sunlight, trying to sum him up. He walked almost as if he were dancing, but with a terrible intensity behind it, in it, the way any minute he might explode. His face too. Nerves tight as wires under the fine-drawn skin. Good bone there. A wide forehead. Something in my heart eased a little, looking at him. And something else tightened. He might not be so bad for Brid after all. But again, he might be very bad for himself. Not an easy face. We walked in silence until we turned into the shop.

Brid was there behind the counter, and r head came up as Michael entered, and I saw her eyes. I knew then that it didn't matter what I thought. This was her man. A blush like a flame burning under her skin, and her eyes shining, and her mouth like a full rose in a sudden shaft of sunlight. "Mike," she breathed and leaned toward him, and I had to go out of the shop because I didn't belong there for that minute.

I walked ten miles over the hills that evening and aged ten years, and came back full of resignation to give them my blessing—but only to find them sitting on either side of the little parlor fireplace with their faces white and strained and their eyes looking as if the world had ended.

"What's the matter?" I said. It was foolish to pretend that there was nothing to ask about.

"He's not going back," Brid said flatly. Michael shifted on his chair, got up, took no light, swift steps across the little room, drove a left and a right to within a fraction of an inch of the wallpaper, as if he wanted to punch his fists through the wall.

"That's right," he said. "I thought Brid would be glad." I knew he'd thought nothing of the kind from the way he said it. He kept his face away from her, rolling his shoulders, moving his head as if he were swaying in the ring, looking at neither of us. Brid pressed her hands backward over her temples, straining the hair flat and black against her head, drawing a long tight drag of breath into her throat. I could see they'd been over this and over, until there was nothing new to say.

"Well, that's great news," I said heartily, or tried to. "I expect you have a bit of money put by and reckon it's enough?"

He spun on me with his mouth tight and his eyes like chips of ice. "That's right," he said. "Enough for what I want. I'm going to start a shop. Sweets and groceries, and maybe an off-license one day. Like you. And when some poor kid comes to the door I'll give him a screw of sweets. Like you. That's what I've been fighting for. That bit of money to stand behind my own counter ——" He talked like fighting, jabbing the words out at me—but really at Brid. And she sat listening. Or maybe not listening, because he must have said this over and over again in the past few hours.

"Damn, damn, damn!" he swore at her, as if she'd spoken. He smacked one fist softly into the open palm of the other hand, hunched his shoulders. He moved on the worn square of carpet like a caged leopard. "I thought you'd be glad. Have me home for good. Not busted up or anything." He put up a hand, touched his still straight nose, his eyebrows, his cheekbones, as if reassuring himself. "What does anyone fight for except for money?" He spun on her. "Champion of the British Isles and Europe. Isn't that enough? Brid, Brid ——" he said, almost pathetically, suddenly spreading his hands in front of her.

"Then why did you sign for this next fight?" she said in a tight voice. "Can't you see what people will say? Everyone. Even those down in Lawlor's?"

"Don't say it," he whispered warningly. "Don't say it."

Mary came in then with the tea, and no one said anything any more, about that at least. But it was all as stiff and slippery as ice on a road, and half an hour after the meal was cleared Michael went off back to Lawlor's. His mother's cabin hadn't a room that she'd put him in, now he'd grown so fine, and he was lodging with Lawlor for the fortnight. Brid and I walked back a piece of the road with him. It was Brid insisted I come. We watched him go off up the last bit of the road, not turning back to look at us or wave. "He's afraid," said Brid bitterly, and turned to me, her face white and savage in the half-darkness.

"Brid!" I whispered. It was as if I didn't know her any more. A stranger. A tall woman with her own mind, her own ways. "Maybe he has the right to be afraid," I said. "Hasn't he done enough?"

"No," she said harshly. And then her dark head was against my chest, and her arms were round me. "Oh, I love him so," she whispered. "He mustn't be afraid. It's not for me I care. It's for himself. He's come so far. He has to finish the road. Just this one last fight and then he can throw the whole thing over the wall and I'll live with him in a cave if we need to. But he mustn't have been afraid."

I lifted her face with my hand. "Everyone's afraid at times," I said.

"I know. But they mustn't show it. And specially not him. He's come so far," she whispered. "Up from the cabins. It's like walking a tightrope. He just has one more step to take. If he doesn't take it he'll fall. Back and down to what his father was."

"How do you know so much?" I said wonderingly.

"I love him," she said again, as if that explained all things. We started to walk back. "He thinks all those wasters down in Lawlor's will stick by him. That they'll all laugh at the joke he's putting over on the big men in England and America, going back on his contract. That he'll still be the champ for them whatever he does, and that that's all that matters. He nearly hit me when I said they'd turn on him like a dog—in a day, in a second."

But for a week there was a kind of lull. There had been three or four of them left in Lawlor's when he got back there, and he'd told them straight out, pretty well daring anyone to call him a coward. No one took up the challenge to his face, and the whispers behind his back stayed whispers. He didn't come near Brid at all.

Then at the end of the week his manager came over to see how he was getting on. Apparently he'd tried to telephone Michael a couple of times from London, and Michael hadn't phoned back. Now he was here in person. A little, square-built, broken-nosed man, with eyes like flat splinters of slate, and no eyebrows. He smoked a cigar and wore a diamond ring on each little finger. He came into the bar like an explorer pushing into the jungle.

"Well, where's my boy?" he said. I'd seen him getting out of the taxi that had brought him down from Dublin, heard him asking for Lawlor's pub, and guessed who he might be. I followed him into the bar and saw Michael a fraction of a second before he did—with a glass in his hand and Oweny Madigan beside him. He looked up, as the door creaked open, and stiffened, and a flood of color came up in his face like a scarlet curtain. He half made to push the whisky glass out of sight. Then he turned to face the little man boldly and lifted the glass to his mouth.

"Have one, Jacko? I didn't know you were coming."

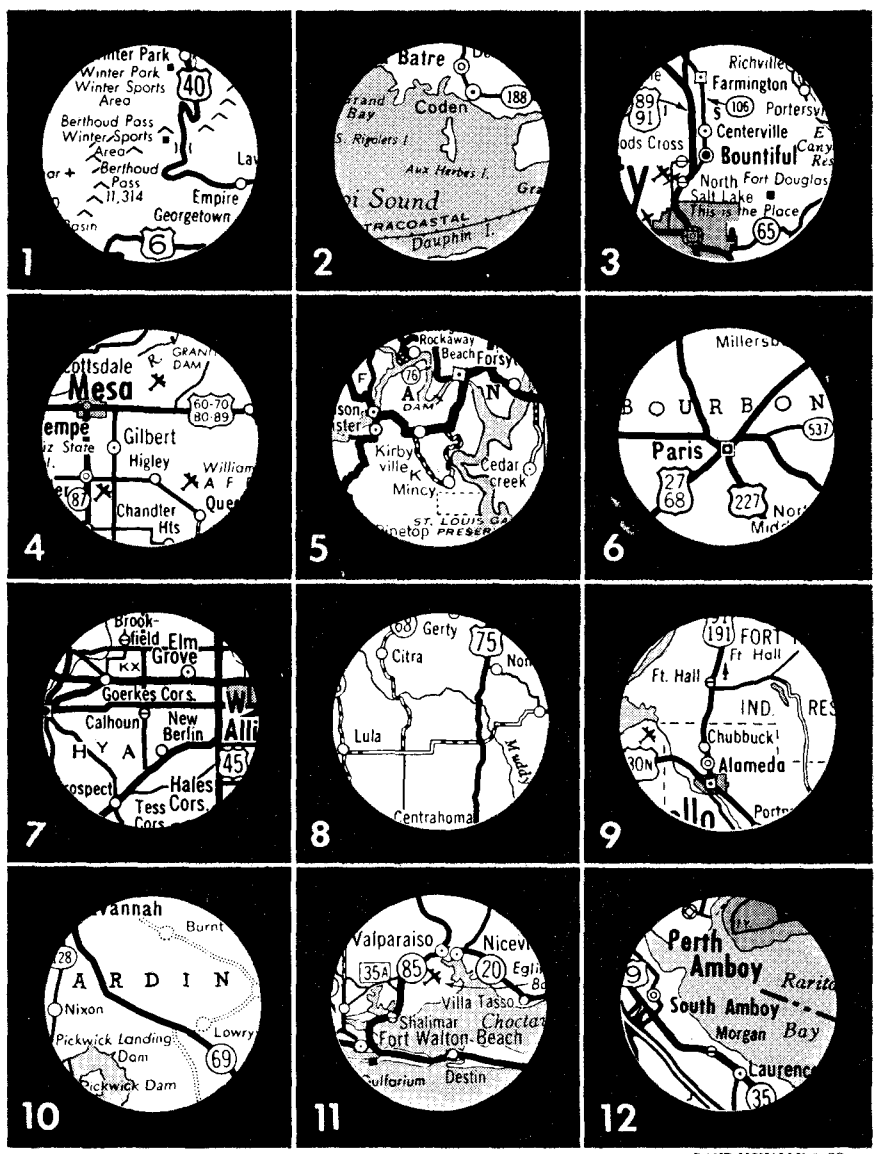
"I reckon you didn't. D'you call slugging whisky 'resting'? And what the hell do you think you're doing, not phoning me back?"

Michael laughed, and I caught the note of uneasiness in his laughter. "You'll never guess, Jacko. I'm retiring."

There was a long silence. The stranger moved softly forward to the counter and faced Michael. "Have you gone crazy?"

"I've gone sensible," Michael said defiantly. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Oweny Madigan slide half a pace away from him, and it was like a symbol.

"I half-guessed something like this was going to happen," the stranger said. He had a harsh, grating voice as if he spent his life breathing smoke instead of air. He put his cigar carefully on the edge of an ash tray and held up a thick finger for Lawlor to come and serve him. "Double Scotch," he said. . . . "Now, my Irish rose. You want to go yellow, O.K. But not while you're my boy, do you hear?" He tapped his breast pocket. "Not while



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on Page 67*)

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I have your signature along with mine on a contract."

Michael moved so fast I couldn't see it—only the result: the stranger's lapels in his two fists. Michael half lifting him off his feet.

"You take that back, Jacko. No one calls me yellow."

"No?" said Jacko. His right hand moved. It didn't seem very fast. He just picked up the still burning cigar and crushed it between Michael's eyes. Michael screamed and staggered back. I saw Oweny Madigan scuttle out of his way. Michael landed up against the wall and leaned there, wiping his streaming eyes, his mouth working.

"I always thought you had a yellow streak," Jacko said dispassionately. "Just another Irish dancer. That time with Molsom. Just one round he cut loose and hurt you, and you clammed up like a rose in the frost. Now listen to me. I'm not wasting time on you. You get back to London the day we fixed, and we'll forget about it. But if you don't come back ——" He stubbed the fragments of his cigar into the ash tray, pulled another one out of his breast pocket. "I'll plaster your yellow liver over every sports page in London and I'll sue you for every cent you've got. I'll get it too. That contract of mine is boiler-plated." He swallowed his whisky and moved out of the bar, as square and unruffled and quiet as when he came. Michael lay against the wall, watching him go. I saw Lawlor and Oweny Madigan exchange a look. The door swung behind the stranger.

"To hell with his bloody contract," Michael said savagely. "Tim, give me another drink." Lawlor moved to obey. I caught Michael's arm.

"Have it later," I said. "I want to talk with you now."

"You too?" he said. I could see he'd had more than a few that day. But he came with me. I turned away from the village and up onto the hillside. We must have gone half a mile before I found the words I wanted. The wind was blowing, and there was a smell of heather and cut turf from the bog.

"You've got to go back."

"I'll die first," he said sullenly. "What the hell does he think I am? His slave?"

"It's nothing to do with him," I said. "Not even with Brid. Nor the money. It's you."

He stood still and looked at me challengingly. "You think I'm yellow too?"

"Everyone's yellow," I said. "The first thing is to admit it. Then get over it."

"Get over it!" he spat. "Do you know what it's like in there? All alone under the lights. Five thousand faces watching you out of the dark. Voices yelling 'Kill him! Kill him!' But soon you don't hear anything. You can't see anything. Only the other man's gloves. They look so big. Lord, they look big!" Suddenly he gripped my coat the way he gripped the stranger's, but this time his face was different. Almost crying. "Can you understand? Haven't I done enough? Look!" He let go of me with one hand, pointed down to the huddle of cabins below the hill where his mother still lived. "All the way up from there ——"

"Only one thing can push you down there again," I said. "Yourself."

"You know so much," he snarled. "You ever been hurt? Really hurt? You double up and you think you're going to die. All you want is to die quiet, be left. But he won't leave you. He comes in and in and in, and the hurt gets worse, and your guts spew up out of your throat. And Brid wants me to go back to that!" he said with a sudden rush of bitterness. "What does she know about it?"

"She doesn't," I said. "It's just that she knows you have to go back if you're going to respect yourself. Just this one more fight ——"

"One more fight. One more fight. I've seen what one more fight can do to a man. One real beating. And I've seen films of Harneker handing out that kind of beating. He's a killer." His voice had got wild. Out of the corners of my eyes I saw a shadow. Turned my head a fraction and saw that Brid was there. The wind was blowing her dark hair, and her face was tormented, as if every word that Michael was saying, every fear that was tearing at him was tearing her. But he was looking away and didn't see her. "I meant to get out after that Molsom fight. I knew it wasn't the game for me then. But they won't let you go. They talk and talk, and they butter you up. And there's the money, and the newspapers, and people pointing in the street and calling you Champ."

Brid had come down close to him and was standing behind him.

"I signed up for this fight because it seemed I couldn't do anything else. I couldn't tell them. Then I thought of coming back here and staying here. I didn't think there'd be any fuss waiting for me. Just that people would think I'd done pretty well for myself. And then the station—and now—oh, God, I don't know what to do."

He swung away from me and saw Brid. "You—you heard?" he whispered. She didn't answer. Only looked at him with her face like stone and her eyes cold as a winter sky. He took a beseeching step toward her, holding out his hands, his mouth working. "Can't you understand?" he begged.

"Yes," she said slowly. "I understand. You're your father's son."

Michael stared at her for a long, uncomprehending second. A flood of scarlet swept up from his throat, seemed to blind him. He clenched his fist, half lifted it, and I stepped forward between them. Then he turned and ran. Ran and ran like a madman down the hill.

"Brid," I said when I could speak, "how could you say that to him?"

She looked at me, and I saw that she was crying. "What else could I say to him?" she said, and then she left me, too, and I was alone on the hillside, watching Michael already small in the distance, and Brid running in another direction, her long legs flashing, her hair tossing and streaming on the wind.

That night, without a word to anyone, Michael was gone. And the whispers that had been echoing for the past days broke into the open. I saw Oweny Madigan telling the story of the stranger to a jeering, laughing circle of men in the bar. "Like a whipped cur, he was, me bould bucko of a champeen." . . . "Cabin trash," someone else said, and there was a rumble of agreement.

I went away and back to the shop, although I was half afraid of what I'd find. Brid was there, behind the counter, staring at nothing, as if she'd lost the sight from her eyes. "Well," I said, "he's gone."

She swung on me. "Thank God!" she said. And then she was in my arms and crying like the child she wasn't any longer. "It was the only way to do it!" she sobbed, her voice muffled in the old brown tweed of my coat. "To shame him into going back." And then, lifting her head: "Do you—do you think will he forgive me ever?" I pressed her head back against my heart. It was no good saying what I thought.

The next weeks were a misery. He never wrote. The papers told us that he was back and training, but someone had caught the whisper of what had happened while he was over with us, and there was a kind of running sneer in all the columns about the preparations for the fight. As if they were waiting for him to duck out of it all again. Down in Lawlor's they talked of nothing else. The hiding he was going to get if he went into the ring. And the jeering he was going to get if he didn't.

"Well, there's one certain thing," Oweny said. "He won't be coming back here, me gracious hero. Puttin' on his airs of glory as if he was gentry, the brat." And I'd go back from hearing that in the bar to seeing Brid's face.

"I had to," she'd whisper over and over again, more to herself than to me. "It was the only way." And she'd turn and ask me didn't I agree with her; didn't I know myself it was the only way. And I'd have to pretend to be sure. Until it was the night. I couldn't bear to go down to Lawlor's for it. I didn't mean to listen in at all. And then somehow the three of us were sitting in the parlor, Mary and Brid and I, with the radio on the table and the turf fire whispering in the hearth. It was hard in that quietness to think of Michael and what he would be feeling. Until I looked into Brid's distracted eyes and knew what he was feeling. Every knife prick of the terror.

The radio crackled alive, the voices whispered. "We're at the ringside, waiting for the challenger to enter. . . ." All the preliminaries, the speeches, the roar as Michael came. But was I imagining it, or was there an edge to the roar, a threat? And then for Harneker. "A little Sherman tank of a man," the voice on the radio remarked carelessly. As if for flesh and blood and brain to go into a square of ropes with a Sherman tank was only an evening's pleasure. A bell ringing. The whisper of the commentator becoming urgent. "They're coming out now. Raftery almost tall compared to Harneker. Very slenderly built. Harneker's bui the ground and not a youngster any m but it's astonishing how fast he moves. In goes Raftery, and out again. He didn't even try to land. Just in and out, measuring ——" Then the crowd roar. "Harneker's moving in, a short, crisp jolt to Raftery's ribs, in and out; Raftery riding the punches, dancing away. Harneker after him. He's obviously heard about Raftery's speed; he's not giving him a chance to use it. Crowding him, crowding ——" The crowd roar lifted to thunder, bellowing, terrifying. "Raftery's down, he's dazed, he's on his knees." And a voice farther off in a sudden hush, "Four . . . five . . . six . . . seven. . . ."

"Oh, God, oh, God!" Brid was whispering, clinging to my hand, the tears running down her face. "I sent him back."

"He's up!" the radio shouted. "Looking dazed still, but on his feet. Harneker's after him again, like a black tiger, fists swinging, in for the kill. Raftery's down again, but too dazed to stay down . . . and again . . . and again. . . ." The ra was shrieking now, crazy for blood killing.

A bell rang, and the second voice came on. "I should think that round leaves no doubt at all about anything, eh, Jim? Harneker's round, and unless a miracle happens, Harneker's fight. I can see Jacko Feldberg talking to Raftery, looking very worried. Raftery doesn't look anything, barely conscious. I wouldn't be surprised to see the towel coming in if this goes on."

It did go on, but the towel didn't come in. Remembering Jacko Feldberg's face as he crushed his cigar between Michael's eyes, I didn't think it would. Michael was going to get the beating that he'd talked about. I could hear the jeering in the crowd now. A voice yelling, "Dance him a jig, Raftery! . . . Sing him a song, Lily!" Four rounds. Five. Mary went out of the room so as not to hear. I reached forward to switch the radio off, to stop the pain. But Brid caught my wrist.

"No," she whispered bleakly. "I d this. I have to hear what I've done." couldn't look at her face any more. On shut my eyes and listen to that terrible beating as it went on, round by round. And worse than the beating, the jeering and mockery that went with it. The monotonous voice of the radio: "Dancing away, retreating, jabbing out his tired left hand to keep Harneker off. . . . His legs are like rubber now, it's a miracle he's still on them. . . . I don't think he knows what he's doing any more. But this is a championship fight, and the referee is quite right. It's up to Raftery's corner to stop it if they think he can't go on ——" And the yells from the invisible darkness, "Stand and fight, stand and fight!"

For me it wasn't Michael in there being beaten. It was Brid. She was kneeling by my chair now, her hands twisting my sleeve, her lip caught between her teeth. And for a second I saw her as if she we a stranger. The fine, thin eyebrows li black wings against the sky. The sweep o her dark hair beside her white, drawn face. She was taking a beating too. And facing it. It wasn't the worst thing in the world, what she had done. Or what she was doing. To love him. And send him back for his own sake. And listen to the terrible result without running away.

"Round nine," the radio said. "Harneker moving in to the center of the ring. Slower now. The fire out of him as we saw in the last two or three rounds. You

"That's a very effective lure!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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can see in his face he's begging for just one chance to get Raftery in a corner where he can't run. He's the older man, of course. Ten years older than the challenger. But whatever else he's done, Raftery has shown us a masterpiece of defen-

boxing in this fight. Backing away, stepping. . . . Harneker must have delivered a dozen punches for every one that's landed. Raftery covering up, rolling with the punch . . . a left jab there from Raftery. It stopped Harneker for a second. There must have been quite a sting in that one. When Raftery does deliver, all of his weight is behind it. Always on balance. A beautiful stylist, although the crowd isn't appreciating him, I'm afraid. Another left jab there. And a right cross . . . a lovely right cross." I could hear the urgency feathering back into the voice. And my own heart tripped a fraction until I stifled it with common sense.

"Moving out of Harneker's range again, weaving, bobbing. Raftery seems to have saved something up through these last rounds. In again with a left feint, Harneker swinging, and Raftery hit him then . . . a very nice, crisp punch . . . and again, a beautiful left hook to the chin ——" Behind the voice the crowd

rling, suddenly giving tongue in one roar, drowning the commentary. Harneker's down on one knee . . . the referee pushing Raftery back . . . beginning to count. . . . Harneker up, shaking his bullet head, looking at his corner as if to reassure them that that was just an accident —— AND RAFTERY'S IN! A cracking right to Harneker's jaw as he looked away that time and a left into the stomach . . . left, right; left, right ——" The crowd roar was lifting to a scream of raging ecstasy, half-drowning the bell. "Well, no doubt about that, eh, Terry? Raftery's round," and the cool English voices discussing, praising, analyzing.

The bell jangling again. The hunched, urgent whisper coming, "Raftery moving out to the center, feinting, swaying, Harneker swinging, he missed there, Raftery driving in a long left, moving out, changing stance to come in with his right. Harneker after him, head sunk in his thick brown shoulders, wiping away the blood from his nose, plowing after the human.

It looks as if he means to finish it this time. A right swing. Raftery caught it on his glove . . . and HE'S IN AGAIN, a beautiful counter punch . . . Harneker swaying back, groggy for a second . . . RAFTERY'S AFTER HIM, pouncing on his chance like a leopard . . . a left to the head, sinking his right into Harneker's stomach, hooking viciously as Harneker hangs on the ropes. The crowd's crazy . . . left right, left right, piston-punching at Harneker's jaw, cracking him from side to side like a sawdust doll . . . and HARNEKER'S DOWN, just crumpling to the floor. The referee pulling Raftery away from him, game as a fighting cock. Oh, this is turning into a tremendous fight . . . seven . . . eight . . . Harneker resting on one knee, shaking his head . . . a badly astonished man, I should think, and he must be feeling that age difference now. Ten years is a heavy handicap by the end of a fight. Up now . . . moving forward, looking more than a little worried, not too keen to go in and mix it . . . Raftery back-pedaling, lancing out a retreating left. . . AND HE'S ON TO HARNEKER AGAIN . . . changed feet, left, right . . . a beautiful short hook to the body, a right cross to the chin, and HARNEKER'S DOWN! He's really down this time . . . listen to the crowd ——" And the crowd roar swelled like a storm of thunder, a ground-beat rhythm in it: "RED MICK! RED MICK!"

I was afraid to look at Brid, afraid to think, only sit with my fists clenched and the sweat hot on my body, running like streams of oil down my tensed back.

"Harneker up again, but a dazed man . . . he doesn't seem able to see Raftery; the referee is turning him round, standing back . . . and RAFTERY IS IN FOR THE KILL! I've never seen him move like this . . . polished lightning . . . in, out; you can hear the punches, I should think . . . solid clouts into Harneker's body . . . all of Raftery's weight behind them. . . . Harneker swaying on his feet, with his arms hanging . . . and HE'S DOWN AGAIN ——" The crowd was screaming, drowning the voice, the counting, everything in one huge frenzy of excitement, until the commentator came again, shouting to be heard. "Four . . . five . . . Raftery in his neutral corner, poised to go in again if Harneker gets up . . . but he's not moving . . . eight . . . nine . . . and he's OUT! Raftery has just won the lightweight championship of the world by a knockout in the tenth round ——"

There was a great surging roar from the stadium, roar on roar like a forest burning. "They're fighting to get into the ring, to chair the new champion . . . every Irishman in London seems to be trampling the ringside seats to matchwood!" The chant beat like a pulse of blood: "RED MICK, RED MICK, RED MICK. . . ."

Beside me Brid sank very quietly onto the worn red carpet, her lips ashen color, her eyes wide and staring and unconscious. I carried her up the stairs with my heart stopped and put her into her narrow bed, while Mary fetched hot jars and brandy. Her lips moved and she moaned brokenly. "Got to fight . . . got to keep fighting . . . oh, God, it hurts so much ——" And her mother and I stared at each other, half afraid of the child we had.

It was nine o'clock the next morning when the telegram came, addressed to Brid:

THOUGHT OF YOU ALL THROUGH THE FIGHT. COMING HOME TOMORROW. MIKE.

I went up with it and found her awake.

"Read it to me," she whispered with stiff lips and frightened eyes. And then when I had read it to her, "Give it to me." She read it again for herself and smiled and put it against her heart. The heart that had reached out across three hundred miles and fought like a tigress for its mate. You think I'm mad? Maybe. But Michael never fought again.

When they ask him why, he doesn't tell them the doctor's reason—about the bone in his left hand that must have been broken early in that last fight, and that has never knit the way it should. He just leans on the counter of the little shop—his shop and Brid's—and smiles. "I hadn't the right heart for it," he says. And if Brid is there she smiles, too, because the man who was once champion of the world can afford to say that kind of thing.

THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 65

1. Colo.	2. Ala.	3. Utah
4. Ariz.	5. Mo.	6. Ky.
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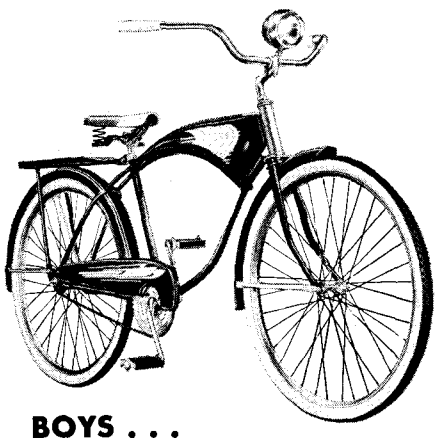

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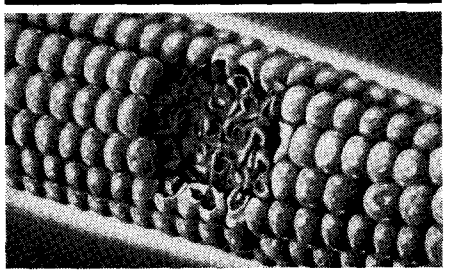

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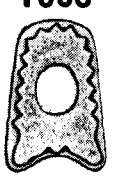

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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This Is a Raid (Continued from Page 29)

get out my Très Jolie kit and call on my old customers. Arthur and Laura don't need to know we're working."

In the old days it had been, "What parents don't know. . . ." Now it was, "What children don't know. . . ."

Judge Jarvis didn't know that for months a large bite of his mother's monthly annuity went to pay for the smashed rear end of a farmer's truck that had halted in front of her green sedan. Evie had settled with him for damages without benefit of law—or Arthur's knowledge. Laura didn't know that Pink's insurance money had long since filtered through her fingers for emergencies in the lives of her other scattered children—a daughter with babies coming fast and the hot-water heater going out; a son returned from the Army and a good job if he only had a car. . . .

On a late afternoon of a dour January day Evie and Pink drove across town. They'd had a week and a day of being on their own. They were tired, disheartened, broke and very hungry—but they could still laugh. When Evie said, "I suppose Arthur would call the Horseshoe Club where I'm playing a honky-tonk." When Pink said, "Customers gave me coffee and fruitcake today, but I only sold a bottle of gilt nail polish. They all say the same thing—that they're just strapped since Christmas."

"Them and us both," agreed Evie.

They drove in silence. In their small icebox at the Eden Arms were only a few slices of party rye and some jaded cottage cheese. Pink, the resourceful, suggested, "Couldn't you go early to the Horseshoe and say you had to practice new song hits? And I'll brag to your boss about their wonderful pizza. You said he was real friendly."

"In a jumpy sort of way—yes."

"What's his name again?"

"Ditolla. Ditto, they call him. No one at the Horseshoe bothers with last names. The cook's helper is Luigi—they call him Wege. I'm just Evie."

"That's the way I like it."

The Horseshoe Club was far out on the edge of town and several blocks from the main thoroughfare. It sat unobtrusively—almost stealthily—on a corner. The stalwart door, with a small slit of glass at the top, required a hefty push from both women to open it.

They stepped into the murkiness of the lounge. "Even when it's going full tilt you need a Seeing Eye dog," Evie murmured. She introduced Pink to the three men who were holding moody conference behind the bar—Ditto, the owner, a squarish, excitable man with nervous eyes; Ernie, the bland bartender with a philosophical depth to his; and Harve, the chef, who pushed his high, white cap awry to scratch his sandy head worriedly.

All was not well at the Horseshoe. Harve was minus his cook's helper, Wege, who had been jailed for his third speeding ticket.

"Oh, dear!" Evie breathed in fellow feeling.

"And who can we thank for it," orated the incensed Ditto, "but that Judge Jarvis and his itch to jail speeders."

Pink and Evie Jarvis quailed—and then drew a breath of gratitude that only first names were used at the Horseshoe Club.

Ditto cupped his head in his hands. "So here we are in the hole for someone to help in the kitchen."

Pink heard herself say, "I can help you out. I'm handy in a kitchen. My father always said, 'Cookin' comes as natural to Pink as kickin' to a cow.'"

Ditto's darting eyes appraised her. "I'll bet you are," he guffawed, and clapped her on the back, thus admitting her to the inner circle. "Pink, huh? . . . O.K., Harve, give Pink one of Wege's aprons to cover up that pretty dress." It was the purple-flowered one Laura longed to thrust into a Salvation Army bag.

In the kitchen Pink looked with loving eyes at the steaming pots, the great expanse of stoves and work tables. One thing bothered her. She had tramped miles of pavements in her high-heeled pumps. "Harve, I could move a lot faster in flat shoes—but it's a long drive to our apartment."

"What size you wear?"

"Five and a half," she said proudly.

"Ditto's wife's got a small foot too. They just live five blocks from here. Might be Rosa'd let you have a pair for tonight."

Pink set out in Evie's car.

That was how Pink met Ditto's Rosa, who opened the door, her eyes bleary from crying, and their four boys—the

... ...

Background Music

By Ethel Jacobson

Who sleeps beside a running
stream
Hears its music through a
dream.
Like water slipping over
stones,
Weariness is washed from
bones.
All the day's disharmonies
Are resolved in melodies
As the mind hums an
ancient air
Though deep in slumber,
unaware—
Deep in slumber, unaware.

... ...

oldest about nine and the others dark-eyed stair steps not more than a year apart. Rosa welcomed Pink, hospitably offered her either green sneakers or black ballets. Pink instinctively chose the bright green, instinctively lingered and probed gently for the cause of Rosa's tears.

Rosa cried anew—and told her. This Saturday was her and Ditto's tenth anniversary. For years she had planned a celebration. "My folks are great on parties—and they expect it. I was going to bake a big wedding cake—and wear my wedding dress—and ask Father Sebastian that married us ——"

"And she bought us all new white shirts," said a small Ditolla.

"Then today—Ditto said—we couldn't have it," she sobbed. "He said Saturday nights were his busiest at the Horseshoe ——"

"You could have it there, couldn't you?"

"Oh, no. No, he never wants the boys or me—or my family—to come there."

Pink looked at Rosa's bowed head and the four woebegone little boys, and she vowed that she'd do *something* about that anniversary.

In the Horseshoe kitchen, she tied the white apron of the jailed Wege about her. Evie's music filtered in over the rattle of pans while Pink washed down a wedge of pizza with coffee, and Harve explained that when the buzzer rang from the bar it meant that one of Ernie's customers wanted coffee, and she must fill the order.

Pink eased thick threads of spaghetti into boiling water, grated Romano cheese and planned the while to have a motherly talk with Ditto about the tears his wife was shedding over an anniversary celebration.

She tried the next day when Ditto fidgeted from dining room to bar to kitchen. He *was* a jumpy man. His eyes flicked doorward every time someone entered. When the phone rang, he muttered to Ernie, "Answer it—and give me the sign."

Pink led into her talk by bragging about his boys. His eyes lighted. "Yeh, they're the best—and they're going to have the best. They're not starting life by being a greasy bus boy like their old man had to."

"Rosa lent me a pair of easy shoes. She's sweet."

His eyes glowed even more. "Yeh, yeh—Rosie's heart is big as a watermelon."

"Her heart's set on an anniversary party this Saturday. She says her folks will think it's funny if ——"

"Her folks! You know what they are? Truck farmers. They didn't want her to marry me. Thought I wasn't good enough for her. Them and their spinach. Wait till they see the Thunderbird I'm going to get her."

"She'd rather celebrate your tin wedding this Saturday, and I ——"

"Not this Saturday—that's out. I got business friends coming in—big men from Las Vegas—and that reminds me." He ducked out of the kitchen.

It was the next evening, Wednesday, when Pink got her inspiration. She found, in looking for the storeroom, that there was a room behind the dining room. Diners would never guess it, for the wall, as well as the door between, was covered by ceiling-to-floor velvet draperies against which Evie's piano was slanted.

The back room was heavy with stale cigarette and cigar smoke. The door that opened onto the alley was heavily bolted. Pink peered curiously into a carton under an oval table and saw folded felt covers with numbers painted on them. Another bigger carton was knotted with rope.

Why couldn't this room serve as an anniversary-party room? Push the rectangular tables together, flank them by the oval one, and you could seat eighteen or twenty. She mentioned it to Harve as they companionably worked on pizzas. "Do you ever use that back room for parties?"

One astounded look before he lowered his eyes and said coldly, "Let's have the tomato sauce."

On Thursday, when Pink returned the green canvas shoes, she said, "You know what would be fun, Rosa? A *surprise* anniversary party for Ditto."

Rosa's first moment of trepidation was swept away by Pink's assurance. "So he's got business friends from Las Vegas? We'll set places for them. They can talk business afterward. A lot of men even put over deals at a table."

Rosa bubbled with plans. They'd use the lace tablecloth that had served at their wedding breakfast—she'd ask Ditto's schoolteacher aunt. . . .

Even as Rosa, Evie's first reaction was one of misgiving. It was always the bouncy, redheaded Pink who plunged into things—always Evie who was slower. "We could be out of a job after Saturday night," Evie prophesied. But in the next breath, "Candles would be pretty on Rosa's lace tablecloth."

On Friday morning the landlord of the Eden Arms called Pink to the phone. It was Rosa, spilling over with more details. She *could* squeeze into her white satin by letting out seams. All her family had accepted with pleasure, as had Father Sebastian, as had Ditto's schoolteacher aunt. She was baking the cake at a neighbor's to insure its being a surprise to Ditto.

The oldest Ditolla boy came to phone to tell Pink that he had sent av breakfast-food box top and a quar..., and got a "Shake a Word" game. "Mom said I could bring it to the party and play it while pop talked business. It's something like Scrabble, only it's dice with letters on it."

Some instinct prompted Pink—and also Evie—not to mention the anniversary party to the staff of the Horseshoe Club that Friday evening. For Ditto was more keyed up than ever—one minute cocksure, the next morose. There'd be a monosyllabic phone call and then he'd be out the back door and off in his black Cadillac.

Later that evening he stopped at the piano. Pink had brought Evie a glass of ginger ale, and Ditto gave them both his cocky smile. "I like having you two here—tone, that's what you give. Pink, I'd have you out in front showing people to their tables, if that fool Wege wasn't in the calaboose." He stared moodily into space. "I just wonder how much b blab if they put the heat on—I just w der." He roused to say, "Another thi Evie. No soft, sentimental music tomorrow night. Hammer out all the noise you can."

Saturday morning Rosa was again on the phone, her voice squeaking with excitement. "Mamma is going to bring *lasagne* for the party. She puts spinach in the noodles to make them green."

Another phone call. This time a childish voice said, "Pink, you didn't forget about my bang-up birthday party, did you? I told them at school my grandmas would come after me, and they said I could leave after crafts at four."

Linda! Good heavens, in all the plans for Ditto's and Rosa's tenth anniversary, Pink had forgotten Evie's flesh-and-blood grandchild and her own step-grandchild. She drew a long breath. "We'll have the bang-up party, honey bun. There'll be the nicest people, and a big annivers—I mean a big cake, and four little boys and a Shake a Word game that's somethi like Scrabble ——"

"I'm good at Scrabble. I know a lot X words like sax and sex. I'll be on the steps at four-thirty."

That snowy afternoon Evie and Pink stopped first at Rosa's for the lace tablecloth and candelabra before going to the Horseshoe to put the back room in readiness. The dishwasher, who was also the cleaner-upper, let them into the eerie hush of drawn draperies, shrouded bar and chairs stacked on tables.

Evie, with her shortness of breath and stiff knees, was little help in the back room, but Pink, her flaming hair a tousled aura, pushed rectangular tables together to form a long one. And she shoved the oval table near it so that, by a stretch of imagination, the two stood for the numerals 1 and 0 to make "10" for a tenth anniversary.

But what to do with the carton of green felt with the painted numbers and th mysterious one tied with rope? Gue would only stumble over them. "We get them out of here for tonight," Pink said. She unbolted the alley door, and the two loaded them into Evie's car, which she had parked close. The trunk lid wouldn't go all the way down on the big and rattly carton.

The table set and chairs in place, Evie and Pink set out for the Judge Jarvis home to gather up their own party finery for the evening. Evie chose a modest black with a splash of sequins, but Pink delved deep in the closet for a green satin

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sheath. (Laura had tried to give that to the Salvation Army too.)

It was now time to go for Linda. It seemed foolish to drive about town with the unclosed trunk lid rattling over its cargo. Again they tussled with the undy cartons and carried them down basement steps and into Judge Jarvis's furnace room.

Linda, all big eyes and quivery excitement, was waiting on the snowy steps of the Miss Muffet School. "You'll have to sit on the piano bench with me and keep quiet until the party starts at eight," her grandmother enjoined her.

"I will."

In the Horseshoe kitchen Ernie and Harve were setting up for the evening trade. Ernie was checking the ice supply and Harve was crumbling *orégano* into a bushel-sized bowl of ground meat when Linda said, "I came for the party."

Again Pink drew a long breath. The time had come to break the news. "Ernie, do you know how to mix a Roy Rogers? You know, that fizzy, wicked-looking drink they serve kids?"

"We don't get much call for them," Ernie said.

"You will tonight. We're having a surprise anniversary party for Ditto in the k room, and his four kids will be here, our Linda, and Rosa is bringing the cake, and her folks are bringing green *lasagne*—you know, Harve, the kind you put spinach in."

Harve's hand froze on the meatball he was shaping. He said in numb horror, "Good Lord!"

Ernie muttered dazedly, "A surprise party for Ditto! And him driving to Cheyenne to meet Winkler and Fieldmouse's plane."

It seemed strange to Pink that he'd drive a hundred miles to meet a plane. "What time will he get back with his friends?" she asked.

Still in shock, Ernie answered, "Around eight—he figured to get down to business by nine."

"Why, that'll be fine," Pink beamed. "Harve, I was thinking of colored plates on the lace ——"

Harve laid a heavy hand on her arm. "Just one thing. When Ditto comes in this evening, you tell him—and tell him t—*I* didn't have a thing to do with s. I want this job till I finish paying for the hi-fi my wife bought."

"Include me *out* too," Ernie said in a hollow voice.

For a few shaky moments Pink and Evie stood beside the piano. Evie summed up the dark worry they hadn't voiced all week. "We get it either way. If we *don't* get fired, we catch it from Arthur and Laura when they come home tomorrow."

"I know," Pink mused sorrowfully.

Their grandchild looked into their downcast faces. "Don't worry about whatever you're worrying about. Lots of times miracles happen."

The Saturday-evening trade got under way at the Horseshoe. When Ernie sounded the buzzer for coffee, Pink hurried in with it. And she overheard frequent snatches of conversation between men leaning against the bar and Ernie.

"Ditto getting here around eight, h?"

'Around eight Ditto's having an anniversary party with Rosa, his four boys and Rosa's family. In the back room."

"No kiddin'?"

"No kiddin'."

The men would down their drinks and depart.

Ditto had not arrived by eight, but the anniversary-party guests had. The back room was full of bustle and laughter and *mamma mias* over the tiered cake and the cheesy smell of mamma's *lasagne*, which she slid in the kitchen oven while Harve watched with haunted eyes. A seam in Rosa's white satin gave way when she seated the children and her teen-age sisters at the round table. The family and Father Sebastian sat at the long one, leaving three places for Ditto and friends.

Pink and Evie, with conscripted help, had moved the piano outside the doorway—now open—between the banquet room and dining area. Evie sat at the piano, her eyes on the back door, ready to break into the song of welcome.

Pink opened the alley door wide when she heard the Cadillac stop outside. "Surprised" was hardly the word for Ditto when he and his friends stepped into the candlelighted room, when Evie's fingers crashed into "Happy Anniversary to You," and the loud chorus came in, "Happy anniversary, dear Ditto and Rosa. . . ."

His two business friends were equally stupefied. Pink shook hands with a huge bear of a man with heavy-lidded eyes in a rumpled brown suit and with a small, wiry one with a tie as red as a beacon light. All three wore sagging jaws. Then someone—maybe Rosa's boisterous young sisters—started the chant, "First you kiss the bride—first you kiss . . ."

Like a sleepwalker, Ditto moved to Rosa, who reached out to him, laughing and crying. "Ditto, you're not mad?"

"No, baby, I ain't mad—I just ——"

"You see," Pink gloated to Evie over the din, "I knew he'd be pleased as Punch. Look, he's shaking hands with mamma and papa from the farm—and kissing Rosa's sisters. Look at all the kids jumping up and down—and Linda screaming with the rest."

"You'd better tell him what Harve and Ernie told you," Evie said.

Pink edged close to Ditto. "Harve or Ernie didn't have a thing to do with all this. I did it."

He caught at her hand. "What happened to the equip—I mean, the boxes in here?"

"There wasn't room for them, so Evie and I took them across town and put them in a basement."

"You did?" he marveled.

Heads were bowed for Father Sebastian's grace. Toasts were drunk. The *lasagne* was served, eaten and praised. Evie played *The Anniversary Waltz*, and the tables were pushed close to make room for Ditto, who led off with Rosa. Papa and mamma danced, and the wrinkled brown bear danced with Pink. Ditto's schoolteacher aunt was asking Fieldmouse about his business, and he was twisting his red tie into a string and looking about for help.

By now the Shake a Word game was going at the round table. The children played, but the oldsters kibitzed, and arguments waged as to whether Webster allowed "snuck" or "blotto."

Pink was all bustling hostess. She handed out the cake Rosa cut. She went to the bar for more Roy Rogers drinks.

She was turning away with her tray when the heavy front door opened and a man in a gray overcoat, flanked by two policemen, stepped in. He spoke softly to Ernie, "Stay where you are. You're covered from the alley. This is a raid."

"A raid!" Pink gasped. "But there's nothing to—you can see there's nothing ——"

"We'll see what the boys in the back room are doing."

The three measured treads followed Pink and her drinks to the noisy room where the Shake a Word game claimed everyone's attention. Linda was shaking the dice, with Winkler advising, "Shoot 'em softlike, girlie," and Ditto bent over the table studying her letters—Z, R, E, A and O.

The startled silence made him straighten. He looked into the steely eyes of the plain-clothes man and for a brief moment shrank into himself like a cornered animal. And then he rallied to say jauntily, "Hiya, Mike." He explained to the relatives who had thought he wasn't good enough for their Rosa, "Mike's the head of the vice squad, and he and the fellows like our coffee. You're just in time, men, for a slab of anniversary cake."

One of the policemen reached over and picked up a die from the table. "They got letters on them," he breathed in awe.

Linda let out a scream of outrage. "You can't turn them over. That was a Z, and it counts five, and if I just had a B ——"

The eyes of the plain-clothes man raked over the guests—the weathered truck farmers, the schoolteacher aunt who looked like a schoolteacher, the benign Father Sebastian, the children looking up from their game. "Where's your equipment, Ditto?"

Ditto shrugged innocently. "Equipment? Nothing except those colored dice, Mike."

Mike's eyes dropped to the letters Linda's fingers were moving about. She lamented again, "If I just had a B, I could make 'zebra.' I can't make anything to use my Z."

"Sure you can," Mike said. "Look." He pushed together four of the letters, muttering to the policeman beside him, "Tell the fellows in the alley to go on—that I just made Z-E-R-O in the back room. . . . I guess we'll have that piece of wedding cake, Ditto."

Ditto became more and more the expansive host. He called in Harve from the kitchen and Ernie from the bar. He passed cigars. He took his sleepy youngest son on his lap. His father-in-law paid him tribute. "You got nice friends to drop in and wish you well, Ditto. You got a nice place here."

"It's going to be better," bragged the host. "I'm going to throw this room open for parties—you know, birthdays, reunions. If mamma will give Harve her recipe for green *lasagne*, we'll add it to our specialties."

"It's the lots of spinach mashed up," mamma beamed.

"And when the cook's helper gets out of the jug, Pink here will be our hostess—she's so good at parties." Ditto turned to his uninvited guest. "Mike, I'm just curious. Was it Wege that tipped—I mean, told you there'd be a—a gathering here tonight?"

Mike answered impassively, "No, it was one of our judges—the youngest on our bench—who was coming home from California with his bride a day early——"

Evie's fingers struck a sour note on the piano.

"And he was on the same plane with your—friends here, and when he saw you meet them at Cheyenne, he tipped off—I mean, spread the word so we fellows could drop in and say hello."

Pink said suddenly, "I think we'd better be leaving—and get Linda to bed."

The party broke up with everyone putting on coats and galoshes. As Ditto held the imitation-mink jacket for Pink, and said warmly, "I'll see you both tomorrow," Evie made a troubled confession. "Ditto, Judge Jarvis is my son. Maybe you won't want me playing here."

Pink added, "His wife is my daughter. Maybe you won't want me hostessing."

It took a jolted moment for Ditto to rally and pat them on the back. "Now, now, girls, I won't hold that against you. You ask the judge and his wife out, and when they come they'll see our new sign in bright lights—*Pink* Horseshoe." He flashed Pink a grateful look and muttered, "That was worth the chips—it really was—to see Mike and his boys walk in—on a Scrabble game. My kids—I want the best for them. I don't want their guts turning to water every time a cop looks their way. Yeh, it was a swell party."

He swaggered off to gather up his brood.

Pink, her red hair awry, knelt down to fasten leggings on the wide-eyed Linda. Evie said on a belligerent gust, "If Arthur gets too high and mighty about our working at the Pink Horseshoe, we'll just remind him that the 'equipment' is in his furnace room."

Pink's ready giggle spilled over. "And when Laura tries to give my best dresses to the Salvation Army, I'll tell her to give them those cartons instead."

THE END

"I think it's barbecue sauce."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Relic (Continued from Page 24)

variety it made up in repetition—"Going to put the teakittle on, going to tie the cow in front yard, going to dust up some kindling wood, start car, feed chickens." It was by no means a threadbare exchange, but rich in the detail of their joined lives.

Now Milord continued his rituals. He shook Prince Albert into the snub pipe, lighted a match on a shoe sole, drank in air with whistling sounds and presently got a few reeks of smoke circulating. Once his children had kept the tobacco tins as playthings, but that was a long time ago. Puffing, Milord went to the door, cautiously opened it and spat into the wind.

"It's meaner than Satan," he remarked to Sarah. By way of reply she handed him a glass of tomato juice, homemade from the fruit of her own garden. Sarah picked up a lot of ideas in the homes where she worked back in the days when her earnings had brought in their only cash money. Milord was farming then, his own farm, nip and tuck. Some of Sarah's ideas were good, some bad, but Milord had to admit she never let anything go wasting. Her eyes were trapped like busy black beetles behind thick lenses, loops of gold. But nothing got by her. She was like a little pear, past its summer glint, but full of warm, rich, spice colors, a leader in the community too.

The telephone rang, tearing silence to tatters. Once Sarah had queened the neighborhood with her telephone, now even old P. K. Johnson, marsh rat, was hung on the line. "You answering?" Sarah mumbled. She was prayerbooking the number of spoons of coffee in the pot.

Milord got up, sighing. "Best probably Gary saying he's not going to work," he said, put his hand self-consciously on the polished receiver.

The voice, as Milord had predicted, was that of Gary Turner, a young man who rode with him to the job. "You there, man?" Gary asked in a sleepy, hotcake drawl.

"I'm here," Milord said. "What you want?" His telephone conversations were soon to the point.

"Don't wait at the crossroads for Gary this morning, man," Gary said blithely, "unless you got smart and going to stay on this side of the river also."

"I'm smart enough," Milord sniffed. "I got out on mornings like this before you was hetched."

"Dollar and half don't mean that much to me," Gary said imperturbably. "Well, so long, man."

Milord came back to the table muttering disparagements of the younger generation. "Ain't just the money," he growled. "It's the principle."

"He's not going?" Sarah said, putting the coffeepot within reach. "He's got more sense than you." She glanced anxiously out of the window where the slow arrow of morning was beginning to target across the sky. "This is not fit for man nor beast."

"He's a lazy boy," Milord grumbled.

Sarah gave a crisp chuckle. "He's got a new warm little wife to help him make out his mind," she said.

"He acts like a fool, a perfect fool over that gal," Milord said, "all the time waiting on her instructions."

"Women got better sense sometimes," Sarah said, "though some men too dumb to admit it."

Milord's face charged around this like an old bull. "Humph," he snorted. "Meaning you, I suppose."

"They're right young and cute," Sarah said overlooking his remark, her pug face amiable. "Gary do well, considering that family he's got. His pa is an old deevil, capital D. Good sense comes tagging in over Gary's shoulder most times. He going to do all right. I like to see young folks get ahead."

"Yeah," Milord conceded to this speech. "Reckon so."

He began to concentrate on his breakfast, for he was not eager to pursue the subject further. Talk about youth and opportunity affected him painfully these days, and Sarah's words just waked the fox of doubt that was chewing at his sleeve. It was a matter whose seriousness he shook off in public and over which he was suffering much private foreboding. The fact was that his job, the one that had faithfully caused his real name, Millard Madison, to be printed on a stiff green money-exchanging paper, was coming to a close. For two years he had arisen at dawn and traveled across the river to a tiny imprint of land, the archives of a frontier. There Milord worked in the fields along with six of his neighbors, and their boss was the archaeologist.

Milord was very fond of the archaeologist even though he thought the man was a bit cracked. The work was toil, pure, digging toil; but it didn't move too fast and it was a lot steadier than farming. Now the entire tract was seamed by trenches, a spreading historical pincer movement. Through the maze, carefully plotted on his charts, moved the boss. In summer he wore a big straw hat and faded khaki, in the winter he wrapped himself in a poncho and tied a handkerchief around his face, bandit style. He carefully collected all the fragments and put them in paper bags. His blue eyes blazed with zeal. When they uncovered something of particular rarity, he would get very excited. The ordinary stuff he called "goodies." Occasionally Milord grumbled to Sarah, "You'd think we dug out a gold mine. Most of it looks like pure trash to me."

Now Milord was getting his daily pack assembled, last-minute duties. Sarah put coffee in the Thermos, pulled sandwiches made the night before out of the refrigerator and paused at the potato bin. "You baking today?" she asked.

"Depending," Milord replied, "whether Otis gets there and has the cookstove going."

Otis was inside man. It was his chore to coax the finds out of their earth wrappings. He had a big room to himself in their makeshift, cinder-block building. On the fiery top of the black cookstove Otis brewed a mixture in which he bathed the artifacts. The field workers, followed by Otis's disdainful glance, often baked sweet potatoes in the oven. Otis was a rather aloof young man, conscious of his status.

Milord stood at the door and received the lunch bucket from Sarah. In the complexity of his garments, his eyes made their simple confession. "Getting worse," he muttered.

"Can't you do something inside, man?" Sarah said.

Milord shrugged and flapped out into the gale, an ungainly little old bird. The weather was even worse than he had bargained on. Down in the glade where he parked the sedan, a wind was sowing low moans; popcorn-size snowflakes circled and vanished in a rain that was part sleet.

Milord got inside the car and flayed the engine impatiently. His booted foot pressed the accelerator to the floor, and the sedan humped its back and pounced on the road. Milord was a leaping-Lena driver at all times and had no affinity for machines. Through his chattering teeth, he insulted the weather. "Cold enough to freeze cat's whiskers," he muttered.

The road was narrow; it stretched before Milord's eyes like a wet locomotive rail, but, thanks be, the sleet wasn't holding. Soon the dense, tree-stitched landscape parted to reveal an inlet. The shape of a ferry sat on Milord's eyesight, the size of a fly, moving slowly. He drove up to the landing, the sole passenger.

For a moment he thought of turning back. Recollections of the warm kitchen tempted him mightily. There were plenty of chores he could do to justify idling off. "I'm getting too old for this," he admitted weakly, but the little gamecock in him fought back at this. Besides, there was the matter of that green cardboardy money exchange. How many more, how many more? The chant of these words decided Milord. He put his toe firmly on the accelerator, not chancing a stall. Then his thoughts hibernated; he was simply maintaining himself, almost dozing.

The ferryman's hoot brought him out of that, groggy. The ferryman's cap was pulled down over his ears, and his mouth was a grim blue line as he let down the chain for Milord to drive aboard. The car slid when its wheels touched the deck. "Whoa there," Milord said, coming fully awake.

The ferryman thrust his weather-bitten face inside the car window. "Come on below," he invited. "You'll freeze topside."

"I got to keep her idling," Milord said.

The ferryman gave a wicked grin. "Well, keep the window cracked," he cautioned. "We don't want any casualties among the regular customers. You must be nuts, coming out, Milord." He hastened below, and Milord was left to contemplate the river and the other shore, both desolate.

If he often wished the digging was on his side of the river, he had never once considered moving. The farm was his brother, simple as that. But their relinquishing bond had suited him fine; seen straight, it was just a little one-horse farm, no horse at that. This job ending, he supposed he would be obliged to hire out to one of the large, mechanized places in the neighborhood. Now he took the Thermos out of the lunch box and poured a swallow, a luxury he seldom allowed himself. Later the need would be more urgent. Quickly he recorked the bottle. He savored the coffee, making it last until the ferry was drawing close to the landing, rattling like a giant harnessed animal against the pier. The ferryman reappeared, looking warmer but no less dour. "Look, Milord," he called as Milord maneuvered the car down the ramp, "we may have to pitch in the sponge if this weather don't get better."

Again Milord felt panging temptation. Missing the ferry, he would have to return by an endless stretch of back road. "I'm going on," he said, conveying his stern intention to the accelerator. The car bolted up the hill like a spooky horse. There were no waiting passengers on this side of the river. The ferryman shrugged. "Poor old codger," he mildly.

Milord's crossing brought him almost on the site of the digging. The evening before they had stretched canvas over the open trenches and tiny fragile outlines of the village; it was as though a fleet of giant brown moths had alighted on the land. Milord parked back of the building beside several other cars. "Them on this side got it easy sledding," he mused. He felt a bit self-conscious about entering, but having got this far, it never occurred to him that he wouldn't be allowed to work. Milord opened the door and stood there a moment, blinking under the glare of lights, getting his bearings. Otis raised an eyebrow above horn-rimmed glasses, but said nothing.

"You making a pot of stew?" Milord joked feebly. The field people always referred to Otis's scientific concoctions as "stew." The sticky liquid into which he dipped the objects for preservation was "Jell-O." Now Otis picked an object out of the pan and laid it on the drainboa

"I think your activities are suspende he said in his finicky voice. In the summe Otis's schoolteacher wife came after him in a yellow station wagon, his three little girls, yellow sashes to match, with bright immaculate faces, playing in the back. Otis was very proud of his family.

Before Milord could contrive a reply, the archaeologist emerged from his map-strewn cubbyhole. His heavy trousers were tucked into scuffed field boots, and he hadn't removed his parka. "My lord, Milord," he said in a voice that was always quick, like a little martial tune, "what are you doing here today?"

Then he glanced at Milord's dogged, slightly downcast face, saw Milord preparing for eventualities, trying not to show emotion. "Well, you're a stout chap to come out," the archaeologist added. "Since you are here, we'll be able to check the tarps. Give you even Stephen on the ferry toll. Tell you the truth, I don't think it will break the system if we give it a half a day. I've seen awards fr less.

"Orthodoxy, orthodoxy," he muttere impatiently, smacking a fur hat with ear flaps down over his head. He tied the kerchief over the lower part of his face. All you could see were his eyes and nose. His eyes were blue, a leaping kind of blue, like a kerosene flame.

Milord stood at the door, feeling discouraged and vaguely embarrassed. Seemed like everything was just a reprieve these days. He tried to shake the mood, blaming weather. Otis passed back and forth, bent on his tasks, his face round as a clock and full of hourly methods. Once he cut his eyes at Milord, a supercilious smile tugging at his mouth.

"O.K., let's go," the archaeologist said, swinging out of the door. They went toward the river. The fierce, strange cries of the gulls came to them above the wind's stark moan. Too bitter for talk—silently they prowled across the settlemen The archaeologist peered under the ta paulins, solicitous as a mother. The foundations were fragile, susceptible even to frostbite. Some were like the skeletons of small birds. The river had saved them for posterity by once throwing topsoil over them, locking them in a protective earth room. Then the river receded into a new channel, leaving this thready, buried world.

"Well, pardner," the archaeologist said, pulling off the flimsy mask and starting toward the shed, "I'll bet you

Pony Rides

By Suzanne Douglass

Round and round and round
  they go,
Around the circle trail—
The children on the ponies,
The parents at the rail.

Three rides for a quarter,
And any little laddie
Can blow two dollars at the
  track
Quicker than his daddy.

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never thought you'd be nursemaiding a lot of relics."

Milord's eyes were anxiously scanning the horizon. The ferry was not to be seen; even the guardian lights of the pier were obliterated by foggy drifts. "No, sir, rely didn't," he said. "But I like it," dded hastily.

They continued in silence toward the building. When they were just outside, the archaeologist said, "You'd better warm a bit, Milord. You can dash when you hear the ferry braying. Time enough."

Milord hung at the door.

"Something on your mind?" the archaeologist asked, his hand on the doorknob.

The words just shoved themselves out of Milord's throat, hoarsely, like they were things with shoulders. "Ain't there something I can do inside?" he cracked.

If the archaeologist was surprised by this request, he did not show it. "Come in, come in," he said in his fast-stepping voice. "We'll take a look."

Milord passed under Otis's sticking glance like a stray creature; his boots made a whooshing sound. He was now beginning to regret his words. Confound Sarah! She'd laid them on top his sleep-fuddled brain.

As they walked down the narrow hall, oor opened, and the curator stuck his e out, mild and moseying as a sheep. "Well, hello, Milord," he said pleasantly. He always spoke quietly and deliberately, as though he were lifting a big grandfather watch out of his pocket and reading the time. He handled the objects in the same way, with a funny, sacred kind of quietness. He was wrapped in an old Army blanket; it made a cowl around his head, so that he resembled a brown-clad monk.

"Listen, Henry," the archaeologist said, diving into the subject, "What's there for Milord to do inside for the rest of the day? I mean, for Pete's sake, the ferry has even stopped running."

"Is that so," the curator said. "Well, it's a bad day for travel. Unusual day for this country. Reminds me of those winters up on the Kennebec when ——"

"What about Milord," the archaeologist barked like a terrier with a treed bear.

The curator's tranced face didn't nge. "I'm thinking, Rog," he said. m turning it over and I see there's a lot of sorting to be done in the storage room."

"But the heat's no more than a vapor in that tomb," the archaeologist said.

Milord spoke up bravely. "I don't mind the cold," he said. "I'm acquainted with it."

The archaeologist snapped his fingers. "Electric heaters sent down from surplus," he said. "That will boost the heat."

"Come along, Milord," the curator said without further ado. He ambled down the corridor, giving off an aura of plainness and hope. Milord was quite numb, not so much from cold as confusion. This part of the building was another side of the moon to him remote and formidable. When they went into the storage room, the curator laid his hand on the twine of pipes girdling the room d said briefly he wouldn't try to hatch a ck on them. They got the heaters.

"These heaters percolate good," Milord said, his spirit thawing a bit.

Preparations completed, the curator brought out several boxes and gently overturned their contents on the cork top of a table he had manufactured with his own hands. "Well," he said, easy and comfortable, taking pleasure in his invention, "looks like a jigsaw, doesn't it?"

"Sure do," Milord agreed.

Deftly the curator stirred the objects and laid several off to the side, according to type. Then he removed several trays from a cabinet that would eventually be transferred to an exhibit building, now under construction. "Some folks think it is impractical to keep every piece that comes out of the ground," he said uncritically. "I naturally disagree."

Milord nodded. He had no strong feeling about it. The more they saved, the longer his job would hold on. Simple as that.

"Now, what I'd like you to do, Milord," the curator explained, "is just what I'm doing, picking out the types and grouping them." He smiled at Milord. "Isn't as though you are dealing with strangers. You've known them from the ground up."

With that he was gone, humming tunelessly as he shambled down the corridor. Milord gazed at the strewn and unmatched pieces. True, he had seen most of them or their kind before—but all husked and washed, they appeared unfamiliar, like everyday folks in their Sunday clothes. Milord's eyes, very sharp and unaffected by age, fell on two pieces which seemed to be related. Rather shyly he placed them together in the tray. There were several others whose looping design indicated they might hook together. Confidently he joined them. Now each piece seemed to be asking for recognition. Milord set to his task with enthusiasm. The room warmed, and his fingers grew nimble. He was, after all, no bull in a china shop; as a boy, he had worked in a tobacco factory.

"Ho," he cried triumphantly. "I see you." That fragment went into the tray. He recollected that the crew more often than not ridiculed Otis's work. "Woman's work," they snickered. But that was because Otis acted like a little boll weevil so much of the time, Milord decided. Well, it was better for old men to be out of the bone-chilly cold of winter and the sapping summer suns.

Luxuriously Milord removed his sheepskin and boots and lighted his pipe. The fear that had been crouching like some mute, anguished beast up back of his eyes melted away. He had spotted enough pieces of the same family to visualize a complete object. Daring defeat, he built up the shape of a pot, a small cooking pot. *Hands once went round this very same*, he thought unexpectedly. *This surely is another view of arkyology.*

He was lost to fascination then, forgot time until Otis called him for lunch. Seemed like Otis had more respect in his voice. "You're moving along," he said inspecting the trays.

"How are you making out, Milord?" the curator asked genially.

They ate their lunches at a long table in Otis's room, Otis himself domestically putting water on to boil for the archaeologist's tea.

"Just fine," Milord said. "This surely is another view of arkyology," he exclaimed enthusiastically.

"By Jove," the archaeologist said. "I think we've made a convert."

Then they settled down to their lunches. Milord never had to be ashamed of his spread. Sarah saw to that. Otis padded around getting things off the stove. They were very tranquil. Finally the curator leaned back and made his daily observation on the view framed by a mud-spattered window. Long spiny clouds were racing over the high dark rampart of the trees.

"Well, fellows," he said in a munching voice, "clearing a bit." The weather-taking habits of his Montana boyhood were still with him.

"How can you tell, Henry?" the archaeologist asked with a rueful glance at the windowpane.

"I can foresee, too," Otis piped up. "And I foresee clearing."

"Well, keep foreseeing," the archaeologist said, winking at Milord.

"I'm most out of pieces," Milord announced diffidently as the lunch hour closed.

"Is that so?" the curator said. "Well, there's one situation we can easily remedy."

Milord breathed a sigh of relief at his latest reprieve. Together they revisited the storage room. A chalky light filtered down from the skylight. "She's clearin'," Milord said.

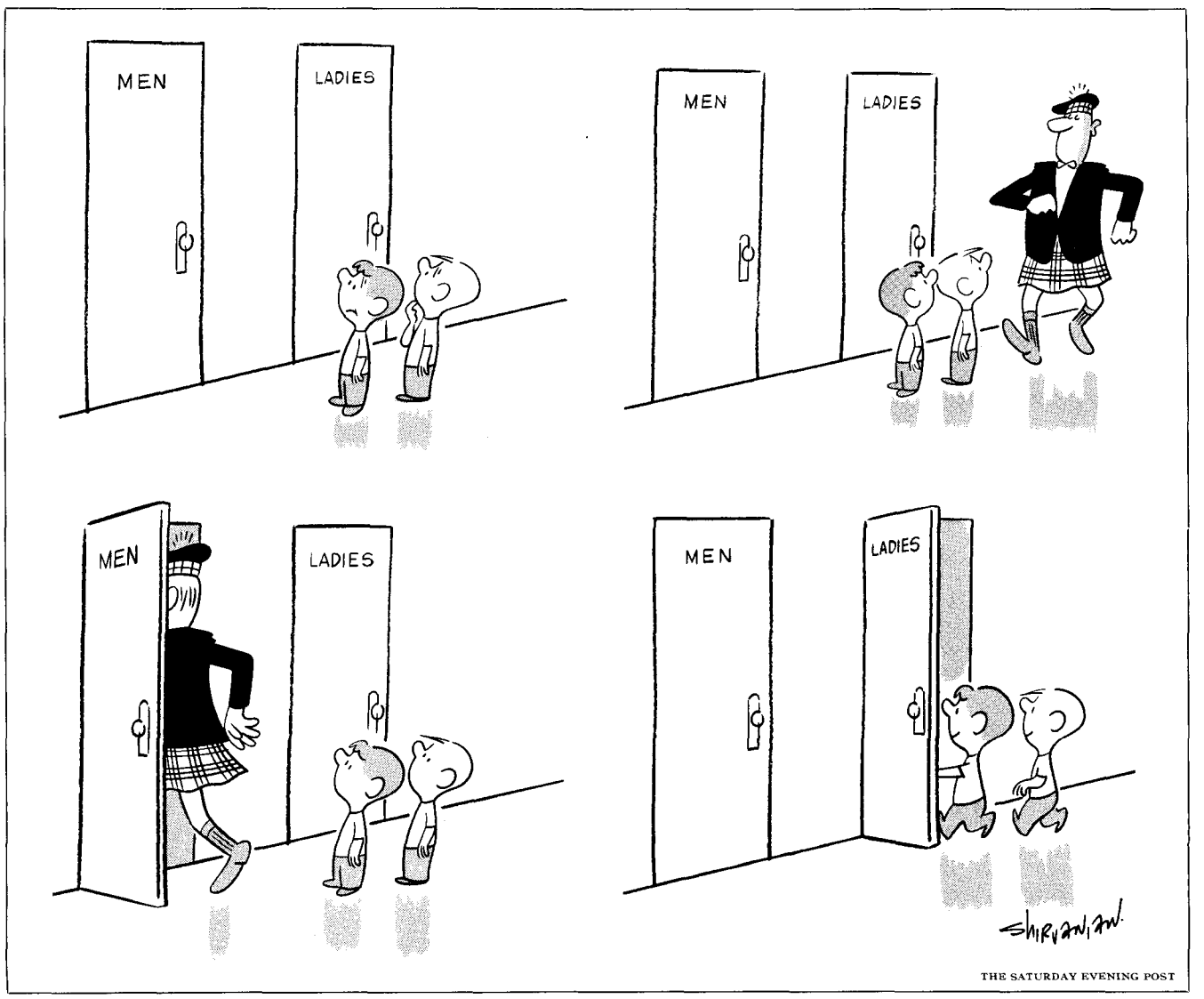
The curator was placidly ruminating among the relics. "You have done a tidy job," he said to Milord. Milord, somewhat abashed, murmured an indistinct "obliged." The curator wasn't stingy, but a word of praise was slower from him than from the archaeologist. That man had more temper, both ways. He was quick to praise, but he could spark a blue blaze too. "It looks deceptively easy," the curator went on. "Some of these artifacts are so nearly alike that the textures is the only clue. They're like little families, close families."

"That's a fact," Milord agreed. "That's how I favored them."

"Well, what is this?" the curator said, gazing at the partially reconstructed pot.

"I was just amusin' myself," Milord confessed guiltily. He was afraid the curator would think he was goldbricking. The curator rubbed the side of his nose with a finger. He had a way of totally disappearing into his thoughts. He began to add a few pieces to the design, humming absent-mindedly. At this point the archaeologist burst into the room, and the curator was pulled out of his scholarly daze. "Milord was doing some work on the pot," he said. "Interesting object."

The archaeologist stared at the neat trays and the pot and then at Milord, a particularly searching gaze. Milord shrank into his own dark conjectures and stared out of the window. Therefore, when he summoned enough spirit to turn and take in the scene, he was surprised to find the



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archaeologist's face shining, his eyes sky blue, no overcast. He gave the curator a couple of bantamweight punches.

"Revelation, Henry!" he cried. "Here I thought Milord was strictly pick and shovel. That's how smart I am."

Excitedly he towed the lumbering curator, whose expression showed manifestations of being completely at sea, from the room. Milord shrugged and went back to his task. The hour was punctuated by the hoot of the ferry. It was running on schedule again. *That's something*, Milord thought, trying to console himself. The archaeologist was soon back, his manner still exuberant but more composed. Milord paused and scratched his head. *What's up?* he wondered to himself.

"You've done a jim-dandy job, Milord," the archaeologist said.

Milord cleared his throat. He naturally preferred praise to criticism, but was inarticulate before both, excepting with Sarah. He cleared his throat again, tickling words.

"And you have reminded me of something," the archaeologist went on, unaware of Milord's dilemma.

"What's that?" Milord asked in a polite voice.

"We get so cocksure," the archaeologist said in a talking-to-himself way. "Full of our little pigeonhole opinions. Here I was treating you like a charity case when you wanted to work inside."

"Naw, you didn't," Milord objected loyally.

"Beware," the archaeologist said, "of the habit of too easy classification."

This was all rather obscure to Milord, so he said nothing.

"You know the field work will soon be closing out," the archaeologist said pointblank.

Well, there it is, Milord thought wearily. *That's what all this nice talk been leading up to.* "Yeah, I know," he said. "I'm going to be out of a job," he mourned out loud, and all the pent misery rolled over him, flattening his whole appearance.

"No, you are not," the archaeologist said emphatically. "Unless you would not choose to work inside—jobs like today, other things when we move into the new building, helping Henry, polishing up the brass on the old front door. Full-time inside job, civil service, retirement eventually."

Milord was besieged by a tornado of emotions, lifting him almost out of the room. His heart was leaping like a jack rabbit. "Praise be," he murmured shakily, holding his stoic outer appearance.

"What do you say, Milord?" the archaeologist asked in an offhand way.

"What about Otis?" Milord asked, struck by awful inspiration.

"Oh, we are all specialists," the archaeologist said with a funny smile. "Otis has his little song and dance all cut out for him."

"Reckon I could give it a try," Milord said, beaming foolishly in spite of his endeavor to appear dignified.

"Good," the archaeologist said. "You are in business."

"As of when?" Milord asked weakly.

"As of now," the archaeologist said. "We'll get the papers rolling."

He was almost to the door when Milord spoke. "You ain't just spoofing me?" he asked, and there was a note of naked appeal in his voice. He could not help it.

The archaeologist turned and answered Milord in a way that heard the appeal and acknowledged it as momentary. "No joke, fellow," he said gently and walked out of the room.

Milord's thoughts flew around like wild birds the rest of the afternoon. He couldn't pin himself down to anything. He was walking on a rainbow. Tomorrow the news would be out. Milord Madison was a man of substance. As they parted that evening, he smiled at Otis with a new friendliness. His eyes hovered on the archaeologist. He again sought for words to express the way he was feeling, but for once, too many words held him at bay. He smiled, the smile of someone with a happy memory on the edge of his mind, and waved to the archaeologist and Otis, his winter passenger, as they drove off. They waved back, the archaeologist's gloved fingers crooked in a salute. Dusk was coming in over the island. Soon the deer would steal out to feed on the winter grass that ran like green tassels along the woods line. The sound of the ferry whistle grabbed Milord by the collar. "I better make tracks," he said.

From the ferry Milord gazed back on his working place, cherishing it. The warmth of the day was between him and the cold, sky-scouring wind. He decided not to go below. The temptation to publish his news was a natural, happy hoot inside him. But his news would co out on its own. Somehow, like he sa "Hello," to his shadow, he was saving it for Sarah, first telling. Milord drove the rest of the way home in a joyous delirium. Kitchen fragrances met him as he walked in the door—greens and ham and hot biscuits.

"You got back," Sarah said. "You had a day, mister."

"I had a pretty good day," Milord said nonchalantly. "I really ticked off things inside."

Sarah, hearing the suppressed excitement between the words, glanced with interest at Milord. "You got news, man?" she asked.

Then the words came tumbling out of Milord. "I'm a specialist now," he said. "Going to be inside man in the new building."

Sarah, the familiar and reassuring Sarah, took off her glasses and polished them on her apron. "Sometimes you're not so dumb, old man," she said generously. "You can be pretty smart."

Milord tucked his chin in his jacket that she wouldn't see the wild grin tha was almost splitting his face in half. "Going to feed the chickens," he said, moving lightly toward the door.

Hepatitis: Key to the Riddle (Continued from Page 27)

have over the past twenty years undergone similar sieges of misery from deliberately induced hepatitis. Two died in relapse following a test conducted by a Government scientist in Washington. All exhibited real courage and all helped advance knowledge of a peculiarly elusive and hardy virus. But certain aspects of the Joliet trials, described by Doctor Boggs in a research forum at the American Medical Association's New York meeting last month, appear to bring us closer than ever before to a protective vaccine against the disease.

Much additional work remains to be done before such a vaccine, thoroughly tested as to efficacy and safety, becomes available to the public. Neither Doctor Boggs nor the Parke-Davis team is yet ready to announce a target date. It may be several years before the goal is reached if, indeed, all the obstacles imposed by this tricky virus can ever be overcome.

Of this much, however, Boggs and the Parke-Davis men are quite convinced:

1. That they have found a way to grow quantities of hepatitis virus on human-tissue cells. Bone marrow is the type most successful to date.

2. That the harvested virus produces viral hepatitis in volunteers.

3. That dilute doses of it stimulate the formation of antibodies against the hepatitis virus without, in volunteers at least, producing the disease.

The breakthrough comes appropriately in a year when infectious hepatitis is rolling up an all-time record in the United States. It has hit more than 50,000 Americans since the seasonal low point last September first, double the number for the corresponding period of the previous year.

The work of Boggs and the Parke-Davis scientists is only part of a continuing battle in which scores of virus hunters have been pitted against one of the oldest, commonest, yet least understood maladies in medical annals. Their quarry is a tough organism now believed, on the basis of electron-microscope pictures made by Dr. Alton R. Taylor of Parke-Davis, to be the second smallest known virus, twelve to fifteen millimicrons, or five or six ten millionths of an inch in diameter. (Smallest is the virus of foot-and-mouth disease of cattle.) The hepatitis virus thrives on human liver, producing an acute inflammation—hence the term viral hepatitis—VH—*hepaticus* being Latin for liver. Though fatal in only about two per thousand cases—the mortality rate may be considerably higher in older persons—the disease can incapacitate its victims for months, and it sometimes inflicts permanent liver damage. Apparently a cyclic disease which, for reasons unknown, approaches epidemic proportions every seven years, the "virologists' nightmare," as they call it, has immobilized combat troops as effectively as siege guns, caused untold loss in industrial man-hours and disrupted whole communities.

The syndrome of viral hepatitis, which afflicts both children and adults, the latter more severely, are as variable as they are mysterious. After the virus has incubated inside tissue cells for periods ranging anywhere from ten days to six months, the onset of the disease may be abrupt or insidious. Most patients, but not all, run a high fever, accompanied by some or all of the following symptoms: extreme fatigue, headache, backache, abdominal and joint pains, a dragging, heavy sensation in the right upper quadrant, an enlarged spleen, a decrease of white cells, a spiderlike formation of blood vessels on the skin, chills, nausea, vomiting and diarrhea. The mere thought of food, drink or tobacco revolts the patient; the average loss of weight is ten pounds. The liver becomes enlarged and tender. Usually, though not always, the skin and whites of the eyes turn a ghastly yellow. A common symptom is a mental depression that can reduce strong men to helpless weeping.

Few ailments so frustrate and humiliate doctors. Diagnosis is difficult, for several wholly unrelated diseases produce some of the identical symptoms, notably malaria, mononucleosis and gallstones, not to mention poisoning by arsenic, chloroform, phosphorus and food bacteria. Among American troops stricken by VH during World War II the early symptoms sometimes developed so slowly and subtly—keeping the patients too sick to function properly, yet not sick enough to prostrate them—as to raise suspicions of malingering, and a number of soldiers incurred harsh discipline before the grosser symptoms appeared. Nor is the symptom, jaundice, confined to hepatitis. The pigment of bile is yellow, and in any disorder that blocks the bile ducts connecting the liver and small intestine, thereby preventing the normal elimination of bile, the patient is likely to be dyed yellow.

Until recently the virus hunters didn't even know what type of virus they were hunting, though they felt sure at least two types were involved—one invading the liver via the intestinal tract, the other via the bloodstream—each producing a syndrome of different duration and severity.

Before virologists could solve that riddle, before they could develop a vaccine, they had to isolate the causal virus. To achieve that, they had to hit upon the kind of living tissue in which it will propagate, for viruses—unlike bacteria which can subsist on nonliving media—grow only inside living cells. One approach was to seek a species of animal susceptible to the disease and infect it by feedings or injections of material from human patients. With hepatitis both sera and fecal preparations have been used, since the virus inhabits both bloodstream and intestinal tract. If tests show the animal has contracted the disease, the virologist may make a laboratory culture of infected tissue, hoping it will propagate in massive quantity. If successful, he can then seek a vaccine either from a chemically inactivated "hot" strain, as Dr. Jonas Salk did with polio virus, or one attenuated by repeated passage from culture to animal and back to culture, as Max Theiler did with yellow-fever virus, the object being to provide a substance that will stimulate the human organism to produce antibodies without inflicting the disease itself—in short, that will immunize it.

So far man appears to be the only animal susceptible to human hepatitis. I vain some of the country's top virol gists—Dr. Joseph Stokes Jr., physician-in-chief at Philadelphia Children's Hospital; Dr. Werner Henle and his wife, Dr. Gertrude Henle, also of Children's Hospital; Dr. John R. Paul of Yale; Dr. Walter P. Havens Jr. of Jefferson Medical College; Dr. Roderick Murray of the National Institutes of Health; the Parke-Davis group, to list only a few—have resorted to monkeys, pigs, birds, chick embryos, rats, mice.

What the virus hunters know about VH has emerged mostly within the last two decades, and that largely as a result of some disastrous miscalculations involving other areas of virology. Yet the disease is at least as old as the medical profession. Hippocrates described an epidemic of "yellowness" which was almost certainly hepatitis. In the eighth century Pope Zachary, writing to Saint Boniface, suggested that patients with jaundice shoul be isolated lest the disease spread. For th next twelve centuries nobody could offer better advice.

Like typhoid, VH flourishes under crowded, unsanitary conditions. "A dirt disease," Stokes calls it. War especially favors its spread. The Austrian internist, Thaler, estimates the German VH casualties in World War II, on the basis of records he examined in Berlin, at around 2,000,000, and Stokes considers the disease to have been a major factor in Rommel's defeat in North Africa.

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It was in 1939 that two Englishmen, G. M. Findlay and Fred O. MacCallum, surmised that some virus was the culprit. The German, Voegt, communicated VH to human volunteers for the first time by feeding them the duodenal contents of ients with acute cases, while Havens others detected the agent in stools nd eventually in blood.

Thus, since the virus passed through the intestines, remaining in the excreta, it became obvious that the disease could be contracted by handling the same towels, rolls of toilet paper, and so on, hepatitis patients had handled, and that the minimal precautions for a household or institution exposed to the disease should include separate bathroom equipment and frequent hand-washing.

New York's Willowbrook State School for mental defectives, with its approximately 5000 inmates, the majority of them between the ages of two and fifteen, provides a startling demonstration of how furiously VH can spread and persist. There the disease has been endemic for seven years. Presumably some newly committed child introduced it and partly because many of the inmates are mentally incapable of observing even the most elementary hygiene, partly because they e thirty or more to a ward, the virus continued to propagate in a vicious rcle. According to Dr. Saul Krugman, professor of pediatrics at New York University and a consultant at Willowbrook, the incidence of mild hepatitis, detectable only by blood tests, has been 60 per cent and of overt hepatitis, 5 per cent. Any child remaining at Willowbrook long enough stands an immeasurably higher chance of contracting the disease, the exceptions being probably those who have been immunized by an attack before commitment.

The biggest strides toward solving the VH riddle were made under the spur of a wartime crisis. Shortly after America entered World War II, violent outbreaks of the disease occurred in stateside training camps. The symptoms were far more severe and of much longer duration than usual. Public Health Service sleuths went to work. They could trace the epidemic to neither improper sanitation nor person-to-person contagion. But they did licit one curious fact applicable to nearly ery case: the onset of symptoms began irteen to sixteen weeks after a yellow-fever vaccination. History abounds in instances of diseases accidentally transmitted by vaccination. The vaccination program was suspended while the investigators took a long, hard look at Max Theiler's 17 D yellow-fever vaccine which the Rockefeller Foundation had been supplying to the armed forces free of charge. What they discovered, or rather rediscovered, tarnished the record of a distinguished Foundation research director, the late Dr. Wilbur A. Sawyer, and brought the entire Red Cross blood-donor program under suspicion.

During the first three months of 1941 the Foundation produced 7,000,000 doses of the vaccine under Sawyer's direction. It was grown in hens' eggs and, to maintain a proper balance between acidity and alkalinity, mixed with human blood-erum, a device Sawyer introduced in 31. For several batches he recruited onors from the staff of Johns Hopkins Medical School. The blood of a number of those donors, the Health Service detectives learned, carried hepatitis virus, and in this way the virus had infected the vaccinated soldiers. By the end of 1942 28,585 cases had been reported, sixty-two of them fatal.

Although virologists the world over had been using human serum as a buffer in yellow-fever vaccine for years, the danger was not entirely unrecognized. In England in 1937, of 2200 people vaccinated fifty-two developed hepatitis within two or three months. At about the same time in Brazil 1072 cases were reported after Rockefeller Health Service men vaccinated 2,000,000.

Theiler himself expressed some misgivings when the U.S. surgeon general urged the Foundation to mass-produce his vaccine. Ever since the Brazilian outbreak he had been seeking a foolproof substitute for serum. He now advocated chicken-embryo fluid plus distilled water. But Sawyer, laboring under intense wartime pressures, felt this would require extensive testing, and the statistical grounds for mistrusting human serum struck him as too shaky to justify such delay. Military necessity, in sum, led him to take what he considered a very slight risk—with calamitous results. After publishing the reasons for his decision Sawyer retired. Theiler's recommendation, meanwhile, had been adapted. It proved feasible, and mass vaccination was resumed without further setbacks.

But, for the virologists grappling with VH, the now overwhelming evidence that the disease could be transmitted by serum as well as by contact raised a whole new set of formidable problems. First of all they saw that the two modes of transmission engendered symptoms so radically different in degree, if not in kind, as to require a new classification. What they accordingly termed Type A, or infectious hepatitis, has an incubation period of ten to fifty days; what they termed Type B, or serum hepatitis, a month and a half to six months. The onset of Type A tends to be sudden, with high fever and chills; of Type B, slow, with little or no fever and rarely chills. In Type A both blood and feces contain the virus; in Type B, the blood only. Each type confers immunity against itself but not against the other—that is, a victim of Type A may later get Type B and vice versa. Finally, the mortality rate of Type B is as much as 50 per cent higher.

The identification of Type B hepatitis carried alarming and far-reaching implications. If human serum in a vaccine could transmit the disease, so could those indispensable aids to surgery—whole blood, which can be stored for only about three weeks, and plasma, the liquid part of blood, which, dried or frozen, can be stored indefinitely. And, indeed, as the war advanced there broke out overseas, in addition to Type A epidemics, epidemics of Type B, traceable to pooled plasma. Hepatitis of both types became the only pandemic disease of World War II. It attacked about 300,000 American soldiers all told, and killed almost 900.

Because of Type B the Red Cross stopped pooling plasma and no longer accepted blood from donors with a history of hepatitis. But unfortunately the disease often runs a course so mild as to be clinically undetectable. An estimated one to two per cent of the entire United States population are such "carriers," and it takes only one carrier to contaminate a pool from thousands of donors. Nor can the virus of hepatitis be destroyed by boiling without also destroying the blood itself, while freezing simply preserves the virus. The controversy still rages among medical men as to which method of preserving pooled plasma, if any, is safe. "All we can do at present," Doctor Stokes says, "is to use repeatedly a panel of donors known not to have caused hepatitis."

Any hypodermic syringe carries the same danger if inadequately sterilized after contact with the blood of a VH carrier. Nor will disinfecting the needle alone nor even changing it obviate the danger. The entire instrument must be sterilized, for when the needle penetrates, the doctor usually retracts the plunger slightly to make sure the needle has not struck a vein, and may thus draw into the barrel a droplet of blood in which enough virus can survive to infect innumerable future patients.

There was a tragic reminder of that simple lesson a few months ago in the Camden-Philadelphia area. An osteopathic physician, Dr. Albert L. Weiner of Erlton, New Jersey, near Camden, had been giving emotionally disturbed patients—nearly 400 of them—injections of tranquilizing drugs. Fifty-one came down with hepatitis, fifteen of whom died. The family of one dead patient filed a $250,000 damage suit against Weiner, the New Jersey State Board of Medical Examiners suspended his license and a grand jury indicted him on charges of involuntary manslaughter. In a report to the state attorney general the health commissioner, Dr. Roscoe P. Kandle, explained that Weiner customarily fed the drugs intravenously through a rubber tube from a bottle containing dosage for several patients. Better practice, according to Kandle, is to use an individual bottle with fresh contents for each patient. Kandle merely speculated that Weiner's hot-air sterilizer, the solution with which he cleaned his needles, the tubing or other apparatus may have harbored the virus.

Samples of this exceptionally virulent New Jersey strain of virus are now being inoculated by Stokes and his Children's Hospital colleagues into gibbons, a simian breed hitherto untried in hepatitis research.

In an earlier chapter of his hepatitis work, conducted during World War II under grants from the U.S. Armed Forces Epidemiological Board, chance put Stokes and his twenty-five-man Army team in the way of a ready-made human laboratory, almost ideally constituted for VH research, and out of it they derived not only valuable new information about the disease but also a limited preventive treatment. Camp Akiba is a co-ed summer camp in the Pocono Mountains attended by children, ages three to seventeen, of well-to-do Jewish families—in short, an economically and racially homogeneous group. The 1944 attendance totalled 275 boys and 220 girls; seventy-eight adults, all under forty, ran the camp. The first week a twenty-one-year-old counselor in the girls' section, occupying Cabin A, took ill with Type A hepatitis. The third week some 25 per cent of the girls complained of similar symptoms and from there the sickness spread to the boys' section. By fall, after the camp disbanded and the children returned home, a total of 350 cases had been diagnosed. Nine visitors to the camp also caught the disease. No deaths occurred, however.

Meanwhile a colleague of Stokes, who happened to be vacationing in the Poconos and whom the camp physician consulted, apprised him of the outbreak. Accompanied by Capt. John Neefe of the Army Medical Corps, Stokes hurried to the spot with testing equipment. Presumably the counselor in Cabin A had been the initial source of infection. But through what medium had the virus traveled? Food could be ruled out because each section had its own kitchen. Perhaps nose and throat droplets expelled by sneezing or coughing? The investigators collected washings from the patients' nasopharyngeal tracts and inoculated a group of human volunteers—prisoners of war and conscientious objectors with whom they had been working for months. Nothing happened. Was the virus fly-borne? They trapped flies, made a filtrate and fed that to the volunteers. Again, negative.

They next inspected the camp water system. At first this looked like another dead end because separate wells supplied the two sections. But the boys' well, they learned, occasionally ran dry; when it did, water was piped to it from the girls' well. Samplings from both wells proved to be full of fecal viruses and the volunteers who drank it all developed classic cases of Type A hepatitis. Cabin A yielded the clinching evidence. Due to crevices in the surrounding shale rock, seepage from the cesspool had polluted the girls' well. What made the discovery so valuable was that never before had it been shown that the virus of hepatitis, nor indeed any virus, could be water-borne.

Stokes now wondered whether the campers not yet stricken could be protected. His thoughts turned to gamma globulin, which is a part of the blood that manufactures antibodies against viruses of all kinds when exposed to them. Like measles and mumps, Type A hepatitis is relatively rare among people over thirty, a fact suggesting that most people have been exposed to it while young and so enjoy immunity. Stokes had already demonstrated that gamma globulin fractionated from pooled plasma provided good

"Well, we're finally out of the woods. We are now in the quicksand."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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protection against the virus of measles. The amount used did not actually prevent the disease, but it greatly modified the symptoms. Did gamma globulin also contain antibodies against hepatitis, and would it modify that disease? He and Neefe gave some to half the still unaffected Camp Akiba children, reserving the others as a control group. Only 13 per cent of the first group developed marked symptoms, whereas 69 per cent of the second became clinical cases.

The protection that had been conferred Stokes and Neefe knew to be temporary, a form of passive immunization, because the injected antibodies rally to the defense only during exposure to the disease. Afterward they are metabolized, leaving the system as susceptible as ever. Stokes surmised, though, and later proved that prolonged exposure, accompanied by repeated transfusions, can produce real immunity. For obvious practical reasons, however, such treatment is possible only in a household or closed institution where the length of exposure can be determined and controlled, not in an epidemic involving scattered thousands. Nevertheless, within those limitations, gamma globulin offers the only protection against hepatitis presently available.

When Stokes reported his findings to the Army epidemiologists toward the end of 1944, they supplied him and Capt. Sidney Gellis with thousands of doses of gamma globulin and flew them to Italy. There, along the Adriatic, Type A hepatitis was knocking out crews of the 15th Army Air Force at a rate that threatened shortly to prevent further missions. The two doctors proceeded to pump as much gamma globulin into the remaining flyers' buttocks as they could take and still sit in a cockpit. It kept them flying. Similar results were obtained with the 5th Army, north of Florence.

Would the blood fraction also protect against Type B? Stokes tried it while overseas without success. When he got back to America, however, he tried it again on wounded soldiers convalescing at Fort McCluskey, many of whom had contracted Type B after transfusions of plasma and blood. This time the incidence of severe symptoms in new cases declined by 75 per cent, suggesting—to confuse the picture further—that at least two strains of virus may transmit Type B, one of them resistant to gamma globulin.

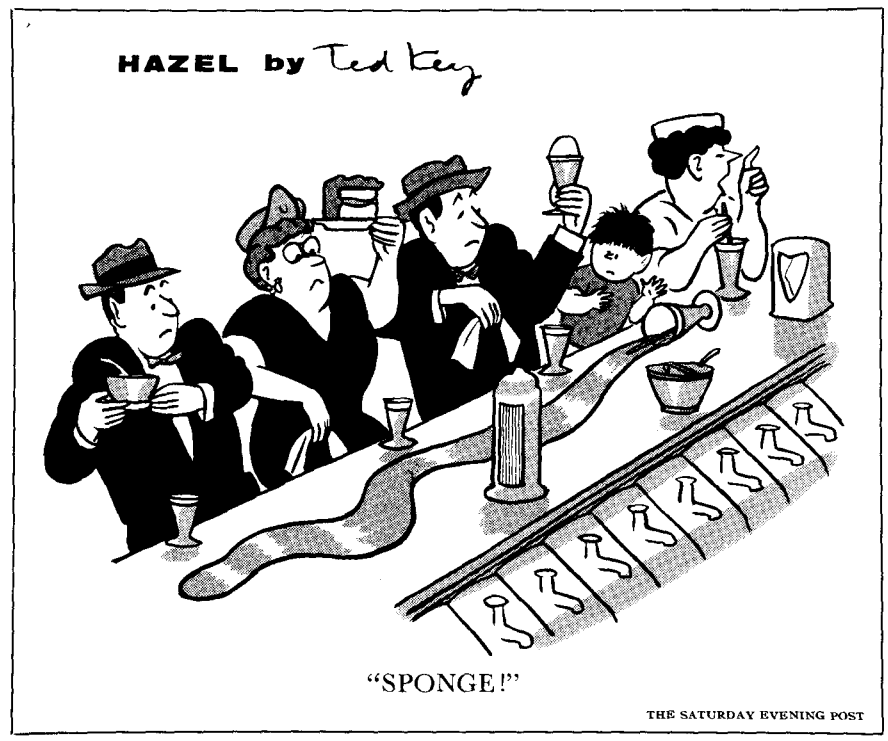
As the numbers of "yellow plague" victims steadily mount—in New York City during the early weeks of this year: 202 cases, with four deaths; on a Nebraska Indian reservation last August: 29 cases, none fatal; in Mississippi and Alabama last winter: 70 cases without fatalities, traceable to oysters dredged from polluted waters—the struggle to pin down the cause and cure continues to engage the nation's best virologists. Clams have been suspected in the New York-New Jersey area.

The current high point of interest and hopes is the work by Doctors Boggs, Rightsel and McLean, in their drive toward an immunizing vaccine. Their collaboration in this effort began in 1956, and it was based on a virus-isolation technique developed by the Parke-Davis group as an offshoot of polio-vaccine studies.

"We had been examining hundreds of types of cells for use in polio-tissue-culture experiments," Doctor McLean explained, "and among them were some bone-marrow cells taken from a man's breast bone in a routine sternal puncture for blood tests. They had been originally grown out by Drs. L. Berman and C. S. Stulberg of the Detroit Children's Hospital and were labeled 'Detroit-6.' Several viruses grew well on Detroit-6 cells, but of greatest interest was a hepatitis-virus strain, MR_1—for Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago, where it originated—which produced a dramatic cytopathogenic effect."

The cytopathogenic effect—or CPE—is the invisible virus criminal's trademark or calling card, the characteristic damage it inflicts on the tissue-culture cells it grows on. It is the telltale sign, and often the only one, that lets the researcher know that "Virus Kilroy was here." Furthermore, a good strong cytopathogenic effect still produced after many dilutions of the virus culture, is evidence that the virus is growing and multiplying.

On the smooth sheet of thriving Detroit-6 bone-marrow cells, lining the tissue-culture test tube, the effect of the hepatitis virus was a disruption of the sheet. The cells pulled apart into stringy strips and small rounded clumps. All this the scientists could see under the microscope, and time-lapse movies revealed also that the protoplasmic streaming within the cells came to a stop.



"SPONGE!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Since the virus eventually kills the tissue cells in which it is growing, it must be repeatedly transferred—at ten-to-fourteen-day intervals—to a fresh tube of cells. Meanwhile the cells themselves must be nourished with blood serum or other carefully selected nutrients. The MR_1 strain of hepatitis virus has now been maintained in the Parke-Davis lab for more than five years.

During the early days of the hepatitis-culture work at Parke-Davis the essential cell nutrient was human serum. But getting the right serum was a demanding assignment. It had to be free of stray hepatitis virus, which would confuse the search for virus in the test specimens from patients. And it could not contain hepatitis antibody, for that would neutralize the test virus and prevent the cytopathogenic effect.

It was in the search for this pure, hepatitis-free serum that Doctor Boggs made his first contact with the Illinois State Penitentiary, where he has had the full cooperation of the then warden, Joseph E. Ragen, and his successor, Warden Frank J. Pate. Doctor Boggs took pint blood samples from more than 200 prisoner volunteers and found forty which were satisfactorily "negative." These were sent to Detroit to use in the tissue-culture propagation. (Recently Parke-Davis scientists have found a way to use the serum of unborn calves as a culture nutrient, but the screening for "negative" human sera was a key phase of the program.)

Although the cytopathogenic effect is a strong indicator of virus in the cell culture, critics point out that it isn't 100 per cent proof that you have the virus you say you have. So there was some skepticism among virologists regarding the first Parke-Davis reports on their cultivation of a specific hepatitis virus.

Then Doctor Boggs bolstered the evidence by tagging serum from known hepatitis patients with a fluorescent material and showing that the Parke-Davis hepatitis virus selectively combined with the tagged material in an antigen-antibody reaction, whereas it did not pick up similarly tagged serum from individuals who had not had hepatitis.

There now remained the crucial test—to give the cultured virus to human "guinea pigs" and see if it produced definite signs and symptoms of hepatitis. Doctor Boggs began these tests in 1959. Only healthy prisoners between the ages of twenty-one and thirty joined the experiment, and the doctor fully explained to each one the hazards involved. "I told them many would get sick, very sick," he said, "and that there was always the remote chance of a fatal attack, although we would give them the best treatment we could from the moment the illness began."

Doctor Boggs started with a dilute preparation of virus, given by mouth, and none of the first group of about 25 got sick. But in 90 per cent of them the blood showed "a hell of a good rise in neutralizing antibodies," the doctor said. Liver-function tests were also made at frequent intervals, and a slight disturbance of function occurred at about thirty days after the virus had been swallowed.

Studies continued and as the potency was increased the material was given by intramuscular injection instead of being fed, thus minimizing chances that the virus would be spread. (No cases have occurred in the prison since the studies started, except those induced among the volunteers.)

The first results made the scientists feel they were on the right track. The potency of the virus in tissue culture had been increased beyond expectations—one part of infectious fluid in 100,000,000 parts of culture medium would infect tissue-culture cells. Additional studies were now started with this highly potent virus material.

In one study of five volunteers receiving the virus, two came down with frank hepatitis, both on the twenty-eighth day after injection. In a second test of the high-potency virus conducted six months later, eleven of fourteen volunteers got sick, and all eleven exhibited first symptoms within a three-day period—that is, on the twenty-ninth, thirtieth and thirty-first days. In the third test, started [illegible] April 18th, ten out of twenty-five men developed hepatitis. All of the virus doses—oral or injected—were administered as part of a controlled study in which some volunteers received "dummy" or control shots. None of the men receiving the control injections became ill.

As a result of these volunteer studies there now seems little doubt that the virus growing in the Parke-Davis test tubes is the real McCoy. Moreover, a shot of dilute virus seems capable of producing antibodies without disease, while a more potent shot makes half or more of the volunteers sick with hepatitis.

But does the dilute injection act as a vaccine and protect the individual against a heavier infection? This, of course, is the key question. The answer is now being sought, again with the help of Joliet volunteers. A number of those who, a year ago, showed only a rise of antibodies, were recently "challenged" with shots of the more concentrated virus. Because of the variability in the incubation period of viral hepatitis, Doctor Boggs is unwilling to draw any conclusions until fall, but there are unofficial reports that the results to date look encouraging.

Even if the challenge tests prove the light injections have a vaccine effect, many problems remain to be solved. In testing infectious-hepatitis virus from about forty sources, the researchers found they fall into two distinct types, neither of which stimulates antibodies against the other. In fact, one of the Joliet volunteers, given both types, got hepatitis each time. A third type turned up, believed to be of the serum-hepatitis class, but it has not yet caused disease. In any event, a vaccine for general use would almost certainly have to contain two or more virus types. There is some evidence that the hepatitis virus grown in culture has been attenuated or "tamed" by many passages in the test tubes, but the Parke-Davis scientists believe it is still too "hot" for general use. And because of the latent nature of hepatitis infection, safety testing of a live-virus vaccine, they said, would probably take years. Therefore, they are hoping to find a method of killing or inactivating the virus.

Meanwhile the volunteers in the old prison at Joliet are willing to see the experiment through, no matter how long it takes. They were promised no monetary rewards or reductions in sentence, although some of them told us they had volunteered for two reasons: "One, for the help we could get from the parole board, and two, for the help we could be to others." Their contributions were, nevertheless, sincere. A sandy-haired fellow in his late twenties, recuperating from a severe bout of induced hepatitis, said he wasn't as sick as he was when he volunteered in the antimalaria-drug tests several years ago. "And I'd be glad to do this again," he remarked, "if it would help. Only I don't like lying around in bed. I'd rather be out playing ball." He has the "fourth highest batting average in the shop," he added.

What the final "shop" batting average will be in the hepatitis series no one can predict. The season isn't over yet. But a nation, and a world, long ravaged by the elusive and tenacious liver viruses is anxiously sitting on the side lines hoping for a winning score. THE END

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Keeping Posted

The Prowler of Dream Street

Jack Amiel's Bob Sylvester and the *Daily News*'s Bob Sylvester, at Aqueduct.

Robert Sylvester, who wrote THE BROADWAY GANG EATS HERE (page 30), has joined the gang there (at Lindy's) almost daily for more than twenty years. Lindy's has been a source of tidbits for Sylvester's Broadway column, *Dream Street*, which he began writing for the New York *Daily News* in 1951 and which presently is syndicated to forty newspapers. Sylvester first used the title, *Dream Street*, on a *Post* article of 1942. A few years later he wrote a novel and a screenplay under the same title.

In search of material for his column Sylvester patrols Broadway's shooting galleries, saloons, fortunetelling parlors and theaters. He roams as far afield as Aqueduct race track, where one of his namesakes, Jack Amiel's Bob Sylvester (see photo), has competed. (The other namesake: Edward G. Burke's Robert the Roué.) His home address is not Dream Street, however, but—no kidding—No. 10 Downing Street, New York City. There this vigorous—he prescribes "lighter fluid" as a reducing aid—fifty-four-year-old man-about-Broadway is writing a book of reminiscences with the unlikely title *The Memoirs of an Unidentified Man*.

Small Beer

"My excitements and amusements are pretty small beer," professes Dublin's **Brian Cleeve**. "Chief among the excitements are letters from *The Post* beginning, 'We liked. . . .'" We liked Cleeve's boxing tale, THE YELLOW STREAK (page 31), and so will you.

Virginia and Phyllis

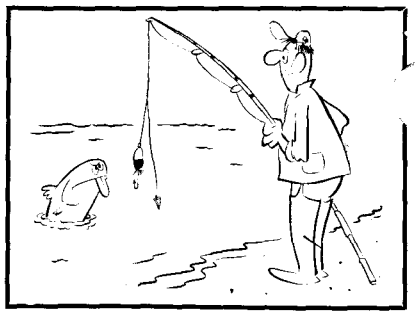
Archaeologist Cotter and author Roberts, at Jamestown.

Phyllis Roberts lives just outside historic Williamsburg, Virginia. In our 1957 photograph (above) we find her on the job as a National Park Service employee at historic Jamestown, Virginia, with archaeologist John Cotter and a piece of pottery which may be a distant cousin of THE RELIC, of page 24. THE RELIC indicates that while archaeologist Cotter was digging for artifacts, assistant Roberts was digging for clues to why human beings behave as they do. This is Miss Roberts's first appearance in *The Post*, but we're not the first to recognize her talent. A story of hers, *Hero*, appeared in *Best American Short Stories, 1960* (Houghton Mifflin).

Oskaloosa's Loss, Evanston's Gain

Alfred Balk, new to *The Post* with A JACK POT ALMOST RUINED THEIR LIVES (page 13), was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa, thirty years and fifty-one weeks ago, went to Evanston, Illinois, to study journalism at Northwestern University, now lives there as a free-lance reporter. He has worked in the Chicago area as a newspaper reporter, as a public-relations man and as a news writer for a TV station which, he confesses, carried its share of giveaway shows. Balk reckons the biggest prize ever awarded him was an all-expense-paid trip to Japan, courtesy of the U.S. Army.

They Make You Laugh: GALLAGHER



John Gallagher's dad wanted to be a cartoonist. Consequently, when sons John, George and Gerald were growing up, he encouraged them to draw cartoon characters. John drew Mickey Mouse, went on to become a *Post* cartoonist; George drew Betty Boop and he too became a *Post* cartoonist (who signs his work "George Gately" and will be featured on this page next week). Gerald, perhaps under the influence of Dick Tracy, became a lawyer.

John's boyhood ambition was to become a professional baseball or football player. But when he concluded he wouldn't make the grade—he was a weak-hitting second baseman and a butter-fingered right end at Bergenfield (N.J.) High—he decided instead to specialize in cartoons regarding the foibles of athletes. ("If you can't join 'em, fight 'em.") He broke into *The Post* in 1950, and in 1957 was named "best gag cartoonist" by the National Cartoon Society.

Ex-athlete Gallagher's favorite sports today are watching his tropical fish, rooting against the Yankees and surf-casting for bluefish near his Barnegat Light, New Jersey, summer home, where the classic lure is a red-and-white doodlebug (see cartoon). One day last summer a fellow angler hooked a five-pounder on a chartreuse doodlebug. When word got out that bluefish had gone arty, says Gallagher, there was very nearly a black market in chartreuse doodlebugs. Gallagher pondered the conspiracy which seems to exist between fish and tackle shops, and from his musing came the cartoon on page 66.

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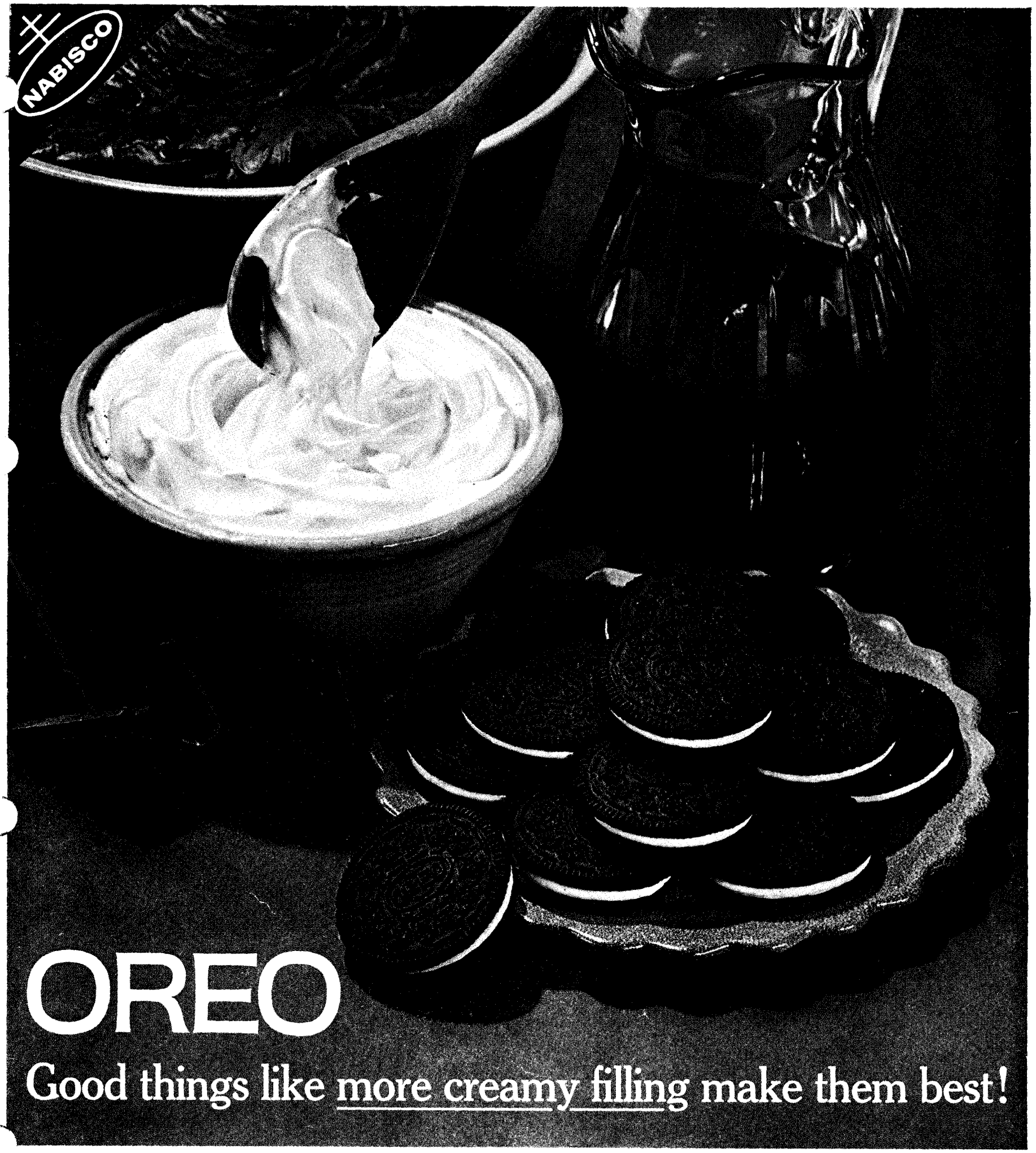

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